Springfield, Missouri

THE LITERARY DIGEST

(Title registered in the U. S. Patent Office and in Foreign Countries)

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(Titles registered in the U. S. Patent Office)

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TOPICS ▾ OF ▾ THE ▾ DAY

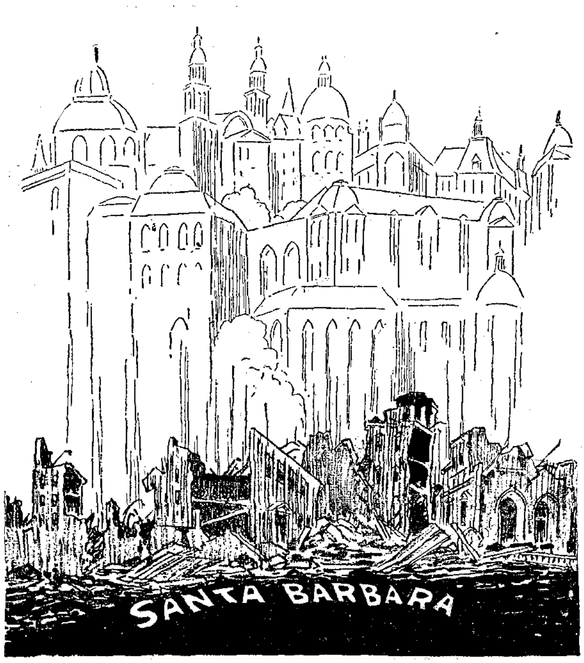
(This title registered in U. S. Patent Office)

BUILDING AGAINST EARTHQUAKES

WILL MAN'S INDOMITABLE SPIRIT find a way to frustrate even the earthquake's fury? There are indications that such a hope is not vain. After the great 1923 earthquake in Japan, which leveled a large section of Tokyo and destroyed Yokohama, pictures showed one tall steel and concrete building standing practically unscathed among the ruins. "How many thousands of the victims of that quake might have been saved had these cities been constructed on modern lines, with wide streets, plenty of open spaces, and with steel and concrete buildings on rock foundations?" asks the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, which adds that "the lesson is obvious and applies to all cities, but more especially those in earthquake or tornado zones." While little can be done about an earthquake after it is over, remarks the San Francisco *Bulletin*, "in the field of building construction much might be done in advance of the next one, if human beings were capable of learning from experience."

The case of Santa Barbara, however, seems to prove that one city, at least, accepts the lesson of experience. After the quake that recently wrought so much destruction in the business section of that town, the President of the Chamber of Commerce remarked: "We have a wonderful opportunity to build the type of city we have been talking and dreaming of for years." An important feature of the new construction, we are told, is to be greater safety. Says a Santa Barbara dispatch to the Baltimore *Evening Sun:* "The lesson that can be learned from the disaster here is that in areas subject to earthquakes, engineer, architect, contractor and owner must insist that the structures they erect must be as nearly earthquake-proof as modern engineering can make them. This is a lesson that should have been learned from the disasters at San Francisco and Tokyo." Moreover, as a glance at the map on the next page will show, this lesson has significance for a much wider area of our country than we generally suppose. Since last July the United States has experienced something like an earthquake year, with shocks felt in the Northeastern States, in a section of the Middle West, in the Northwest, and in Southern California. Several New York buildings carry earthquake insurance.

The lessons for the builder in the Santa Barbara earthquake are authoritatively stated by Dr. Bailey Willis, president of the Seismological Society of America and professor emeritus of geology at Leland Stanford University. Dr. Willis was engaged in geological work in Miramar, a suburb of Santa Barbara, when the temblor occurred, and he began his investigation of its effects within an hour of the first shock. In a statement addrest to B. M. Rastall, manager of Californians Incorporated, he says:

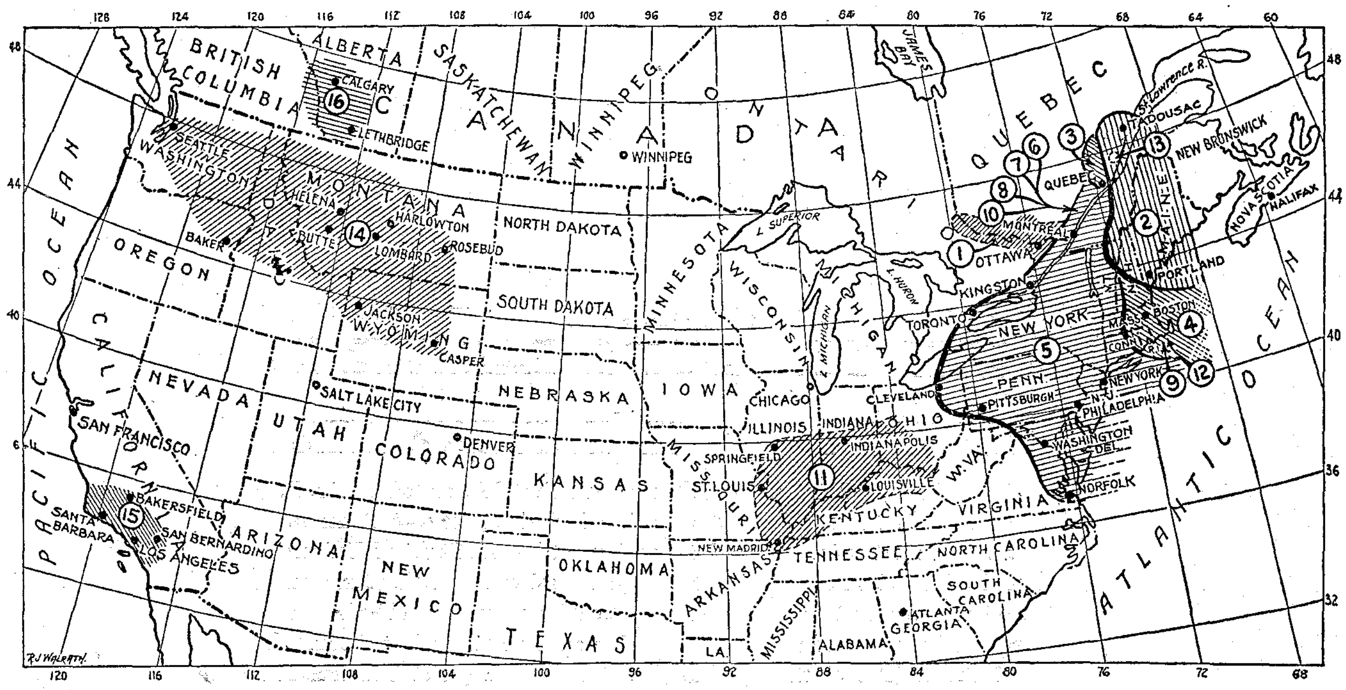


THE SPIRIT OF THE WEST
—Plaschke in the Louisville *Times*.

"The Santa Barbara earthquake was a local shock of moderate severity. The area within which it was startling was about sixty miles long by ten miles wide, or one-half of 1 per cent. of the area of California. The area of destructive intensity was limited to a few acres. As compared with the earthquake of February 28 in the Eastern States the area of startling shock was about one-fourth of 1 per cent. and the maximum intensity was probably very similar, but much more narrowly localized.

"The earthquake fault on which the center was located runs along the base of the Santa Inez Mountains, parallel with the sea. There was no visible displacement on the fault and the center of the movement was probably situated at a depth of some miles beneath the surface. . . .

"The city of Santa Barbara is built in a valley surrounded by hills and on two kinds of ground, if we distinguish them by their reaction to an earthquake. The hills consist of solid rock or of well-consolidated masses of gravel and boulders. The earthquake vibrations in this material are very rapid, but short, and harmless as a shiver. The valley fill is less firmly consolidated, the vibrations are longer and, tho slower, are more dangerous. This was one principal reason for the concentration of destruction along State Street. The other prime reason was poor design and bad construction. Good buildings stood, poor ones revealed their weaknesses. The California Hotel, a frame structure with brick walls, was stript of its walls because they were not properly fastened to the frame, and all the interior was revealed to view as if for some scene in the movies. The Neal Hotel was similarly faced with brick fastened on by spikes driven through the mortar into the studdings. The brick fell away and revealed the interior frame, which was without a single diagonal brace to support it against the swaying motion of the earthquake. The San Marcos building, the most conspicuous of all the failures, was of heavy concrete, rather lightly reenforced and not braced diagonally to an adequate degree, considering the weight of the walls and arched concrete floors. An older section of the structure formed the corner and it was knocked down by the swaying of the entire building, just as the end brick of a pile will be knocked over. The floors and roof fell in and the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NOVA SCOTIA
HALIFAX
CALGARY
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WYOMING
CASPER
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R.J. WALLERTH

From the New York *Times*

WHERE EARTHQUAKES HAVE BEEN FELT IN THE UNITED STATES IN THE PAST TWELVE MONTHS

The shaded areas show the regions affected by the shocks. Most of these were minor tremors. The only three resulting in loss of life and serious property damage were the earthquakes of February 28 in the East, June 27 in Montana, and June 29 in Southern California. The numerals on the map show the sequence of the spasms.

walls collapsed on top of them, showing the weakness of the concrete and the lack of rigidity in the structure. The damage to the Arlington Hotel appears to have been due to architectural ambition, which led to the construction of heavy brick towers adjacent to a large open rotunda across which there was no adequate bracing. The brick walls at the back also fell out because they were not tied to the frame. . . .

"This review of the damage done in conspicuous cases shows what the general causes of loss were. Unfortunately they are not confined to Santa Barbara, nor even to California. The fundamental cause of earthquake damage is the general neglect of the precautions necessary to insure ourselves against it. Where the ground is of such a character that the vibrations are bound to be dangerous, we may protect ourselves by sinking foundations ten feet or more, constructing the foundation walls with wide footings, or putting the structure on a reinforced slab, so that it will move as a unit. All buildings should be framed and braced, whether the frame be of wood, steel, or concrete. Better a light frame with panel walls designed for both tensile and compression stresses than a heavy concrete wall for an office building like the San Marcos. A structure should be a unit in the sense that all parts of it are so firmly tied together that their own inertia will not tear them apart. The argument against these recommendations is that the owners will not pay the costs, but that is poor economy whether from the private or the public point of view. The responsibility really comes back to technical men and public opinion. If the engineers and architects had insisted on adequate building laws embodied in a proper code of regulations, and if public opinion had supported the officials in a rigid enforcement of the rules of good construction, this moderately severe earthquake would have passed simply as an interesting experience. In connection with earthquakes it is absolutely true that we live as we build."

Declaring that American cities in the earthquake zones can build to resist these convulsions, the New York *World* goes on to say:

"They are not likely to suffer a shock more fierce than that which made such havoc in Japan; and certain buildings of good construction stood that test. Strength is the decisive factor. Steel, heavily braced against lateral strain, gives strength. The builder's chief problem is to anchor his wall to his steel structure so that it can not be shaken off. Except possibly for very small structures, the old notion that elasticity gained by light framing is useful in an earthquake seems to be exploded.

"Besides the problem of shock-resisting construction of individual buildings there remain for city action wider problems of fire hazard. This is increased by modern heating and lighting methods; possibly also by the many gasoline filling stations for automobiles. Provision of means for fighting fires becomes a complicated question when, as happened in San Francisco, water mains are likely to be broken.

"Santa Barbara will be rebuilt, doubtless stronger and better than ever. California is not going to be stumped by an occasional earthquake. Science can not prevent, possibly can not predict, its coming. But it can arm communities to defy all but those more terrible shocks to which we have no reason to suppose California will be subjected."

Altho it is generally believed that the danger of a destructive earthquake in the Eastern part of the United States is remote, there are those who warn us not to be overconfident. After an earthquake tremor shook New York City on the night of February 28, the Engineering-Economics Foundation reported that the cities along the East coast face a very real danger from disastrous earthquakes. "According to seismologists," writes George Buchanan Fife in the New York *Evening World*, "there are earthquake zones near enough to New York and other large cities in this part of the country to give one pause." "Within the next century," declares William Bowie, governmental seismographer, "a heavy destructive earthquake is likely to occur along the Atlantic coast."

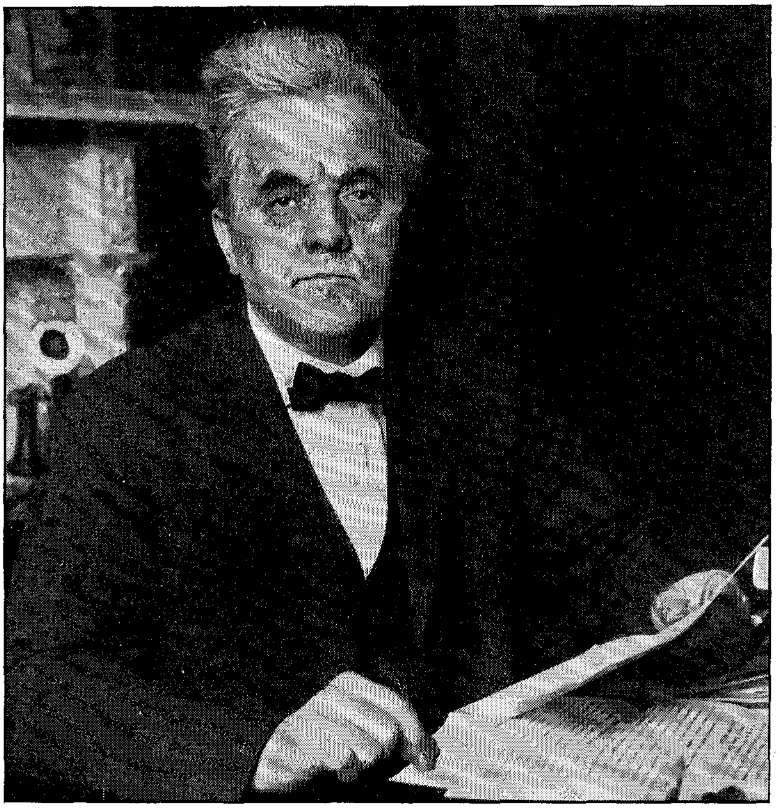
On the other hand a Middletown, Connecticut, dispatch to the New York *World* quotes Prof. Wilbur G. Foye, head of the Geology Department at Wesleyan University, as denying that there is any cause for alarm in the New England and Eastern States. No earthquake that will occur there, says Professor Foye, will do more than shake a brick from a chimney or a dish from a pantry shelf. To quote him further:

"Geologists have spent many years in studying the earth's surface and have found that the Atlantic and New England States have not had a displacement of the earth's surface of any moment since at least the Ice Age. They have been able to determine this by study of the glacial grooves.

"Prof. J. B. Woodworth of Harvard has made a study of these glacial grooves for more than thirty years and he has never found one that has shown a displacement of more than one-half to one inch. Such an upheaval is insignificant. In the West the geologists find indications of displacements of several feet sometimes."

NORRIS REFUSES A CROWN

"THE BATON OF THE DEAD FIELD-MARSHAL will hardly pass to unwilling hands," remarked a political observer, when it was predicted that the wand of La Follette would go to Senator George W. Norris of Nebraska. But he seemed marked for the succession by his closeness to La Follette and his ringing speech after the La Follette funeral. His call to Progressives for continued loyalty to La Follette's cause was considered by the Providence *News* "a move to invest himself with the mantle of the late Senator." In this statement, it will be remembered, Senator Norris said: "The banner of human freedom that has fallen from his hands must be raised aloft, and the fight carried on until happiness shall come to every home, and joy be enthroned at every fireside." But now Senator Norris makes public a letter in which he flatly declines to lead the third party movement. And the press generally interpret this as meaning the definite end of the Progressive party, altho a Washington correspondent to the Hearst papers insists that as a matter of fact Mr. Norris "has definitely accepted the leadership of the Progressive group in Congress made vacant by the death of Senator La Follette." Perhaps even more interesting than the Norris gesture of self-denial was his further statement that he doesn't believe in parties at all. In his letter the Senator said he had received a number of communications stating that he had "assumed" the leadership of the Progressive party, to which erroneous notion he replies:



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"PARTY TIES REST LIGHTLY UPON ME"

Wherefore Senator George W. Norris of Nebraska dashes the hopes of Progressives who would like to make him La Follette's successor by declaring that he does "not want to be associated with any political party as its leader."

> "In the first place, I would consider it improper for me to 'assume' the leadership of any party or faction. As you perhaps know, I was not in favor of the organization of a third party, and did not join the movement. I never questioned the sincerity or patriotism of those who went into the third party movement, but it seemed to me that what the country was suffering most from was too much partizanship.
>
> "Party ties rest very lightly upon me and, as I have said, my idea is that one of the greatest evils of government is that so many people tie themselves up to a party, when as a matter of fact it seems to me they ought to be independent of all parties. Under existing conditions, I presume parties are necessary, but it is a mistake to regard a party as anything but an instrumentality of government. There is nothing and ought to be nothing sacred about it, and men and women ought not hesitate to refuse to support party nominees whenever they believe the men nominated, if elected, would not make good officials.
>
> "I expect to work in the future, as I have in the past, for those things in government that I believe to be right, and I will support them regardless of whether they originate with Democrats, Republicans, Progressives or men bearing any other party label. I have seen so much evil come to the Government and to the people because of the blind adherence to party and to party leadership and the foolishness of 'standing by the party' regardless of what it represents or who leads it, that I have reached the conclusion we ought to eliminate party wherever we can; and I have advocated, for instance, in State matters, the election of everybody in the State, from Governor down, on a non-partizan ballot. If I had my way, I would extend that idea to members of the House and Senate in the National Legislature.
>
> "I shall be glad to work in unison with any one, regardless of his party affiliation, if he believes in the same progressive principles of government that I advocate, but I do not want to be associated with any political party as its leader."

This action, writes Albert Fox in the Washington *Post*, "forecasts the complete obliteration of the third party as a political factor." For with Norris removed by his own act and La Follette and Ladd by the hand of death, "there remains no one who could command the country's respect to a sufficient degree to become leader of a lost cause." Similarly, we read in a Washington dispatch to the New York *World*, "the La Follette Progressive movement has gone the way of the Bull Moose, and again the country is committed to the two-party system." In Wisconsin, the only State carried by the Progressive party last fall, we find papers which supported the ticket admitting, in the words of *The Wisconsin State Journal*, that "the independent party is dead." The Madison paper adds that the "farm bloc, somewhat impaired by the political adventure of 1924, will continue to function within the old parties." Another Progressive paper in Wisconsin, the Superior *Evening Telegram*, says:

> "The men who are trying to advance Progressive measures by practical means have gone back, according to the varying colors of their views, to the Socialists, to the Republicans, to the Democrats, not giving up their vision or their hopes, but believing that in the old and more firmly established parties is the better hope of success. Senator Norris naturally refuses to lead a party which is non-existent and to which he did not belong when it was existent. He is a sane and practical Progressive, anxious to do things worth doing, not merely to win a certain amount of applause for attempting to do the impossible. Loyalty to La Follette means, to our notion, advancing the Progressive policies, and not clinging to a party which is a party in name only and which the result of last election indicates is not an effective means for doing the work La Follette was trying to do. These facts Senator Norris recognizes."

In the last campaign the Socialists united in the third party movement, but now that "there is no Progressive party," the Socialist Milwaukee *Leader* contends that "there is no place for any genuine Progressive to land" except in the Socialist party, which, we are told, "is now engaged in holding regional conferences and mass meetings in various parts of the country, rebuilding the organization. Forward-looking men and women, therefore, need not despair on account of the fact that the Progressive party died a-borning. The Socialist party provides a place for them to get in their good work for human progress."

Senator Norris's record seems to the New York *World* strong evidence that he is right in his belief "that it is easier to be elected and easier to accomplish more for progressivism inside a major party." But other New York papers feel called upon to spring to the defense of the party loyalties which Senator Norris condemns. Says the Republican New York *Herald Tribune:*

> "This is the boldest possible assertion of individualism in politics. It flies in the face of American experience and ideas, and if carried into general practise would bring our present mechanism of government to a dead stop by substituting ten or a dozen or twenty blocs in Congress for the two parties which we have depended upon to ascertain mass sentiment and to formulate mass policies. Party is the keystone of the American political system. It is the logical instrument through which national opinion expresses itself. There is no substitute instrument in sight. One major party may decay or die. But another is always ready to form and take its place.
>
> "'People ought to be independent of all parties,' says Mr. Norris, elaborating his paradox. But how could voters ever get what they want or even agree upon what they wanted unless they congregated on as large a scale as possible?"

DOHENY'S SIDE OF IT

ONE OF THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY interviews in years, in the opinion of the Springfield *Republican* and many other newspapers, is that granted by Edward L. Doheny, of the Pan-American Petroleum Co., to L. C. Speers, a staff correspondent of the New York *Times*. His story, the first of the oil-lease transactions to be made public by any of the leading figures in the now famous naval oil reserve scandals, is the one he expects to tell from the witness chair at the trial in Washington next October. Briefly, Mr. Doheny declares that patriotism, and not greed, motivated his taking the leases and contracts he is accused of bribing Secretary of the Interior Fall to give him. He never would have entered into the Elk Hills contract or undertaken the construction of "the greatest naval fuel base in the world" at Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, had he not been convinced by Rear-Admiral Robison, of the United States Navy, that "a great war in the Pacific threatened the United States in 1921." Recalling that the oil magnate was not under oath when he gave the "inside story" of the oil deals to the correspondent, *The Republican* remarks: "Whether it is truth or fiction, it certainly is art." "If Mr. Doheny is telling the truth," asserts the Buffalo *Evening Post*, "the whole naval lease policy of the United States did not originate with Secretary Fall, as special government counsel have charged, but in the minds of high officers of the Navy." "If Mr. Doheny is right, then the oil scandal was a fake," agrees the New York *Evening Post*. "It will collapse like a punctured balloon, and a good many political reputations with it." Certainly, thinks the Wichita *Beacon*, "the Doheny story deserves thorough investigation."

In the interview which Mr. Doheny gave to the correspondent he made the following points, as summarized in *The Times:*

> "That the famous Executive order of President Harding which gave to the Interior Department, under Mr. Fall, administrative powers involving the naval oil reserves, was suggested not by Mr. Fall, but by Secretary of the Navy Edwin Denby.
>
> "That his own course was wholly determined by a conference with Admiral Robison, at which the latter declared that an invasion of the Pacific coast of the United States was probable unless the Pearl Harbor base was constructed without a moment's delay."

In December, 1921, says Mr. Doheny, Rear-Admiral Robison called upon him and outlined a plan of exchanging naval reserve crude oil for fuel storage tanks and other facilities at Pearl Harbor that would require the expenditure of millions of dollars. At first, we read, Mr. Doheny declined to enter into such an agreement, whereupon the naval officer revealed to him "the vital need of the Hawaiian project." Continues Mr. Doheny:

> "He said that, tho the public did not know it, war actually hung over the United States when President Harding called his Arms Conference. He told me that, in the opinion of every naval expert qualified to speak on the subject, the Hawaiian Islands were the key to the entire defense of our nation on the Pacific; that if our Navy could be based at Pearl Harbor, 2,100 miles from our coast, and there supplied and provisioned for action on the ocean, no known naval fleet on the Pacific or elsewhere could ever successfully attack the coast of the United States of America. He told me that experiments made at the Naval War College showed that in an attack upon this country of ours by a navy in the Pacific, defeat was sure to come to our fleet unless there was an adequate oil reserve in Hawaii, and that the same experiments with a hypothetical naval station adequately supplied at Hawaii, showed that victory for our Navy and defeat for the foe would result from the establishment and maintenance of such a station.
>
> "Admiral Robison told me that in the opinion of the military authorities the next war which would threaten this country would be on the Pacific; he said that the files of the Navy Department disclosed confidential data in the nature of reports from naval officers who had served in the East, notably Admiral Gleaves, that were of gravest concern. He said that every responsible officer of the Navy in Washington had received confidential bulletins which disclosed that the oil reserves of a great naval power in the Pacific were adequate for war; he called my attention to the fact that there still existed a well-known alliance between this great Pacific nation and the most powerful naval nation of the world, which alliance, as we all knew, was offensive and defensive and was as binding then as it had been at the outbreak of the World War.
>
> "On that December night, nearly four years ago, I pledged my word to Admiral Robison that my company and I would, when and if requested by the Government, formally offer to build and provision with oil its fuel reserve station at Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, in exchange merely for crude oil from the naval reserves, and that this would be done at cost and without profit.
>
> "Nothing whatever was said by Admiral Robison or by me about any lease or leases on the Elk Hills naval reserve or anywhere else. That subject was not thought of by me, was not mentioned by Robison, and never came up for consideration until months afterward, and then it was not brought up by me or by Secretary Fall, but in my absence from the country was conceived and proposed by Vice-President Cotter of the Pan-American Company.
>
> "In all, nine great companies, five of them in the oil business and four of them rated among America's leading construction concerns, were given precisely the same information and the same-opportunity to make proposals to the Government for providing a great naval fuel station at Pearl Harbor in exchange for a stipulated amount of crude oil.
>
> "Our unconditional bid was lower than that of any other company. The Pan-American Company was entitled to the award on the basis of that bid. And our alternate bid was still lower. Acting Secretary of the Interior Finney publicly announced that the bids would be analyzed and all persons interested advised of the result. Secretary Fall was in Three Rivers, New Mexico. He had no information whatever as to the contents of the bids. I was on my way to Mexico City, and my only information was that which Mr. Cotter telegraphed to me. Secretary Fall's part in the award of this contract was merely nominal, and mine can also be so described. The Secretary of the Navy and his department controlled and directed the award of this contract.
>
> "The net result of all this was that the completed work was turned over to the Government at approximately $1,000,000 less than the bid of the only competitor who submitted a bid on the entire proposition.
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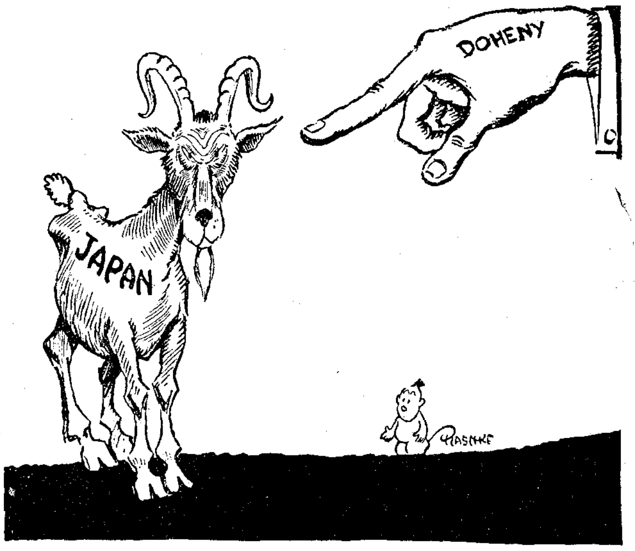
> "The Pearl Harbor construction work has been completed. Our company paid for that work and for the 1,500,000 barrels of oil put into the first station built. We paid for it in money. The cost was approximately $10,000,000. We were ready and willing to put the additional 2,700,000 barrels of oil in the second unit of that station, at an additional cost of approximately $5,000,000, had not the litigation interfered.
>
> "Out there in mid-Pacific stands the greatest naval fuel base of the world. We are proud of our part in placing it there. I repeat what I have frequently said, that I would willingly again go through all the misrepresentations, the false assertions, the cruel persecution to which I have been subjected, for the privilege

of being allowed to contribute that vital element to my country's national defense which Pearl Harbor to-day represents."

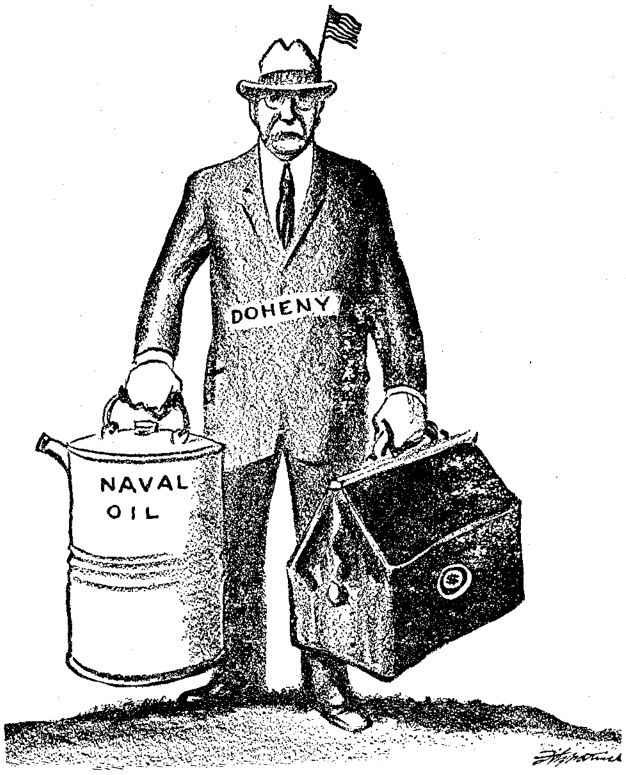
Is this, despite the announcement that the interview was given against the advice of counsel, "the cleverest bit of publicity that counsel ever 'put over' for a client facing trial on a charge of criminal conspiracy," as the Milwaukee *Journal* maintains? In these ten solid columns of fine print, observes the Cleveland *Press*, "we search in vain for a mention of the 'loan' of $100,000 to Secretary Fall in the very midst of the oil-lease negotiations. Besides, when Doheny testified before the Senate Committee, he said he expected to make a profit of $100,000,000 out of his lease. In his present story he says patriotism alone caused him to enter into it. He also said that his chief object in making the lease was to prevent loss of the naval reserves oil through drainage. Now he forgets drainage, and speaks only of the grave danger which faced the United States in 1921." Messrs. Roberts and Pomerene, special government counsel in the oil-lease cases, flatly deny that there was any "war scare" at the time the Doheny leases were actually signed, or that the secrecy which surrounded the making of the leases was due to "military reasons." Furthermore, they remind us that the main treaties of the Washington Conference dealing with peace in the Pacific and the limitation of naval armaments were signed by the plenipotentiaries, as well as ratified by the United States Senate, before the actual signing of the Doheny leases. If the country was in danger of invasion in 1921, asks the Charleston (S. C.) *Gazette*, "why were Rear-Admiral Robison and a few high naval officers the only ones to know about it? Why did not President Harding and Secretary Hughes join in the appeal to Mr. Doheny to 'save the country'?" Or, inquires the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot:*

"Why did Mr. Doheny not carry his misgivings directly to the War and Navy Departments, which are charged with the national defense? Why did he share his misgivings only with the Secretary of the Interior, who had nothing to do with national defense, but very much to do with the leasing of the national oil reserves? What kind of supererogation is it for a private citizen to undertake to provide the nation with an element of defense by a process of secret negotiation with a department not concerned with the national defense at all?"



THE OIL SCANDAL GOAT

—Plaschke in the Louisville *Times.*



A MISUNDERSTOOD PATRIOT

—Fitzpatrick in the New York *World.*

"Mr. Doheny goes further than any one has yet gone," points out the Brooklyn *Eagle*, "in trying to absolve Secretary Fall, as well as himself, by shifting responsibility for what was done to Secretary of the Navy Denby." But, thinks the New York *World*, " he has not helped himself by his explanation. He has merely made Rear-Admiral Robison look foolish in his attempt to exonerate himself." Moreover, "the Doheny story is calculated to do this country an infinite amount of harm on the other side of the Pacific, where it will give the Japanese jingoes something to talk about for the next six months," believes the St. Paul *Pioneer-Press.* Finally, points out the Washington *Star:*

"It is represented that Mr. Doheny made this public statement against the advice of his counsel. He would have done better to remain silent. His statement does not prove his case, does not increase his chance of a favorable decision by the highest court, does not clear him of suspicion of having engaged in questionable dealings with an administrative officer of the Government, and has only the effect of accusing certain naval officers of hysteria.

"It is too late in the day for this personal statement to affect public opinion upon this case. It can not conceivably affect the judgment of the Supreme Court, which will ultimately pass upon the issues in this and the other case of the same nature, which has been so differently decided."

The Pittsburgh *Gazette Times*, on the other hand, maintains that Mr. Doheny is entirely justified in his attempt to influence public opinion and "break down the popular prejudice that exists against the lessors of the naval oil reserves." "His story should do much to arouse in the American people the spirit of fairness," believes the New York *Commercial.* In the opinion of this business daily:

"It is but fair and right that Mr. Doheny should break his silence induced by love of country, and tell the truth.

"Indeed, it is an encouraging sign to see Mr. Doheny take the bit in his mouth and say what he wants to say, and should say, in defense of his character as an American citizen.

"*The Commercial* has said, time and time again, and now repeats with full confidence in its position, that the entire 'oil scandal' was but a clever scheme on the part of the Socialist-Pacifist group in the United States to prevent the carrying out of the Navy's program of preparedness."

"The Navy Department, and, indeed, the whole Government, were tremendously exercised over the possibility of a war with Japan prior to the Washington Conference of 1921-1922," recalls the El Paso *Times.* "Furthermore, they may distinctly have been right on all these points."

AL SMITH'S SLAM AT COOLIDGE ECONOMY

FOR "SHYING A ROCK at the Coolidge myth," Governor Smith of New York is getting cheers and hoots from the press bleachers at the summer political game. He takes issue with President Coolidge's claim that "the history of public affairs will hardly show a parallel case of retrenchment in the cost of Government," because since 1921 "the annual expenditures have been reduced $2,081,000,000," exclusive of public debt reductions and cost of postal service.

In the claimed reduction of $2,081,000,000, Governor Smith finds $1,882,590,000 of known items incident to the war, such as Navy and Army reduction to a peace basis ($1,106,000,000); abandoned railroad control ($739,019,000); abandoned European food relief, and Shipping Board and Alien Property Custodian decreases. He considers that the remaining $198,410,000 represents other war expense items not so readily identifiable. "If such retrenchment is without parallel, as the President claims, it is because," says Governor Smith, "no war ever cost so much and made possible such decreases in changing from a war-time to a peace-time basis. In the main, the Federal Administration is entitled to credit, if that be deserved, for not maintaining a war organization and continuing war activities in peace times—nothing more."

"Comparisons, to be fair and honest," declares Governor Smith, "must cover the entire cycle from 1914 to 1924." And at the Governors' Conference, where he spoke against "extravagant claims of economy," he first pointed out the increase in Federal taxes and customs: $672,000,000 in 1914; $3,339,000,000 in 1924; an increase of 398 per cent.—nearly five times as much as in 1914. Comparing Federal appropriations the figures read: $1,098,000,000 for the year 1913-14, running up to the war peak of $27,065,000,000 in 1919, then receding to $3,748,000,000 for 1914-25, an increase of 241 per cent. for the period. Eliminating various identifiable war items, Governor Smith finds that Federal appropriations for ordinary expenses were reduced from $2,252,000,000 for 1921 when President Wilson retired from office, to $1,908,000,000 in 1925, a decrease at most of $344,000,000. But among major departments of the Government he lists an increased cost of the executive department from $210,000 in 1914 to $426,000 in 1925; for the District of Columbia from $12,000,000 in 1914 to $28,000,000 in 1925; more than double amounts for Commerce, Justice, Labor and State Departments; 75 per cent. higher Army and Navy expenditures than in 1914.

In rebuttal, General Lord, Director of the National Budget, who had presented the Administration's case to the Governors' Conference, is quoted as saying:

> "Our critics say that no real savings have been effected through the budget system. As long as expenditures are brought down and held down, as long as taxes fall and the national debt melts away, we don't care what they say and the people don't care what they say."

"Ill-humored and futile," are Governor Smith's "pretensions as a budget maker and economist," according to the New York *Herald Tribune;* "in the Governor's view, the war is not over when it comes to including war charges in the Federal budget in order to make that budget topheavy; it is over for the purpose of explaining that the Harding-Coolidge economy means nothing because the Federal burdens have rolled away." "Al's wonderful discovery," to the New York *Evening Post*, is "like the bumpkin at the circus who gazed up at the giraffe for several minutes and then announced in a tone of conviction: 'There ain't no such animile.' Governor Smith looks at the greatest achievement in governmental economy ever effected and proceeds to tell his fellow Governors that he doesn't see anything." Says the Cleveland *News:*

> "Americans are fully aware that the European War ended in 1918. Governor 'Al' can scarcely suspect the public has been kept in ignorance of that fact. The country also knows quite well that national operating expense should have dropt materially with the ending of hostilities, but did not until a Republican Administration took charge in 1921. That President Coolidge has succeeded in forcing it down still further in the two years of his thrifty stewardship is likewise fully appreciated. Citizens have witnessed the various stages of the process and experienced its result in the lighter income taxes now collected. If tax-reducing is 'propaganda' it is an extremely popular variety, not usually considered deceptive or malicious."

Applause comes from the Omaha *World-Herald* in this fashion: "He is a plain, blunt man, this Gov. 'Al' Smith, with little respect for person or personage. The fact that he has the temerity to dispute Calvin Coolidge, to make small of his boasts, and to cast a bomb into the midst of his sun-worshipers, shows that his hardihood approaches to rashness." And the New York *Evening World* observes:

> "It is just as well for the public to understand that there is still room for vast retrenchment at Washington. There has been too much pose, pretense, juggling of figures to make the showing on which the Administration is asking a verdict of enormous savings. There has been nothing of the sort.
>
> "Some time ago Cordell Hull, in an exhaustive analysis of the figures, proved the point Governor Smith has made, but Mr. Hull's analysis was buried in the *Congressional Record*, and the Governor has helped to clear the public mind of its confusion in an address that will catch the public eye."

The El Paso *Times* represents the comment of numerous papers when it declares that—

> "Governor Smith's figures by no means prove that the Harding and Coolidge Administrations have not done excellent work in bringing the Government down from its war basis of expenditure, and they do not disprove the fair measure of accomplishment by the national budget organization at the hands of Directors Dawes and Lord. But they do indicate that there is not anything like so much lightning behind the Republican retrenchment thunder as had been supposed; and they do establish, in view of a 398 per cent. increase in tax collections and almost as much in expenditures since 1914, that President Coolidge's claims to the greatest official economies ever made in 'the history of public affairs,' are plain political bombast.
>
> "Since the truth is mightier than even Presidential braggadocio, this is good for the country to know. Governor Smith's growing national prestige will by no means be damaged through his having been the source of the information."

Whether people will be impress by Governor Smith's "rather boyish attempt to discredit the accomplishments of his political adversary, while at the same time boosting his own game," is doubtful to the Washington *Evening Star*, which goes on to say:

> "If now there is to be a real rivalry between the State Governments and the Federal Government in the race for economy, the people of the country will benefit infinitely. If the chief executives of the forty-eight States will undertake to preach and to practise economy as strenuously as President Coolidge has done, so much the better.
>
> "If Governor Smith's talk of economy to the Governors' Conference is to result only in raising his lightning-rod a little higher, even from a Democratic standpoint, the value of his speech will be questionable. The interjection of partizan politics into the Governors' Conference is scarcely wise.
>
> "The New York Governor's figures show that the Federal Government in 1924 raised $4.98 for every dollar that it raised in 1914, whereas the New York Government, State and municipal, raised $2.90 in 1924 for every dollar it raised in 1914. Governor Smith might have called attention to the further fact that the billions of dollars of war debt and war expenditures have been left to the Federal Government to settle, and not to the Government of New York. To-day the major part of the Federal Government's expenditures is due to the war and the lesser part to the ordinary demands of Government."

"Governor Smith is a sufficiently human Democrat," we read in the New York *Times*, "to resent the impression that Republican economy in the space of three years after Woodrow Wilson

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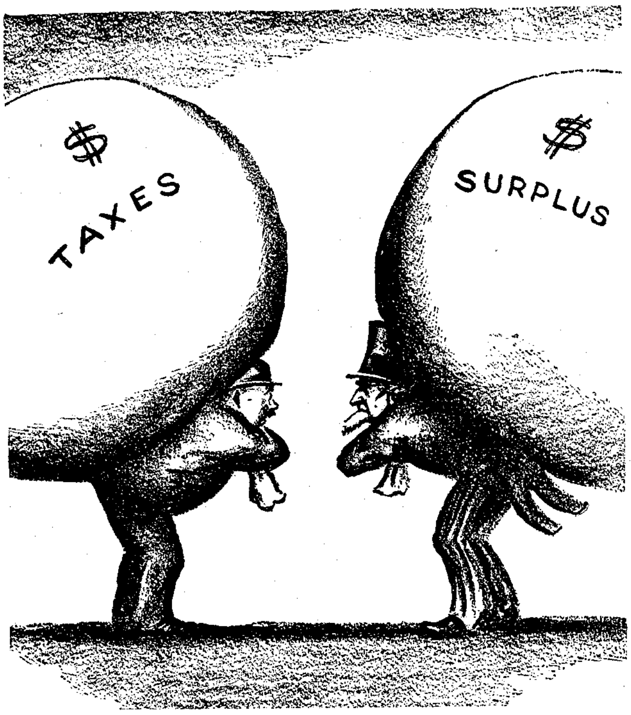
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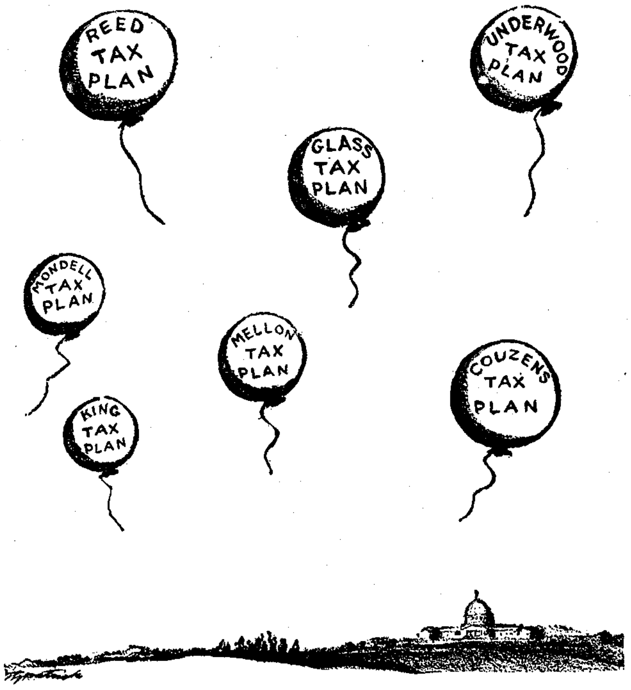
NOW WHAT?
—Fitzpatrick in the New York *World*.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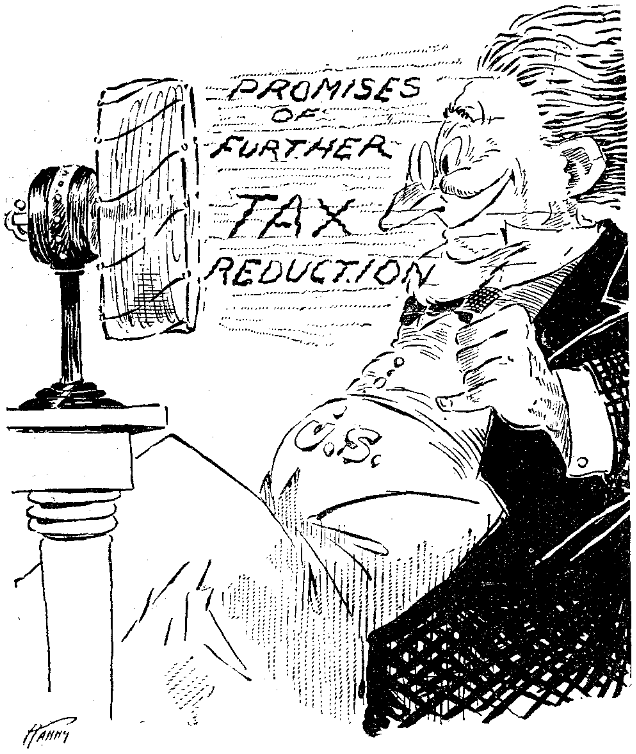
KING TAX PLAN

TRIAL BALLOONS
—Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*.


PROMISES OF FURTHER TAX REDUCTION
U.S.
Hanny

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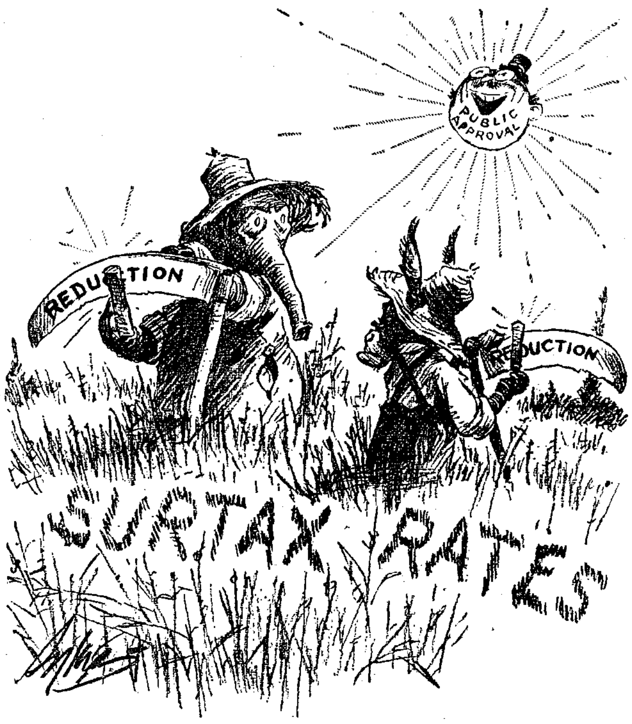
MAKING THE SUMMER TOLERABLE
—Hanny in the Philadelphia *Inquirer*.


PUBLIC APPROVAL
REDUCTION
REDUCTION
SURTAX RATES
Sykes

WHILE THE SUN SHINES
—Sykes in the New York *Evening Post*.

CARTOONS THAT HIT US WHERE WE LIVE

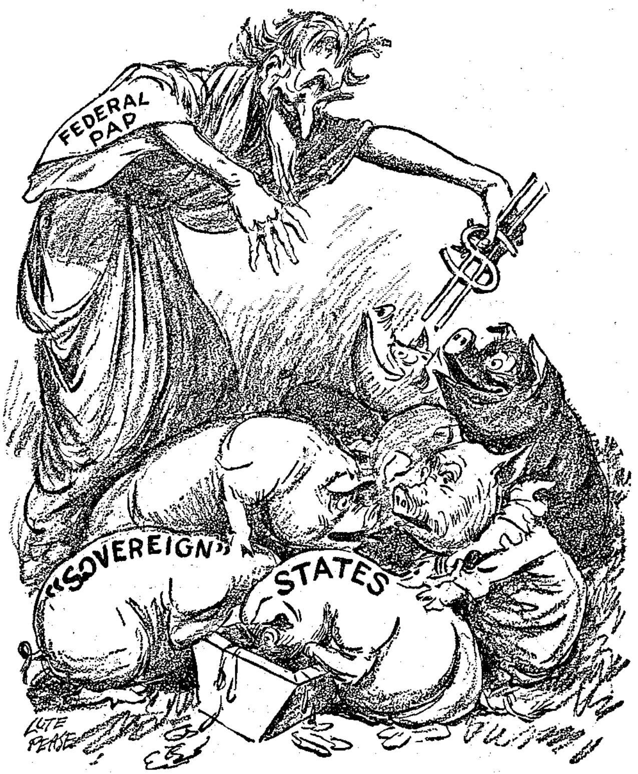
cut government outlay from more than five billion dollars to three billions," and it comments further:

"A reduction from swollen war appropriations was inevitable under any Administration, as General Lord frankly admitted. Precisely because there was so much slack to be taken in, and automatic economies were bound to show impressive billions of dollars saved, the Government might be tempted not to draw the rope too tight. The Budget Bureau is an earnest of the determination at Washington to save all that can be saved. The fact that a return of the Army and Navy to the peace basis effected a saving of $1,100,000,000 is no reason for overlooking the chance to slice isolated millions and half-millions. Just as General Lord can not mean that the Budget Bureau is primarily responsible for the huge slice in Federal expenditure, Governor Smith can not wish to be interpreted as sneering at the futility of budgets. He has been fighting too long for the very thing at Albany.

"If the Director of the Budget will speak of retrenchment from a war basis, instead of implying retrenchment from a Democratic basis, Governor Smith in turn should admit that savings have been effected beyond the mere liquidation of war conditions."

THOSE "DANGEROUS" FEDERAL DOLES

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE AGAIN WARNS the States and the nation against the "fifty-fifty" system of Federal aid for public improvements or services, which, in his Memorial Day address, he characterized as "one insidious practise which sugar-coats the dose of Federal intrusion." Governor Ritchie, too, provided a stirring feature of the recent Governors' conference by his criticisms. Under the so-called "fifty-fifty" system each State is called on to match dollar for dollar the sums appropriated by the Federal Government for use within its boundaries, for such purposes as agricultural extension work, highway construction, vocational education, industrial rehabilitation, prevention and control of venereal diseases, maternity and infant hygiene. These are all local matters, reserved to the States by the Constitution, Governor Ritchie maintains, but the Federal Government secures supervision and control indirectly by making appropriations so conditioned. The President points out that the system merely takes something from one group of States and gives it to another group, so that "we impose unfairly on the strength of the strong and we encourage the weak to indulge their weakness." Thus one State gets back twice as much in Federal aid as it pays in Federal income and profit taxes, while another gets back only one one-hundredth of its payments. Yet there are constant demands for more Federal contributions. The President's second warning, given to the budget meeting of executives at Washington, enforces his idea for economy thus:



THE CIRCE THAT TURNS THEM TO PIGS

—Pease in the Newark *News*.

> "Unfortunately the Federal Government has strayed far afield from its legitimate business. It has trespassed upon fields where there should be no trespass. If we could confine our Federal expenditures to the legitimate obligations and functions of the Federal Government, a material reduction would be apparent. But far more important than this would be its effect upon the fabric of our constitutional form of government, which tends to be weakened and undermined by this encroachment.
>
> "The cure for this is not in our hands. It lies with the people. It will come when they realize that the laws under which the Federal Government hands out contributions to the States is placing upon them a double burden of taxation—Federal taxation in the first instance to raise the moneys which the Government donates to the States, and State taxation in the second instance to meet the extravagances of State expenditures which are tempted by the Federal donations."

It is the Democratic Governor Ritchie of Maryland who follows the Republican President's lead and assails the Federal aid system as "a travesty on the American system of government." It is nothing less than that, he says, "to ask, or expect, or permit the Federal Government, under the claim that a State needs its help, to give the State actually more than the people of the State pay in Federal income taxes, or anywhere near as much. If that is going to be done, all idea of State initiative and accomplishment might as well be abandoned." How some States are taxed for the benefit of others, according to Governor Ritchie's analysis, the New York *Sun* summarizes in part:

> "The Federal Government gives in allowances to the States approximately $76,000,000 a year. Of this amount eighteen States contribute 81 per cent., or $62,000,000. Yet $43,000,000 of this goes to the other thirty States, and the eighteen which contribute over four-fifths of the total get back an aggregate of only $33,000,000. In other words, if the system of Federal contributions did not exist the taxpayers of eighteen States, while they would have to give up $33,000,000 in Federal aid they now receive, would retain $62,000,000 they now contribute to the Federal pool. They would be just $29,000,000 better off.
>
> "New York State, Governor Ritchie pointed out, pays a total of $475,000,000 in income and profits taxes and gets back through Federal aid $4,000,000, or less than 1 per cent. of its contribution. Nevada, at the other extreme, pays only $408,000 in income and profits taxes and gets $886,000 in Federal aid, or more than twice its total taxes. Of the forty-eight States four [Nevada, New Mexico, North Dakota, South Dakota] get from the Federal Government more than their total contribution in income and profits taxes."

Other Governors at the conference took issue with Governor Ritchie, especially on the good-roads question. Governor Whitfield of Mississippi declared that State lines had been wiped out in industry; that the boll-weevil and national highways were of national concern. Gov. Nellie Ross of Wyoming strest the interdependence of the East on the West for food and the West on the East for manufactures, requiring a common highway system. Governors of Virginia and Nebraska took a similar attitude, while only the Governor of Iowa sided with Governor Ritchie in thinking the fifty-fifty plan goes too far.

Considerable hedging is noticeable in most editorial comment on the dangers of centralization and paternalism involved in the Federal aid policy. "Exactly where to draw the line against Federal paternalism," says the Columbus *Ohio State Journal*, "we suppose no one could say with any assurance of being right about it." But—

> "It is encouraging, tho, that more and more people seem to be realizing the dangers of the centralizing tendency and to be calling for a halt. Perhaps all that can be hoped for is that the tendency is in for a sharp check, and probably what President Coolidge is thinking of is a conservative course in the future rather than the correction on any large scale of the mistakes of the past."

To the thinking mind, observes the Brooklyn *Eagle*, the worst thing about the Federal aid system "is not its bookkeeping inequity, not its injustice to the wealthier States, but"—

> "The incidental effect of demoralizing the independence of the poorer States—let us say 'pauperizing' them—and the other incidental effect of gradually wiping out State rights, the very essence of a Federal system of government.
>
> "The question is by no means one-sided. In a general way it is Hamiltonism vs. Jeffersonism. The peculiar thing about the present line-up is Jefferson's Virginia and Davis's Mississippi standing on the Hamilton side. That most of the States south of Mason and Dixon's line want Federal aid, including John C. Calhoun's South Carolina, is made clear by the attitude of their Senators and Representatives in Congress."

"THE WIDOW IN POLITICS"

MASSACHUSETTS SENDS THE WIDOW of the late Congressman J. J. Rogers to take his seat at the National Capital. Consequently political writers take occasion to discuss at some length "the widow in politics." It appears to be likely, observes Mark Sullivan, the Washington correspondent, "that historians will say women first entered politics as holders of high office on the basis of sentiment and because of association with male relatives," for it is recalled that Mrs. Mae Nolan and Mrs. Julius Kahn, both of California, also succeeded their deceased husbands in Congress, and when Congressman Mason, of Illinois, died, his daughter, Mrs. Winifred Mason Huck, succeeded him. Press dispatches report a women's club boom for Mrs. Robert M. La Follette to succeed the fighting Senator from Wisconsin, altho she is represented as preferring the candidacy for her son "Bob" La Follette, Jr. Mrs. Rogers won the nomination at Republican primaries by five to one over her nearest opponent, and Mark Sullivan reminds us that in State politics "of the two women who have been elected Governors, one, Mrs. Ferguson, of Texas, was elected on sentimental grounds, as a vindication for the disqualification of her husband, who had preceded her as Governor. The other, Mrs. Ross of Wyoming, was elected as the immediate successor of her husband, who had died. In the same way," we read, "when Senator Medill McCormick, of Illinois, died last winter, there was and still is a common assumption that his widow should be elected to fill the next vacancy. Out of all this, doubtless, the social philosophers who are studying the experiment of the participation of women in politics and the future historians of the innovation will draw interesting deductions."

"Strange nepotism," says G. Gould Lincoln, column editor of "Politics at Large," in the Washington *Evening Star*, who writes:

> "When the late Representative Rogers died, cut short in the midst of a promising career, he was very popular in his district. Immediately there was a demand that his widow be given his seat in the House—a sentimental idea that has found expression in a number of other cases where men in public office have died in this country in recent years. It is a strange form of nepotism. So far, however, its results have been negligible. For the women who have been elected to Congress to fill the terms of their deceased husbands have not been reelected. What happens to Mrs. Rogers in 1926, therefore, will be of considerable interest. If she is a candidate to succeed herself, she will face a vastly different situation. Her own record of service will be a deciding factor when the primaries are held."

But Mrs. Rogers won on merit, not sentiment, according to the Albany *News*, and that trend among women in politics is declared encouraging. As we read:

> "'The widow in politics' is becoming a somewhat familiar phrase. Several women have sought to succeed their husbands in office and some have been successful. Electing the widow of a Member of Congress or of any official just as a mark of sympathy is not a wise proceeding. The election of Mrs. Edith Nourse Rogers to succeed her late husband as Member of Congress in the Fifth Massachusetts district, however, was not a vote of sympathy.
>
> "Mrs. Rogers deserved to win. She conducted her campaign in fighting fashion, and appealed to the voters on political issues and on her merits. She did not ask for votes because she was a woman. She entered the campaign as a man might enter it. She is a woman of ability. She has demonstrated her interest in public affairs and her knowledge of government. She served as a Red Cross worker during the war and was known as the 'Angel of the Walter Reed Hospital' for soldiers at Washington. She has given much of her time to public service. She can be expected to serve well as a Member of Congress."

Mrs. Rogers polled a larger proportion of the total vote at this special election, June 29, than her husband did last fall, defeating former Governor Foss, the Democratic candidate, by approximately 2½ to 1. The Providence *News* observes:

> "Altho a 'dry' by conviction, she refused to be dictated to by the Anti-Saloon League. The fact that she was far from being an ardent suffragist when the cause of women's suffrage was being fought, made her scarcely the ideal candidate in the eyes of those who want women to be elected to Congress as women. Mrs. Rogers enjoys a considerable reputation in Washington as a woman of ability, well versed in public affairs. She will have plenty of opportunity to exercise all the talents she has on behalf of causes that men are apt to neglect."

In similar vein, Mrs. Rogers's election is declared gratifying, according to the Springfield *Union*, because,

> "It is fitting that conservative New England should at last send a woman to Congress. Again, her triumph is not a mere triumph of sentimentality. While she admires her late husband's work in Congress, and has announced that she intends to continue it, she has conclusively shown that she has independence, courage and a mind of her own. From her most heartening conduct during the days preceding and following the primaries it becomes easy to agree with her when she declares that she 'certainly will not be a "pathetic figure" in Congress.'"

P. & A. photograph

"TO FIGHT HARD, FIGHT FAIR AND PERSEVERE"

Mrs. Edith Nourse Rogers, New England's first Congresswoman, elected to succeed her late husband, says that all these essentials of a Congressman "a woman can do as well as a man." During the war in Red Cross service she became known as the "Angel of the Walter Reed Hospital" for soldiers in Washington.

That Mrs. Rogers never had been a conspicuous suffragette is pointed out by various papers. She will be the third woman member of the Sixty-ninth Congress, the others being Miss Mary T. Norton of New Jersey, Democrat, and Mrs. Kahn of California, Republican. She is the sixth in the record-line of women who have been elected to membership in the House of Representatives. In the Senate Mrs. Rebecca L. Felton served one day as successor to Senator Tom Watson of Georgia.

Ford
ONEIDA

ANOTHER FORD VENTURE

Is this transatlantic Ford freighter, which pays twice the wages of its competitors, an individual experiment, or the beginning of a new line that may revolutionize transportation at sea?

FORD'S PLAN TO DOUBLE JACK'S PAY

NOT A "WORLD PEACE SHIP" this time, but the *Oneida,* his first Atlantic freighter, sailing from Hoboken for Europe, creates the latest Ford sensation. For he is paying the *Oneida's* crew of seamen wages from 50 per cent. more up to double the scale of the United States Shipping Board. And the public has been told repeatedly that the wage scale fixt by the La Follette Seaman's Act is so much higher than that of British and other ocean carriers that American ships can not profitably operate. While the Board is offering to bidders 200 vessels for scrap, Chairman O'Connor is reported as talking with Ford about the purchase of ships for operation. The Philadelphia *Public Ledger* mildly reviews the sensation thus:

> "What Henry Ford did in his motor plants he is now doing on the sea. His famous '$5-a-day' minimum for his workers was a terrific jar to the labor market. He got the cream of labor for years. Every one wanted to work for Ford. He is now setting $100 a month as the minimum wage for seamen on the new Ford fleet. Shipping men are amazed. They would be. Shipping Board vessels pay ordinary seamen $47.50. Ships of the American Steamship Owners' Association pay as low as $55, but Ford's able seamen get $105. Manufacturers were vastly annoyed a few years ago by the $5 wage. Not long ago the railroad world was irritated by the Ford purchase of a railroad and the putting into effect of his peculiar wage ideas on the Detroit, Toledo and Ironton. It is now the turn of the shipping interests to feel the impact of Fordism. They do not appear to enjoy it."

The oil-burning *Oneida* carries about 4,000 tons of Ford motors, automobile parts and tractors, under a master paid $6,000 as compared to the standard of $3,420. Reporters say that the word Ford is painted in four-foot letters on the bridge and both sides of the freighter, which flies the Ford flag—"a light blue field, with gold border; a dark blue-colored bird in full flight in the center." The Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot* sees the innovation as "the greatest sensation American shipping circles have known in recent years." More numerous seem to be the papers which explain away the sensation.

"By paying wages and salaries above the standard, Henry Ford, in conducting his railroad, has made himself independent of the unions," says the Toledo *Blade.* "Probably Ford counts upon accomplishing the same thing by picking his workers for his freighters and paying them well." According to the New York *Journal of Commerce:*

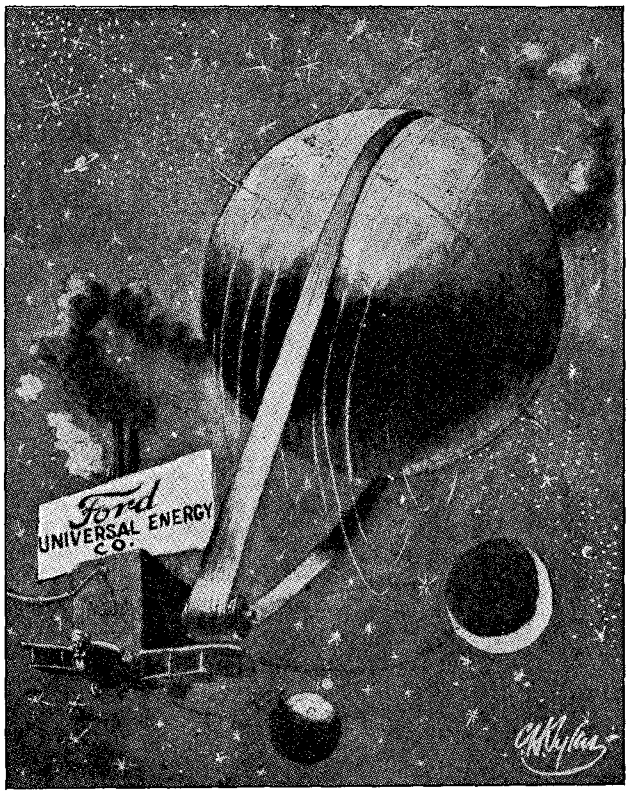
> "About all that the Ford experiment under the most propitious of circumstances could teach so far as the rank and file of our ship operators are concerned is the old, old, well-established fact that it is profitable to pay workmen in proportion to their energy and skill."

"America has other industrial carriers on the seas—fruit, steel and oil," notes the Washington *Evening Star,* which considers the return of ships carrying their own "ventures" a hopeful sign for American merchant marine. *The Wall Street Journal* explains:

> "The Ford ships will carry Ford products to foreign markets. Sitting strongly entrenched in the low-priced motor-car business, it may be assumed that the prices quoted abroad by Mr. Ford will be adjusted at all times so as to allow for a bookkeeping profit on the transportation of autos overseas. The Ford shipping agents, at the same time, will seek cargoes for the return trip, and it is not transcending ordinary logic to suppose that the rates will be such as to get considerable business. If Ford car prices in England, Belgium, etc., can—and they probably will—absorb most of the overhead involved in the process of delivery, any profit on American-bound freight will be so much 'velvet,' and allow for at least a substantial part of the margin of wages over conventional scales."

"What wages Ford may be able to pay will not be a positive criterion of what all ships flying the American flag can pay," observes the Cleveland *Plain Dealer.* "Only in the event the Ford ships become important competitors for general cargo will the result of the experiment be really significant." The Syracuse *Post-Standard* remarks, "his action won't raise the pay of other sailors, but it is rather embarrassing to have Henry paying more than the United States pays, and as will happen make money where the United States loses." Says the Baltimore *Sun:*

> "His venture will not solve the problem of passenger and mail service, nor the problem of trade over many ocean routes, but it puts American ships on the sea, aids in training seamen and gives opportunity for a practical demonstration of American ability to cope with difficulties in keeping afloat a merchant-marine."



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"EVENTUALLY, WHY NOT NOW?"

—Sykes in *Life.*

TOPICS IN BRIEF

(An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as "Fun from the Press")

Doctors get by. They have inside information.—*Columbia Record.*

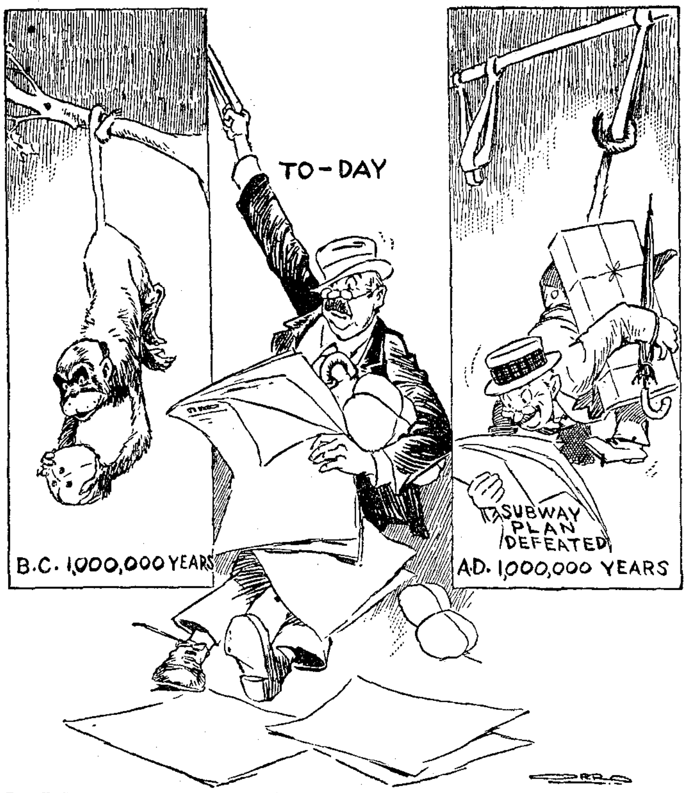
In the Tennessee mountains, R. F. D. does not mean Root for Darwin.—*Boston Herald.*

Speaking of foreign relations, Uncle Sam wants to make France ante.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

A free country is one in which men have the liberty to kick about the lack of it.—*Bridgeport Star.*

If Christians can agree on the Sermon on the Mount, what's the use of pulling wool about Genesis?—*Houston Post-Dispatch.*

Among the other notable results of the California earthquake was the fact that it shocked Hollywood. Few of us realized it was that violent.—*Nashville Banner.*



Reg U. S. Pat. Off. Copyrighted, 1925 by the Chicago *Tribune*

FUTURE EVOLUTION

Nature is supposed to adjust us to our surroundings and fit us for our needs.
—Orr in the Chicago *Tribune.*

The most convincing arguments are those bearing out your own theories. —*Arkansas Gazette.*

Put confidence in everybody and soon you won't have any in anybody.—*Columbia Record.*

Science can do practically everything for the modern house but make a home of it. —*Arkansas Gazette.*

They say Mussolini talks to himself, but doubtless he's just addressing the Cabinet.—*Chatham (Ont.) News.*

There would be more incentive to success if successful men seemed to enjoy life more.—*Columbia Record.*

The treaty Powers will not be able to repair their badly sprung Chinese policy by plugging the Chinks.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

Another of the wonders of nature is how the roads remain intact after tourists breathe so much of them. *Associated Editors (Chicago).*

"I am not at all sure that innocence is not a vice," says Mr. R. D. Hill. We doubt it. None of our young playwrights has seized on innocence as a theme.—*Punch.*

Fashion expert says "the secret of a well-drest woman is 'never conceal your personality.'" Thought it must be something like that.—*Macon Telegraph.*

Why, the nation ought to feel proud that a man of the sort Mr. Doheny says he is has seen fit to take over a few of its oil-wells!—*New York Evening World.*

The president of the Radio Corporation of America says that the radio outlook is better. Yes, a lot of the neighbors are putting theirs away for the summer. — *American Lumberman.*

Perhaps they'll found, in Tennessee,
After the prosecution,
The Order of the Chimpanzee
Or Sons of the Evolution.—*Life.*

There are already too many laws, but we'd like to see one more squeezed in to prohibit a woman from suing for divorce before her husband has the last instalment paid on his wedding suit.—*The Thomas E. Pickerill Service.*

Many a checkered career ends in a striped suit.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

Our hard-coal digger is too much of a gold digger.—*Wall Street Journal.*

Uncle Sam seems to make money when Congress is on a vacation.—*Toledo Blade.*

Golf is hurting business, says Robert T. Small. And vice versa, Robert, vice versa.—*Detroit News.*

Nearly all ways of murdering people have been tried in Chicago and most of them have been successful.—*Toledo Blade.*

Historians have told us the past, and Mr. George Bernard Shaw last week told us the future, and now the only thing we are hazy about is the present.—*Punch.*

Good times are those in which people who have money contrive to get a little more. —*Hartford Times.*

Our idea is that seismologists ought to adopt a title that fits better in the headlines.—*Dallas News.*

At this season the masculine sneers at feminine styles begin to sound a little bit wistful.—*Kingston Whig.*

Being on the right track is correct. But if you just stop there, you'll get run over.—*Columbia Record.*

Writes a Chicago poet: "Oh, how I suffer for the old home farm!" Seems to be an attack of bucolic.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

When this younger generation is old, what do you suppose it will tell the next generation that it didn't do? —*Milwaukee Journal.*

William H. Anderson's new organization, the A. P. P. P. P. A., sounds like a riveting machine working overtime.—*Schenectady Union-Star.*

We suppose about the hardest thing is for a Florida realtor to feel properly sorry about a California earthquake. —*Ohio State Journal.*

The Governor of Arizona refuses to extradite a man wanted in Texas for making liquor. It must be pretty good stuff.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

The Rev. Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick says that the modern church needs lubrication. Well, the Rockefellers belong to his church.—*New York American.*

Mrs. Catt says war can be talked to death. If that is true, Mrs. Catt has her mission in this world, and there is no reason why she should not proceed.—*Houston Post-Dispatch.*

A telegram from Brooklyn reported yesterday that the Rev. Dr. Charles McKoy says, "Evolution is a lie of Hell." We heard Clarence Darrow's new red suspenders snap clear over here.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Albert Coates says: "In France I want French music and in Italy I want Italian music." Too bad that idea can not be carried out to its logical conclusion and then one would not have to listen to a lot of music we have to-day until after his foot had slipt on the lower golden stair.—*Seattle Argus.*

FOREIGN - COMMENT

Photographs of France's Morocco campaign from the Paris *Illustration*

A CONVOY OF WOUNDED CROSSING THE RIVER OURGHA

After an attack on the Bibane Post, which was surrounded by the Beni Zeroual tribesmen.

FRANCE'S ORDEAL IN MOROCCO

FRENCH REVERSES suffered at the hands of the Riffs under the leadership of Abd-el-Krim, which resulted in a change of the French military command, are not the only facts of interest in the fighting in French Morocco, it appears, because the conflict is one that so nearly touches the interests of Spain and of England. The new military commander in Morocco, we learn from Paris press dispatches, is Gen. Stanislas Naulin, who during the World War had under his command the Second and the Thirty-sixth American divisions. Marshal Lyautey will remain Resident Agent of the French Government in Morocco for civil and political matters. Altho official news from the French front is more reassuring, say these dispatches, the admission is made that for a time the whole Taza district, where the battle has been fiercest, has been in danger of falling into enemy hands. These dispatches relate further:

> "For the first time in almost two months the French have advanced and held their ground, and for the first time the Riffians have been driven back without being able to remove even their own munitions and supplies. The battle was fought through a night with a full moon and all day under a burning sun. The enemy, reenforced by dissident tribesmen, fully equipped with French rifles, concentrated a greater number of men than at any other time since the fighting began, and for once it was possible to use French artillery with effect.
>
> "To a considerable extent this successful counter-attack has had the desired effect of restoring confidence among the French native partizans and dissuading waverers from joining forces with the Mussulman leader. At the same time it is admitted infiltrations of Abd-el-Krim's propaganda agents and armed bands continue on several sections of the front, and tho the tribes apparently are quiet, there is still danger at any moment of new desertions.
>
> "At Madrid a draft of an agreement, it is stated, has been drawn on conditions of peace which France and Spain would agree to with Abd-el-Krim. This draft was submitted to the French Cabinet this evening, but nothing was divulged as to the contents. It is not the intention of the French Government, at least, to publish peace conditions at the present juncture, as it is feared Abd-el-Krim would make use of them for the purpose of enlarging his ambitions in the belief that the two countries were anxious for peace at any price."

A significant French view is exprest by Auguste Gauvain, foreign editor of the Paris *Journal des Débats*, who says that no peace with Abd-el-Krim is possible "until he is convinced of the futility of his efforts against us, and until he is constrained by force to keep his power within the territory of the Riff." But how is he to be brought to this conviction, to such submission, asks Mr. Gauvain, who proceeds as follows:

> "Assuredly not by striking a blow of the brilliant kind, whose consequences are not foreseen by certain minds. By present evidence one may judge of the importance and the cost of the campaign we must wage to finish Abd-el-Krim once and for all. In the Riff there is no capital to be taken, no center against which one may land a decisive blow. We have to do with tribesmen who can move from place to place with extreme facility. We should have to occupy their whole country to have a military hold on them. The Spaniards know what this system has cost them.
>
> "The solution of the conflict lies in measures both military and administrative which shall be concerted with Spain to the following ends: 1. To break the scattering attacks of the Riffians by inflicting severe losses on them. 2. To cut off their food supplies and their arms and munitions.
>
> "Any offensives we should undertake outside of our zone would turn against us. Vigilance and patience will serve us better, and also at less outlay, and with more haste. Once Abd-el-Krim were blockaded in his sterile mountains and deprived of food and munitions, as well as cut off from communication with the outside world, he would have to yield. It would be useless and dangerous to negotiate with him before such a condition. When he makes proposals to us, we shall consider them. But we have no proposals to make to him."

Meanwhile London press dispatches report the possibility of British military action in Morocco. Austen Chamberlain, Foreign Minister, said that he could not promise to withhold British intervention until Parliamentary approval were given, and he explained: "If the Government comes to the conclusion that there is a serious menace in the Tangier zone, its hands must not be tied." Mr. Chamberlain added that the British Government is watching the situation with the utmost care. A Tangier message to London, we are informed in these dispatches, indicates that the Spanish authorities at Tangier fear that an uprising of Abd-el-Krim's sympathizers within the city might betray it into the hands of the Riffians. Meanwhile, a Tangier dispatch to the New York *Times* relates:

Springfield, Missouri

"Decisions largely affecting the status of Tangier have been taken by the Franco-Spanish conference sitting in Madrid. The latest news is causing wide-spread disapproval, altho the reported decision of the British Government not to land troops at Tangier is welcomed. The British suggestion that the present unrest and disorders be dealt with by an increase in the local gendarmerie conforms to the international convention whereunder Tangier is administered.

"The Spanish proposal to place a cordon of its own troops inside the Tangier zone near the town itself, it is feared, would lead to grave trouble.

"Another Spanish demand at the conference is for immediate rectification of the frontier between the two zones. Still another Spanish proposal reaching Tangier is for immediate disarmament of natives of the Tangier zone. A reported decision would force all natives of the Spanish zone now resident in the Tangier zone to return to the Spanish zone. In addition to many who have permanently settled in the Tangier zone there are more than 5,000 refugees from the Spanish zone, mostly women and children, who fled because persecuted by Abd-el-Krim."

Interesting information on the whole question of Morocco is contributed to the London *Nation and the Athenæum* by Lieut. Commander the Hon. J. M. Kenworthy, R.N., M.P., who assures us that France is faced with a difficult task in northern Morocco, because:

"The Riffs are an ancient people who, in spite of many attempts by alien invaders, have remained in unconquered possession of their barren mountain territories for two thousand years. They are Moslems, divided into clans, austere, strictly religious, moral, and sober. They have fought the Spanish with varying success since 1912. Abd-el-Krim, their leader, altho belonging to a well-known family, was not a ruling chief. He was educated at the University in Madrid, and served for some years in the Spanish artillery. Quarreling with the Spaniards, he returned to his native land, and with the aid of his brothers and the men of his own tribe has succeeded in welding the warring clans into the semblance of a nation. Years of hard fighting have eliminated the inefficient Caids and brought to the fore the bravest and most efficient leaders among this brave and warlike people. Great quantities of munitions of all kinds have been captured from the Spaniards, and a good deal more smuggled into his country; in many cases, it is feared, with the connivance of the local French commanders.

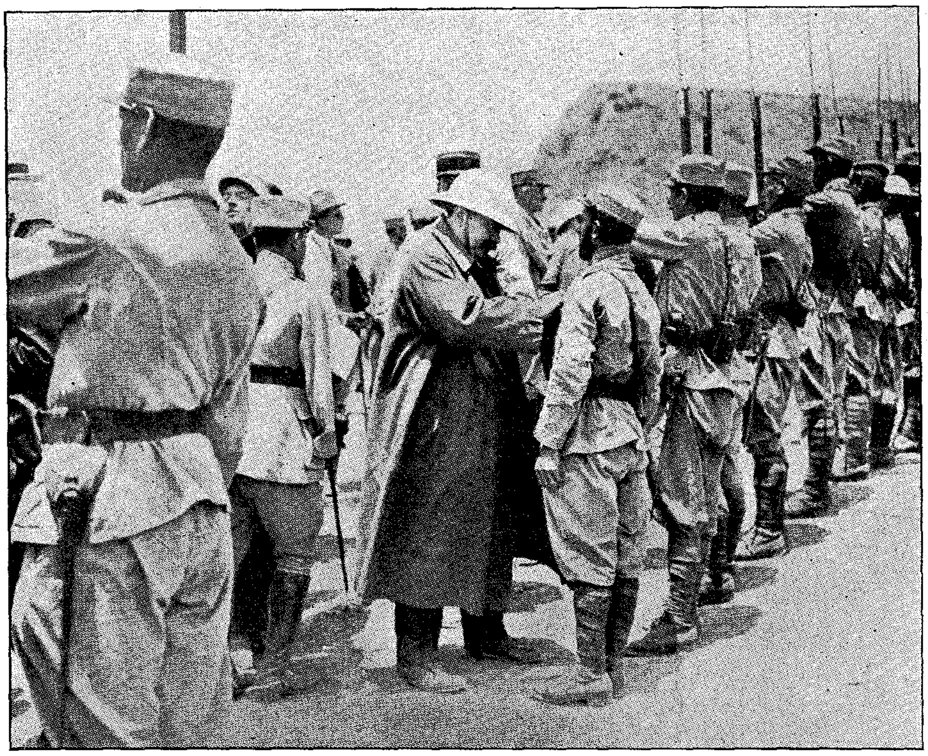
"That portion of the 1911 Algeciras settlement transferring the Riff territory to Spain was repugnant to French policy. And until France was attacked in her turn, she preserved an attitude of benevolent neutrality to the Riffs. A forward school, strong both in Paris and Morocco, has long coveted the whole of Northwest Africa. This school was not particularly sorry to witness the Spanish reverses and withdrawal to the coastal strip. A section of the French press then adopted the argument that, Spain having failed to pacify the Riff territories, the *status quo* was upset, and France had a clear mandate to undertake the task."

Whatever the outcome in Morocco, this writer goes on to say, British interests are vitally affected. It was British diplomacy which established the Spanish sphere of influence over the Riffs in 1911, he recalls, because it was "vital to the British Empire that neither the French nor the Germans should establish themselves on the southern shores of the Straits of Gibraltar." He tells us further:

"Ceuta is an ancient Spanish settlement, and is never likely to be given up. But if the French occupy the mountains above it in the course of their campaign, they will be tempted to stay there. Gibraltar would then be at the mercy of long-range artillery established in these same mountains, while air-plane and submarine bases on this coast would threaten our shipping passing through the Mediterranean on the way to India and beyond. It is bad enough to have London at the mercy of the French bombing squadrons without this added menace. . . .

"Italy, as a Mediterranean nation, has an equal interest with ourselves in desiring to see no first-class Naval Power established on the southern shores of the Straits of Gibraltar.

"Nor must we overlook the effect on the Moslem world generally of an attempt to obliterate the independence of another Moslem people. The spirit of nationalism is burning among the Moslems of the world as fiercely as in the days of Mohammed, the Moorish Caliphs, and Sulaiman the Magnificent. To-day Abd-el-Krim would be satisfied with the autonomy of the Riffs, free access to his natural markets, and non-interference with his people. To-morrow, he might with success preach a Holy War and rouse North Africa against all the European Imperialists. Prudence and statesmanship alike should urge British, French, and Spanish statesmen toward a peaceful settlement. Marshal Lyautey and his able band of administrators have performed a great task in settling Morocco proper, and making it into one of the fairest of the French Colonies. Rashness and swollen ambitions may lose all the fruits of these labors."



FOR HEROES IN FRANCE'S SERVICE

Premier Painlevé decorating fighters of the Foreign Legion on the Ourgha front, across which, on the opposite page, we see a convoy of wounded passing.

A Fez dispatch to the Paris press tells of a letter from the Sultan which he caused to be read in all the mosques of Morocco. In this letter, he denounces the "madness" that led certain mountain tribes into the rebellious way of the "agitator come from the Riff to kindle the fire of anarchy in the bosoms of the neighboring tribes of the Ourgha." This official utterance reads in part as follows:

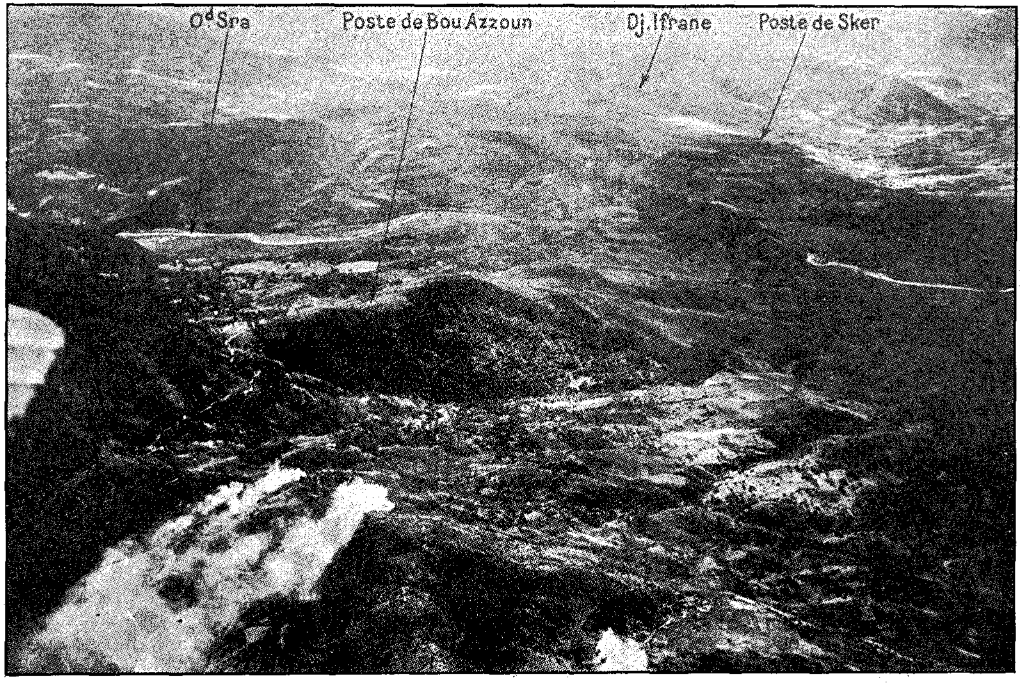
"You know that the hordes of Riff agitators found confronting them the valiant troops who defend the integrity of our empire and who put up a barrier that the rebels tried in vain to pass.

"You shall soon learn, please God, of the total success that will crown their valorous efforts by the infliction of the chastisement the invader deserves and by the return, to our benevolent authority, of the unhappy peoples who followed him in this rebellion.

"But pending the happy ending of the operations under way, we can not be too careful against the lies and the false information that the trouble-makers are constantly spreading in the villages and in the country districts. We exhort you to be calm and to go on with your daily occupations, because it must not be forgotten that the present events are purely of a local character and should have no repercussion in the rest of the empire."

CZECHO-SLOVAKIA'S GERMANS

THREE AND ONE-HALF MILLIONS of Germans in Czecho-Slovakia are apparently not a bit happy in their abiding-place, if we may judge from newspapers in Germany. To investigate their situation thoroughly, K. A. Junge, one of the editors of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, made a tour of investigation in Czecho-Slovakia and publishes his discoveries in this newspaper. Except Germany and Austria, he tells us, no country contains so many Germans as does Czecho-Slovakia, and he avers that the Germans in Czecho-Slovakia are German not only in the language they speak, but also in their convictions and culture. After the break-up of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy in 1918, these three and a half millions of Germans, who dwelt along the western border of Czecho-Slovakia, unanimously declared themselves in favor of fusion with Austria, but, he relates, they had lost most of their young men in the war and were terrorized by the anarchy and revolution then rife in the country, so "they could not resist the Czechs who, with the help of the Allies, were determined to absorb them into their new-born State." We read then:



FRENCH FIGHTING-POSTS IN THE MOROCCO WAR

The Bou-Azzoun Post on the left bank of the river Sra, and the Sker Post on the right bank.

"These Germans were forced against their will to become citizens of the Czecho-Slovak State. The victorious Czechs, and especially the repatriated legionnaires, that is to say the traitors who had passed to the enemy and served in its ranks, started energetically to erase all the symbols of the past, to ostracize every German word."

This writer then deplores the tendency in some new-born States to insist that they be of one nation only, and he cites as an unhappy example the policy of the Hungarians from 1867, when—

"They formed only a minority of the twenty million inhabitants of the country, yet they acted as if Hungary were inhabited only by the ruling Hungarian nation. This experiment of transforming an imagined national State into a real national State resulted, as we know, in rousing the strongest anti-Hungarian feeling on the part of all the non-Hungarian inhabitants—with the exception of the ever-loyal Germans. This policy had its share in the causation of the World War and entailed the dissolution of the Hungarian State.

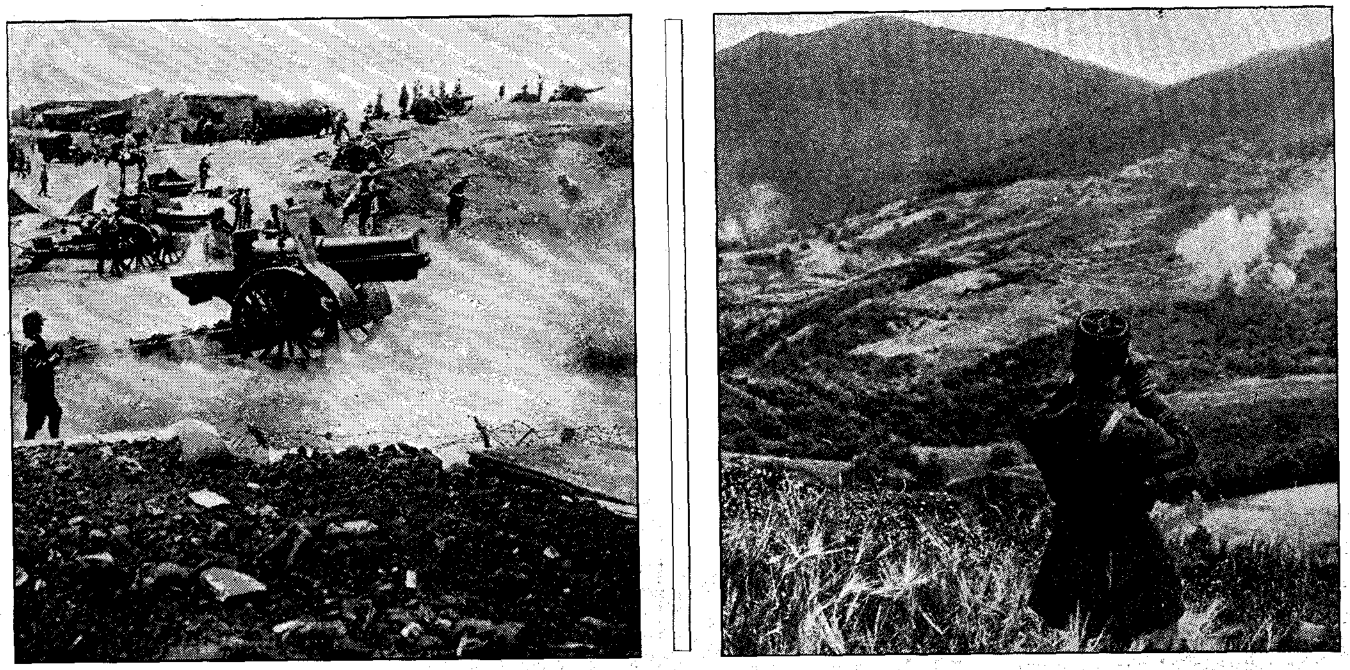
"The Czechs do not go to such extremes as did the pre-war Hungarians, but they have the same national aim, namely, they purpose to transform a country inhabited by five or six nationalities into a national Czecho-Slovak State. But this would require not only the welding of the Czechs and Slovaks into one people, but also the assimilation of 3,500,000 Germans, 750,000 Hungarians, 500,000 Ruthenians, and others. It goes without saying that only fanatics of extremist Czech nationalism consider that this ambition is attainable within one or two generations."

According to this German informant, Czecho-Slovakia's leading statesmen realize that the existence of the Czecho-Slovak State with its present ethnical composition is possible only through an exceptional and extraordinary state of affairs in Europe. Fate favors them now, he asserts, and they mean to profit by it as fast as they can, so as to protect their country from possible eventualities in the future. Meanwhile, he proceeds:

"The fate of Czecho-Slovakia depends in any case upon the solution of two very important national questions: the question of Slovak autonomy—which greatly resembles the Serbo-Croat question—and the German question. It is probable that the Czech statesmen will try to settle with the Slovaks first, for the Slovaks are Slavs, who speak a language which closely resembles the Czech language. . . . As to the settlement of the German question, it can not easily be reached after the years of a continuous policy of pin-pricking which has been followed with regard to the German citizens of the country.

"Yet the German question must be solved, and this even in spite of the fact that the little gods of Czech politics do not realize it in a sufficient degree. They are extremely narrow-minded on the German question. They see it mainly in the aspect of winning a letter-box from the German community in favor of a Czech community, of securing in some district the election of a reliable Czech, a former legionnaire, of transforming the German majority in a community into a minority, of replacing the German name of a street by a Czech name. Such is their policy. They seem to think that it will really lead to the elimination of the Germans from the country!"

THE LONG LANE TO PEACE PACTS—Intricate and prolonged diplomatic maneuvers must follow all discussions between Germany and the Allies, before any fruitful result can emerge, thinks the Dublin *Irish Statesman*. Remembering the effect of such maneuvers on the hopes of a European settlement, this weekly thinks it anything but easy to preserve a spirit of optimism, yet it adds that this time a beginning is made on different and better lines. The proof of this, we are told, is that the Allies no longer frame their communications to Germany "in the tone of magistrates addressing a prisoner with a long criminal record," and also that if the note of neighborliness is not yet strongly sounded, there is a glimmering recognition that all the arguments are not necessarily on one side. This gives a foundation, however frail, it is said, upon which to build, and "the peoples at least are desirous that the bricks should be used to better purpose than to serve as ammunition in a diplomatic faction fight." It is further stated that there is reason to think that the saner diplomatists are coming to the same conclusion. If the security proposals, it is predicted, lead to a real exchange of views between France and Germany, as seems probable, there is a sporting chance that statesmen may learn what laymen have grasped long since, that the great mass of both nations wants to live at peace with its neighbors.



A BOMBARDMENT ON THE NORTH FRONT IN FRENCH MOROCCO

On one side we see firing batteries, on the other a French officer observing the effect of the bursting French shells.

BETTER DAYS IN NEWFOUNDLAND

INDUSTRIAL UNREST and political turmoil blighted Newfoundland during the first six months of 1924, we are told, but now things look much brighter. In the past troubled days, writes the Newfoundland correspondent of the London *Times*, there were administrative scandals and several cabinet crises, all culminating in a general election. The result of the election, he tells us, was the return to a stable Government, pledged to a clean-up policy, which it was in a position to insure as it carried 25 seats in a House of 36. The economic change in Newfoundland, according to this correspondent, was no less remarkable than the political. He relates that in the earlier months of 1924 repeated demands were made on successive ministries, insecure in office and unstable in policy, by self-appointed spokesmen of more or less independent labor organizations, and all such demands met a ready compliance. But by the autumn, he tells us, the Monroe Government firmly resisted similar demands, and when faced with threats of violence, responded with a firm defiance of the agitators. For six months, he adds, there have been no further manifestations of labor trouble, and none is expected by the Government, which continues to pursue the policy of refusing to be intimidated by threats of disorder.

Because of the confidence of the commercial community in the present condition of affairs, this informant relates there has been a large increase in imports, with a consequently enlarged payment of duties. So the prospect for the future is encouraging, he thinks, and adds that everything indicates that Newfoundland may enjoy some years of prosperity and advancement now that it is settling down to normal conditions after its post-war unrest. Speaking of the state of trade, he reminds us that there are obvious difficulties in the collection of revenue, and also of statistics, in a country of 260,000 people living in over 1,500 communities, great and small, around 6,000 miles of seaboard. Nevertheless he tells us that:

"The most recent trade returns are those for the fiscal year which ended on June 30, 1924. For the twelve months, the total trade was $48,748,753, against $40,278,687 for the previous year, an increase roundly of 8½ million dollars. An important feature of this increase is that it was almost entirely represented by imports, the exports being practically stationary. This condition is mitigated largely, however, by the fact that most of the imports were materials for the construction of the new paper-mills on the west coast, which will begin operations this summer and, within another year, should produce pulp and paper for export valued at about $5,000,000 annually. The most pleasing feature in last year's trade is that the imports from Great Britain were almost doubled, being $6,250,683, against $3,130,605 for 1922-23.

"The value of dutiable articles imported in 1923-24 was $20,156,131, against $16,520,001 for the previous year, and of free articles $7,521,051, against $2,801,813. This large increase in free imports was doubtless due to materials brought in for the construction of the paper-mills, Newfoundland's general policy being to allow all materials for new industries free import. Of the exports, totaling $21,071,571, the principal were:

"Products of the Fisheries	$10,687,496
Pulp and Paper Manufactures	5,965,625
Products of the Mines	1,426,426
Products of the Forests (Timber, Furs), etc.	1,257,440
Spirits and wines in transit, or products for rum-running	1,120,224

"By a tax on the transit of these liquors, Newfoundland obtained a revenue of $153,237 during the year."

A most encouraging feature of Newfoundland's industrial prospect, we read then, is that as a result of the high prices for codfish last fall, a considerable development of this industry is proposed this year. Many Newfoundlanders who had gone to the United States, it appears, have returned to engage in cod-fishing, and this correspondent adds:

"It is hoped that if the codfishery is successful for the next few years, it may stimulate again the building of fishing vessels in the island. The forests supply the necessary wood for the purpose. There is, however, an evident disinclination at present to construct these vessels."

Credit is given the new Government by this correspondent for its complete investigation of the public departments, the elimination of abuses of various kinds, and the restoration of discipline and efficiency. The grip on the public service had been sadly relaxed during the war, he tells us, and still more during the post-war period, when a collapse in trade was followed by an expenditure of millions on "relief work." Into the distribution of this relief, he alleges, crept every conceivable kind of abuse, as was disclosed by a judicial inquiry. Another interesting fact noted by this informant is that the Finance Minister's budget shows an estimated surplus for the fiscal year ending on June 30 of $275,000 as compared with a deficit last year of $1,720,000.

GREECE'S "ONE AFTER ANOTHER"

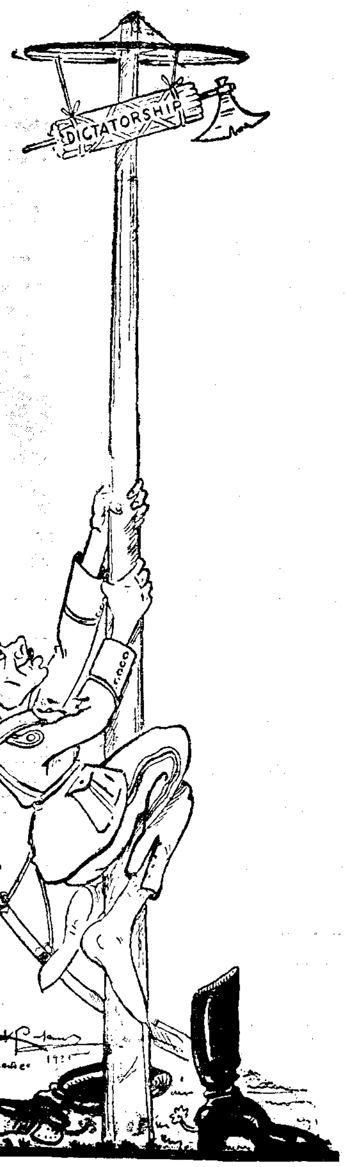
COLLAPSE OF THE GREEK FRONT in Asia Minor in 1922 is taken by various Greek editors as the beginning of a series of political crises that have followed one another quickly during the past three years. The *coup d'état* of General Pangalos, by which he overthrew the Provisional President Counduriotis on June 25, and the Michalakopoulos Cabinet and incidentally became War Minister as well as Premier in his own Cabinet, was described in THE LITERARY DIGEST for July 11. We find an explanation of his attitude in an article by General Pangalos himself, which he contributed to the Athens *Eleftheros Typos* shortly before he undertook his so-called "revolution." He says:

"It has been proved in the most conclusive way that a large amount of the refugee loan has found its way into the pockets of the Government 'boys.' And it is true that not a single one of these conscienceless pilferers of the public money has been punished. The ax of justice has not fallen in all this time to cut the impious hands found deep into the sacred moneys belonging to the refugees.

"Without a program and without initiative, the capitalist Michalakopoulos Cabinet has not been able, and has not shown the will, to cope with this gigantic problem of the settlement of the refugees.

"While this unprecedented waste was going on, the Government has only found a few morsels for the needs of the Army and Navy. So our ships have been reduced to a heap of useless iron boxes, while the Army was left without armament. In these circumstances the leaders of the Michalakopoulos Government went out into the Balkans panhandling for new alliances with Jugo-Slavia.

"The Michalakopoulos Cabinet having against it all the anti-Venizelist elements of the country, and the large majority of the Republican party, has no business to stay in power."



THE GREEK MILITARIST

"Can he climb to the top of the Greeced pole?"

—*Skrip* (Athens).

Replying to this indictment the conservative Venizelist organ, *Eleftheron Vima*, which supported the former Premier Michalakopoulos, stated that it was about time to stop talking of the abandonment of the refugees from Asia Minor and to stop making charges against those who had done all they could in order to help "the most unfortunate of our brethren." This daily added:

"If this thing is allowed to continue, we shall end by convincing ourselves that neither the Government nor the Greek people have done anything for the refugees. As a matter of fact four-fifths of the refugee population are already settled, and the only ones who complain are those who try to make political capital out of a poor case."

According to the anti-Venizelist organ *Politeia*, which is a supporter of Mr. Metaxas and his Party of Freedom, the overthrow of the Cabinet by General Pangalos was foreseen as early as June 10, when it was learned that a number of military officers, under the guidance of General Pangalos, signed a protocol, the purport of which was: 1. The flat refusal of all Jugo-Slav demands in the negotiations of an attempted alliance with Greece. 2. Immediate equipment and armament of the Army and Navy. 3. The resignation of the Michalakopoulos Government as lacking the confidence of the people. But it appears that by the time the Government knew of this military movement, it was too late to stop it.

When the success of the Pangalos faction appeared certain, the bitter Royalist and anti-Venizelist *Skrip* declared:

"For a long time Greece has been afflicted with an illness that sooner or later will bring the unhappy country to its ultimate doom. Greece suffers from the bane of the militarists.

"It is they who have upset the social balance and the ordinary processes of law in Greece. It is they who have abolished right and have established the dictatorship of a single class against all others. Claiming that they wish only to save the country, the republic, and the institutions of the land, they picked anarchy out as the most proper means for the accomplishment of these ends. Meantime the only way by which Gree can be saved is to return the military to their barracks and their professional tasks. The political life of the country can well afford to lose these gentlemen who will be more useful in the Army than in the political arena."

A conservative Athens newspape *Empros*, believes that the reason Greece has not been able to secur moral and material support abroad because the outside world is convinc that conditions in Hellas are far fro stable. According to this daily such enterprises as the refugee loan, the Athens water-works, new railroads, and irrigation projects in connection with the Vardar River can not be undertaken as long as people abroad see Greece "at the mercy of the ambitions of a few individuals." Meanwhile an anti-militarist journal, *Athenæ*, advises the anti-Venezelist opposition to remain neutral because it believe that the militarists will soon find themselves at the end of their rope, and it adds:

"We of the opposition must be very careful in our attitude toward the militarists, and our object must be to avoid any such foolish tactics as will encourage these swashbucklers to exploit the refugee discontent in a way to create a social revolution. If that should happen, the militarists would have an excellent pretext for establishing their dictatorship. . . . Let us therefore allow matters to take their natural course. Our total abstention from present events is the best service we can render to our sorely tried people."

A royalist Greek newspaper, *Nea Himera*, expresses the opinion that a Republican Government in Greece is excellent as long as the middle classes are firmly intrenched, but it becomes "a dangerous advance agent of anarchy when Bolshevism finds fertile ground for its doctrines." Continuing, this daily says:

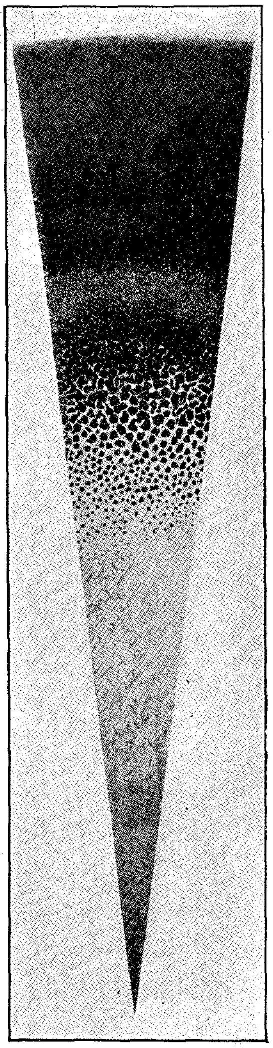
"A royalist régime is an anachronism when the middle classes, having an absolute majority, can govern themselves well; but a royalist régime becomes necessary in such times as the present when middle-class society needs a fundamental authority to protect it against demagogy."

Springfield, Missouri

SCIENCE - AND - INVENTION

WHAT THE EARTH IS MADE OF

THAT THE EARTH IS A BIG IRON-CORED METEORITE is the belief of Dr. Henry S. Washington, of the Geophysical Laboratory, Washington, D. C., as exprest in *The Scientific American* (New York). He has analyzed hundreds of specimens of rocks from all parts of the world, and he supplements the knowledge thus gained with critical examination of data from other sources bearing on the constitution of the earth. He discards the old idea that the earth's center is a molten mass, chiefly on the ground that under such conditions the crust could not withstand the tidal pull of moon and sun without cracking; noting also that a molten earth would not spin equably as our earth does; nor would it transmit transverse vibrations or waves from earthquakes to make the distant seismographic records that are familiarly known. The nature of the substance composing the earth's core is of necessity inferential; but it must be far heavier than the average surface rocks, since the total weight of our globe is known to be about five and a half times that of a globe of water of the same size. Surface rocks could not be comprest to anything like the requisite weight. If the core of the earth were chiefly of iron, however, the observed phenomena would be accounted for, together with the fact that our globe is a huge magnet; and the assumption is sustained, analogically, by observation of meteorites, supposedly fragments of some large planetary mass, which fall to the earth to the extent of about 40,000 tons a year, and which are preponderantly composed of iron, alloyed with nickel. Says Dr. Washington:



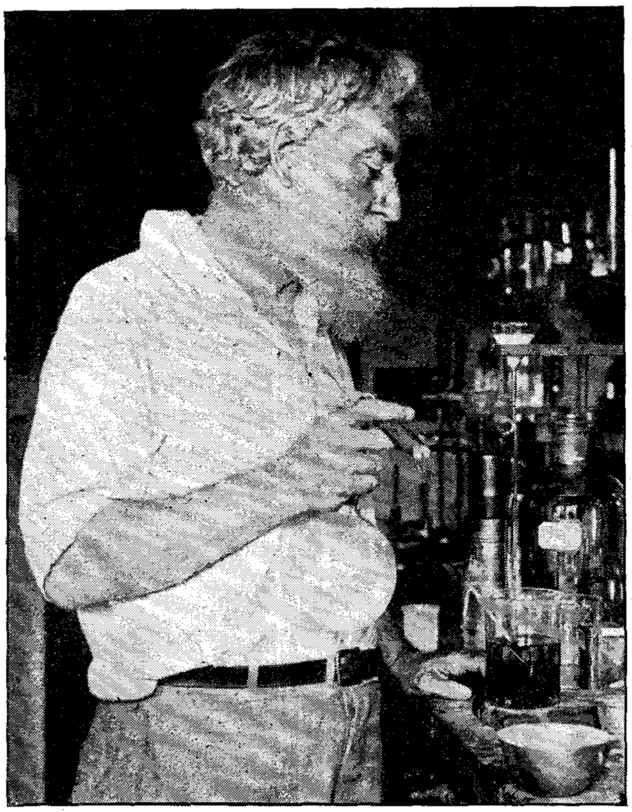
Courtesy of *The Scientific American*

A SLICE OF THE EARTH

If one could cut the earth like a watermelon he would find that the center is a mass of iron, alloyed with nickel, outside of this a zone of mixed iron and rock, still farther outside successive zones of varieties of rock.

"For all these, and some other reasons, we now feel reasonably sure that the earth as a whole resembles a huge meteorite, or rather such a body as that of which the meteorites are fragments. We now conceive the earth to be constituted as follows:

"At the center is a huge sphere of metallic iron or nickel-iron, which extends rather more than half-way to the surface. Near its outer border particles of stony matter occur scattered through the metal. These gradually increase in quantity, while the amount of metal decreases, until the material is about half metal and half stone. From this depth outward the amount of metal decreases and that of stone increases, until the material is stone peppered with small and few specks of metal. Finally the iron disappears and the material is wholly stone at a depth of about one thousand miles.



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A CHEMICAL JOURNEY TO THE CENTER OF THE EARTH

Is what Dr. Henry S. Washington of the Geophysical Laboratory, Washington, D. C., is practically making, as he analyzes specimens of rock from ocean bottoms and lava from volcanoes, in order to find out something about the composition of the globe.

"The stone or rock is not uniform. It changes its character outward, the deepest layers or shells being of very heavy, dense rock, which passes gradually into lighter rock, and finally into a comparatively thin sheet of basaltic rock, similar to the floors of the ocean. The very light, granitic rocks are at the top. The layers of limestone, sandstone, shale, coal, soil, and other such materials, are relatively so thin that their masses are quite negligible when the composition of the earth as a whole is being considered. The same is true of the ocean waters and the atmosphere.

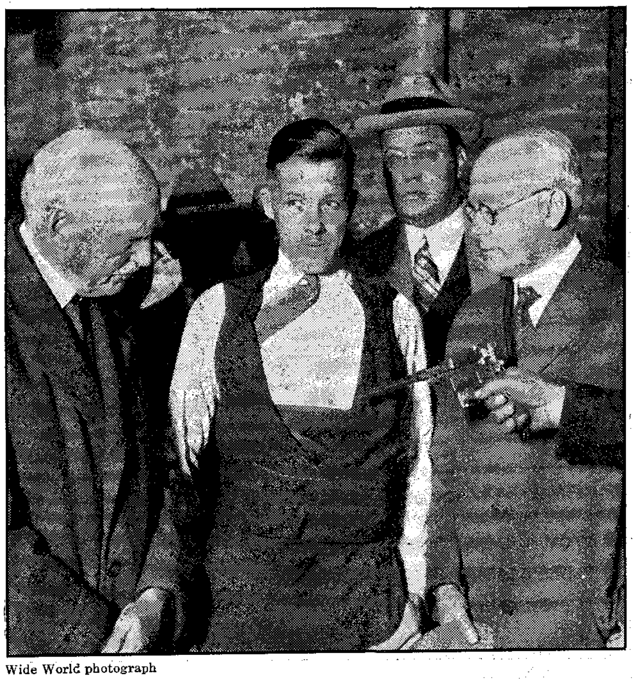
"In estimating the thickness of these different shells or zones the study of two waves from distant earthquakes, which traverse the earth at great depths, gives us much information.

"Having estimated, by the help of earthquake waves, the average thickness of the several shells and of the core, and combining these with what we know of the composition of meteorites, we can arrive at a pretty fair idea of the chemical composition of the whole earth. It is found that iron is the most abundant element, making up 40 per cent. of the whole earth. After it in abundance come oxygen, silicon, and magnesium, in the order named. These four elements together make up about 91 per cent. of the earth. With three others, nickel, calcium, and aluminum, they make up 98 per cent. Indeed, twelve elements constitute 99.8 per cent. of the earth, leaving only two-tenths of one per cent. for all the seventy or more other elements, among them some of our most widely used and most common metals, such as copper, lead, tin, and zinc.

"All these common and useful metals are present, even in the surface crust, in such small amounts that they can not be detected in most rocks and are made available for our use only by processes of natural concentration into what we call ores. Civilization is dependent in some great part on infinitesimal proportions of some of the elements in the earth."

THE LATEST THING IN VESTS

THE MOST APPROPRIATE GARMENT TO WEAR at a "shooting party" is a vest which has already found favor with police officers, bank messengers, industrial guards, paymasters, watchmen, and others who need protection from the bullets and knives of lawless people. So declares A. H. Berwald, in *The Du Pont Magazine* (Wilmington, Delaware), who goes on to say that he has seen the garment tested, with bullets fired pointblank from a .45 caliber Colt pistol, without the slightest inconvenience to young Mr. Jacobson, the wearer. "Would you like to shoot him, too?" he was asked by the inventor, who added: "You may as well; he doesn't mind it in the least." Mr. Berwald was willing to forego that privilege, but eager to examine the vest itself, to see what effect the bullets had on the garment which so effectively shielded its wearer. He thus reports the result of his examination, and the explanation of the anomaly given by the inventor of the bullet-proof vest:



Wide World photograph

HE DOESN'T MIND BEING SHOT

For his bullet-proof vest, of the new type described in the article, protects his skin and absorbs all the shock. The test is being made at New York City police headquarters.

"Both bullets had penetrated the Fabrikoid pockets into which the wafer-like metal plates of the vest are sewn, and, flattened out, they lay just under my finger tips between the Fabrikoid and the outermost metal plate. Neither bullet had penetrated either of the three metal plates that shielded Jacobson's body. These plates were slightly dented, but the dents were hardly noticeable on the inside of the vest. Very little of the force of the bullets could have spent itself in a straightforward direction, judging from the physical evidence as well as from its failure to shock the human target.

"It seemed impossible that three plates of steel, each only 13-1000 of an inch, plus the two thicknesses of Fabrikoid into which they were sewed, could offer enough resistance to the bullet of a young cannon like the .45 caliber Colt pistol to stop it at pointblank range without penetrating even the outer plate. There must be something more to this, I thought, and so I asked Mr. de Boves, the inventor of the bullet-proof vest, to explain it. As near as I can remember, these are his own words:

"'If you put your hand between the clapper and the side of a big bell, it would be mashed; yet after the bell is struck you can stop its ringing by putting your hand on it, and you will feel nothing but a tingling sensation. This shows that the human body has a wonderful capacity for absorbing energy without injury to itself when that energy is transformed into a proper vibratory motion. Although we were on entirely original lines in dealing with the construction of this vest, my inspiration for it came from considering the ringing of a bell and the vibratory conversion of energy.

"'Rigid armor would not do for the vest. Rigid armor used to stop these high-powered bullets would be too heavy for a man to lift, let alone wear. We were limited to metal about the thickness of a safety razor blade.

"'We don't use the metal plates as armor at all—we use them the same way the man in the laboratory designs a current carrier to conduct electricity. We deal with the energy of the bullet and forget the bullet itself entirely. The bullet starts off as an inert thing, and becomes a vehicle upon which the energy travels from the powder chamber of the gun. We deal with energy insofar as we know it travels at the speed of light. We undertake to cause it to spread; to dissipate itself throughout the vest and the body at a speed fast enough to prevent its saturating a plate 13-1000 of an inch thick.

"'This is exactly what happens. We dissipate the energy by reason of the construction of the vest into which is built what we call the vibratory leak, which is something that our text-books will have more to say about within the next few years. The design of the vest permits the flexibility of the muscles; the body can move and perform any function it could in any other form of dress. The flexile resistance furthermore permits the plates to give with the body, and the vibratory leak comes in where the bullet acts as the striker of the bell, the vest itself posing as the bell while the human body underneath, against which the bullet presses the vest, substitutes for the finger that taps the vibrations.

"'All the energy of the bullet at the point of impact, which would be ample to go through a plate very much thicker than these vibratory plates we use, is split into millions of fine particles which the metal itself and the body are quite able to sustain and absorb without pain to the wearer and without injury to the plates.

"'The Fabrikoid is mostly camouflage to cover this light armor, but because it is waterproof it is valuable in preventing any perspiration from attacking the metal plates, and it is also permanently flexible and durable to the highest degree.'"

BEWARE OF DUST!

ONCE UPON A TIME there was a small boy who was made to beat the family carpets each spring at the annual house-cleaning upheaval. In later years, grown to manhood, he marveled that he had escaped death from inhaling clouds of germ-laden dust. He thinks that the heat of youthful indignation may have proved germicidal; and he recalls having vowed that there would be no carpets in his home of the future. Nor was the vow forgotten: the home of Dr. Allen Rogers, of Pratt Institute, is carpetless, and the scientist himself is able to note with satisfaction that to-day a carpeted house is the rare exception. He adds, however, that the change has come about "not because that boy disliked to beat carpets, but because people have come to realize their danger from a sanitary standpoint." In an address delivered before a conclave of technicians, under the auspices of the Society of Chemical Industry, as reported in the *Weekly Roster and Medical Digest*, (Philadelphia), Dr. Rogers elaborates the thesis that dust and germs go hand in hand. He tells of consumptive families, where the disease, supposedly "in the blood" was in reality lurking in rag carpets and plush furniture. And in particular he makes indictment of that modern refuge of the disease germ, the upholstered automobile cushion. He presents specimens secured with vacuum cleaner and with naphtha to prove that the fabrics from closed cars rival or outrival the fabrics from furniture, draperies, rugs, and carpets as repositories of dust. Moreover—

"Cultures of the dirt removed from automobile cushions, furniture, and rugs give us positive proof that they are not sterile, as colonies of active germs develop while you wait. Germs are not particular about their lodging-place, and you may rest assured that all kinds have gathered here.

"Of what interest is it to you and me to know that carpets, rugs, furniture and automobile cushions are full of dust and germs? It is simply this! We are living in a progressive and scientific age, we are solving problems of existence, and among the most important is our war against germs. Those of you who are listening may enlist in this army by taking every opportunity to kill the germ. The slogan 'Swat the fly' also applies to germs. If you have carpets in your house, clean with a vacuum or sweep with an antiseptic salt. Put your rugs occasionally in the sun, and give them an antiseptic cleaning. Do not be satisfied with the vacuum or broom, but give them a naphtha sponge bath. Vacuum clean your furniture and rub over the fabric with naphtha or an antiseptic cleaner. Spray your rooms now and then, and in case of a contagious disease always fumigate.

"If your automobile happens to be upholstered in fabric, give it a good cleaning from time to time. Vacuum cleaning followed by a good sponging with naphtha will remove dust and kill germs, but go a step further and apply an antiseptic wash. If your car is upholstered in leather or leather substitute, a soft rag dampened with naphtha will remove the grease and make it look like new.

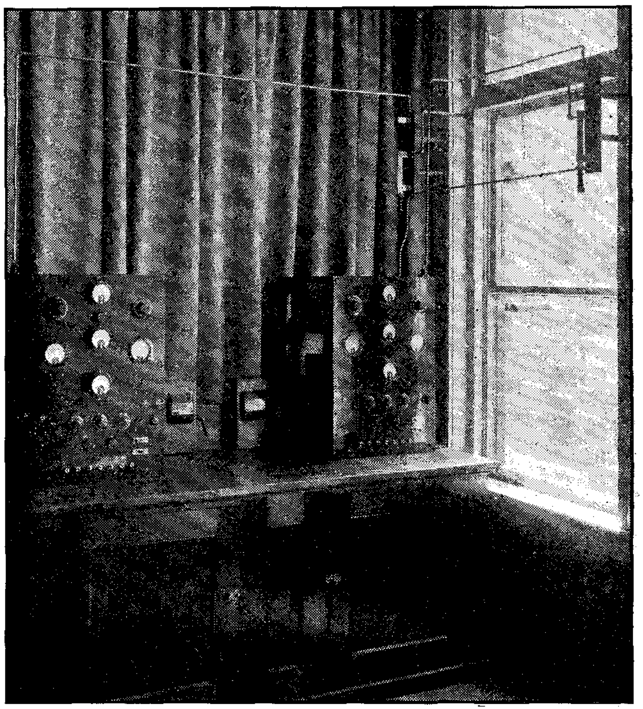
"Help those who are fighting the great white plague by doing your bit to kill disease germs, and do this by eliminating dust receptacles. Or, if you can not eliminate them, see that they are not made into incubators."

THREE-DIMENSION RADIO HEARING

HEARING IN THREE DIMENSIONS is so "natural" a phenomenon that most of us seldom give it a thought. Quite as a matter of course we realize that, under normal conditions, we are generally conscious of the direction from which a sound comes to our ears—from right or left, front or back—without asking how or why we gain the impression. If we do seek an explanation, we are told that it is largely a matter of having two ears, situated several inches apart, so that sound waves from the same source usually travel different distances to the two ears and therefore are of slightly different "phase." Should you chance to have the misfortune to become deaf in one ear, you will find your sense of sound-direction greatly impaired. You will then for the first time realize, perhaps, how important this element of binaural hearing is. Says F. M. Doolittle, of Yale University: "Consciousness of living in three dimensions, in no small measure, may be attributed to the faculty of hearing which enables us to fix in our mind the location of the various sounds which we hear." Writing in *The Electrical World* (New York), Mr. Doolittle elaborates this view, and declares that one of the fundamental defects of radio-hearing is that it lacks the three-dimensional effect. In listening to an orchestral performance, for example, you gain from the ear-phones or the loud-speaker absolutely no impression as to the relative locations of the various instruments. At best an "acoustically flat sound picture" is received. And as experience with phonograph and radio has given us the impression that a close approximation to true tone value is all that is to be expected, we are probably satisfied. But this writer assures us that something better is attainable. By a new method of what he calls "binaural broadcasting," he has found it possible to transmit radio programs that introduce the directional element, so that the listener has a rendition approximating the ideal of a reproduction "so nearly identical with the original that one would be unable to tell, without bringing into play other faculties than that of hearing, whether or not he is present at and listening to the original performance." He explains the matter thus:

"The broadcasting method which has been developed by the writer permits the normal functioning of the sense of hearing in the binaural manner so that the impression of space consciousness is retained. This is accomplished by providing two suitably mounted microphones at the transmitting station instead of one as now employed, so that the phase relations of the sounds produced as well as their relative intensity and tone values may be registered. These microphones are arranged to produce modulation on two non-interfering radio channels, and receiving equipment is provided so that the modulation produced in one channel may be listened to with one ear and that produced in the other channel with the other ear. By this means the ears of the listener are in effect transferred to the location of the microphones, and nearly the same sound impression is produced as tho he were located in the studio. Distortion in the transmission may reduce the realism of the effect, but in the main all of the impressions which one would obtain in the studio can be reproduced.

"An experimental broadcasting station, WPAJ, operating on the binaural principle, has been installed at New Haven. As this station is employed in regular broadcasting service on 268 m., an additional wave-length assignment of 227 m. was secured in order that binaural transmission might be made possible. Duplicate transmitters were installed. Two standard broadcasting microphones are used with a separation of about seven inches between centers. One of these modulates the 268 m. channel and the other the 227 m. channel. The transmission of the station is not impaired for ordinary reception since the same program will be heard coming in on either wave-length, but if binaural receiving equipment is installed, a naturalness in reproduction which is startling is obtained. It is essential, to obtain the best results, that head-phones be used for reception, for if loud-speakers are employed the sound which is intended for one ear reaches both ears and the effect is impaired, tho still present in some measure. Altho no publicity has been given yet to the binaural broadcasting project, a number of experimenters have been told how to install equipment for binaural reception. Without exception they have been enthusiastic in their acceptance of the new method."


By courtesy of *The Electrical World*, New York

IT IS LIKE HEARING WITH BOTH EARS

To listen in when WPAJ is broadcasting. Part of the apparatus for binaural broadcasting is here shown, including the two power units, which broadcast simultaneously on waves of 268 and 227 meters.

After referring to other methods by which a similar binaural effect might be produced—"for example, the double modulation of the carrier at two superaudible frequencies with audio-frequency variations applied to the modulation frequencies"—and explaining how it may be possible to use a single antenna and a simple receiver employing two tuning adjustments and two detector bulbs, with common batteries, Mr. Doolittle makes this remarkable statement:

"A number of interesting points have been discovered in the operation of this binaural broadcasting system. If the two microphones at the transmitting station are placed six or seven inches apart to correspond to the separation of the ears, a normal impression of the size of the studio and the location of the performers is transmitted. If the microphones are moved further apart, an impression of greater depth is obtained and the performers seem to recede to a greater distance. If the microphones are moved still farther apart, the binaural impression becomes very vague and is finally lost."

The writer reverts to the theory of binaural hearing, and tells of a simple instrument devised by him to demonstrate the principle:

"It consists of the usual type of medical stethoscope with a separate sound collector connected to each listening-tube by means of a flexible rubber tube. If the stethoscope tubes are placed tightly in the ears, direct entry of sound is eliminated so that the sound collectors are in effect substituted for the external ear, the sound passing through the rubber tubing and the metal tube of the stethoscope. If the sound collectors are held six or seven inches apart, a listener is not conscious of any substantially different effect either in quality or direction of sounds originating about him, and his ear appears to function normally. If now the flexible rubber tubes are crossed so that the sound collector which is connected with the right ear is on the left and that connected to the left ear is placed on the right, the impression of the location of sound will be completely reversed. Altho a listener may be looking at some one who is speaking on his right, the voice will appear to come from the left. If the listener closes his eyes and is then asked to look at the person speaking, he will involuntarily look in the wrong direction. There is no loss in naturalness or unpleasant effect produced, but merely a complete reversal of the sense of direction. In the binaural radio system this impression of the reversal of direction can be obtained by reversing the head-set."

ELECTRIC MIRACLES OF TO-MORROW

THE ABOLITION OF NIGHT IN OUR CITIES is among the predicted advances of the not distant future, according to a distinguished scientist of the University of Cambridge, Prof. J. B. S. Haldane, who declares that "the alternation of day and night is a check on the freedom of human activity which must go the way of other spatial and temporal checks." Cheap electricity, he prophesies, will work the miracle —electricity costing only about one-fiftieth its present price. At present, he says, "to light a lamp as a source of light is about as wasteful of energy as to burn down one's house to roast one's pork." The comment is quoted with approval by G. E. Tripp, in an address before the Southwestern Public Service Association Convention at Houston, Texas, as reported in a bulletin of the Westinghouse Electrical and Manufacturing Company; the explanation being that only about 5 per cent. of the energy expended in an incandescent lamp is converted into light. Mr. Tripp himself enters the field of prophecy with the suggestion that "imagination can conceive a cold light obtained by activating certain substances by electrical influence; as, for example, activating the paint on the walls of a room by radio waves." He even hints at the possibility that light, heat, and energy may in the distant future be stored in some form, and electricity not used at all, adding that "phosphorescence, the glow-worm, and radium are indications of these possibilities." In the nearer future, electricity may be produced directly from the heat of the sun or of the interior of the earth; and even to-day about 90 per cent. of the energy of falling water can be converted into electrical force—whereas the most modern and efficient steam-turbine engine turns out about 16 per cent. only of the theoretical power contained in the heat units of coal. He continues:

"Even to-morrow there may be discovered a cheap fool-proof and durable storage battery which would revolutionize the electric light and power industry by enabling it to store electricity as gas is now stored in a gas-holder or oil in a barrel.

"Concerning this Mr. Haldane says that he thinks the power question in England may be ultimately solved somewhat as follows: 'The country will be covered with rows of metallic windmills working electric motors which in their turn supply current at a very high voltage to great electric mains. At suitable distances there will be great power-stations where during windy weather the surplus power will be used for the electrolytic decomposition of water into oxygen and hydrogen. These gases will be liquefied and stored in vats, vacuum-jacketed reservoirs, probably sunk in the ground. If these reservoirs are sufficiently large, the loss of liquid due to leakage inwards of heat will not be great; thus the proportion evaporating daily from a reservoir 100 yards square by 60 feet deep would not be 1/1000 of that lost from a tank measuring two feet each way. In times of calm, the gases will be recombined in explosion motors working dynamos which produce electrical energy once more, or more probably in oxidation cells.'"

THE MAGIC OF COLOR

THE USE OF RED AS THE PREPONDERANT color on the garments of European peasants is not an expression of crude taste or childish fancy, according to Stewart Cullen, of the Brooklyn Museum, but the outcome of a wide-spread belief in its magic power. Red is the color for excluding or expelling demons, and as such is used in magic rites, of Asiatic origin, still performed in many parts of eastern and central Europe, as well as on the placards pasted on their shop doors at the New Year by Chinese merchants in New York. But red is not the only magic color. Among the Zuni Indians, says Mr. Cullen, in an address reported in *Chemicals* (New York), the sacred magic colors are yellow, blue, red, white, spotted (all colors), and black. Many other colors are known, but these alone have religious significance or magic power. Among the ancient Egyptians, green had peculiar significance, as proved by the green glazed images and amulets buried with the dead. And everywhere, in earlier and less favored ages, man cherished an appreciation of color that to some extent our sophisticated generation has lost. But the craving for color continues among highly cultured and artistic people, no less than among savages. Thus:

"It was natural for the African negroes to crave red flannel and bandanas, and for our Indians to alienate their territories in return for colored beads, but I am sure you will be surprized to hear the Japanese desire for red English broadcloth, the material of which the English made clothes for their soldiers, along with Indian printed calicoes, was their chief cause for permitting the highly restricted intercourse of the Dutch traders.

"The employment of color in Japan was not universal as with us. Even to-day it is limited. In the old days it flourished chiefly in Buddhistic ceremonial and in the Imperial Court. The accessories of Shinto, the state religion, are without color. The Imperial Court retained a Chinese tradition dating from the Tang Dynasty, and red predominated. The traditions of color were perpetuated even in the paper on which on notable occasions the Emperor wrote to the gods, very special fine paper, different colors being used for the letters which the Emperor sent to the Imperial shrines. There exists in the Library of the Vatican in Rome a letter addrest to His Holiness by a Japanese Empress, written upon purple paper in characters of gold.

"China is colorful with that vigorous color that is ever indicative of a physically and mentally vigorous people. The Japanese of to-day dislike Chinese color, and those who affect it are considered abnormal. Cultivated Japanese dislike roses and foreign flowers, such as are grown in Japan by the less refined country people. Apart from young girls and children their present-day costume is extremely somber. At the same time while their somber robes have frequently a colored lining, and while a vivid red undergarment is worn by women, color has been long out of fashion in Japan, and Japanese art, in spite of the wares made in Japan for foreign markets, has exerted a deterrent influence upon the color sense of the world. As I have pointed out, Japanese taste for color was derived from China, but China itself, I am assured, was not always colorful. Many references to color magic exist in the Chinese sacred books, yet China, in the time of Confucius, was not as colorful as it is to-day. Its vivid color was imported, I am sure, with many of its arts from the West.

"Open-air life provokes brilliancy of color. Color blossomed, not in the cold North, but in the warm countries. It bloomed in India and in Persia, which have been ever the source and reservoir of the world's color sense and inspiration. As Japan received its color from China, and China in turn was strengthened and enriched by India, so too, Europe and European art was glorified by its contact with the East. Most northern countries got their color from the South: Russia from Persia and Byzantium; Hungary largely from Turkey."

LETTERS - AND - ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

FREDERICK W. JONES DONALD MITCHELL OENSLAGER JO MIELZINER

THE YOUNGEST GENERATION OF DESIGNERS KNOCKING AT THE THEATER DOOR

YOUNGSTERS IN STAGE DESIGNING

PARIS WAS "KNOCKED IN THE EYE" by the Bel-Geddes scenery for the "Jehanne d'Arc" by Mercèdes de Acosta. This was an American invasion of the French capital, with Miss Eva Le Gallienne in the rôle of the French heroine and saint. But the scenic designer seems to have carried the honors away from the actress and playwright. Bel-Geddes, who designed "The Miracle"; Robert Edmond Jones, whose scene for Barrymore's "Hamlet" is the most talked about of his numerous designs; Lee Simonson, who has done most of the settings for the Theater Guild, are men whose reputations have been made in the past half-dozen years. But stage designers reproduce quickly. Generations count by two or three years. Young tho these men are, there is a younger set that are pressing them hard. Frederick W. Jones, Jo Mielziner, Mordecai Govelik, Donald Mitchell Oenslager and Joseph Mullen have been barely a year on the New York map, yet their names are associated with some of the foremost successes of the past theatrical season. Their average age, says Mr. John Mason Brown in the Boston *Transcript*, is twenty-four, "indicating that in their teens they must have selected their professions." The average theater-goer looks with gratitude upon an agreeable scenic setting, but he seldom realizes the pains that go to the production of it. Mr. Brown enlightens:

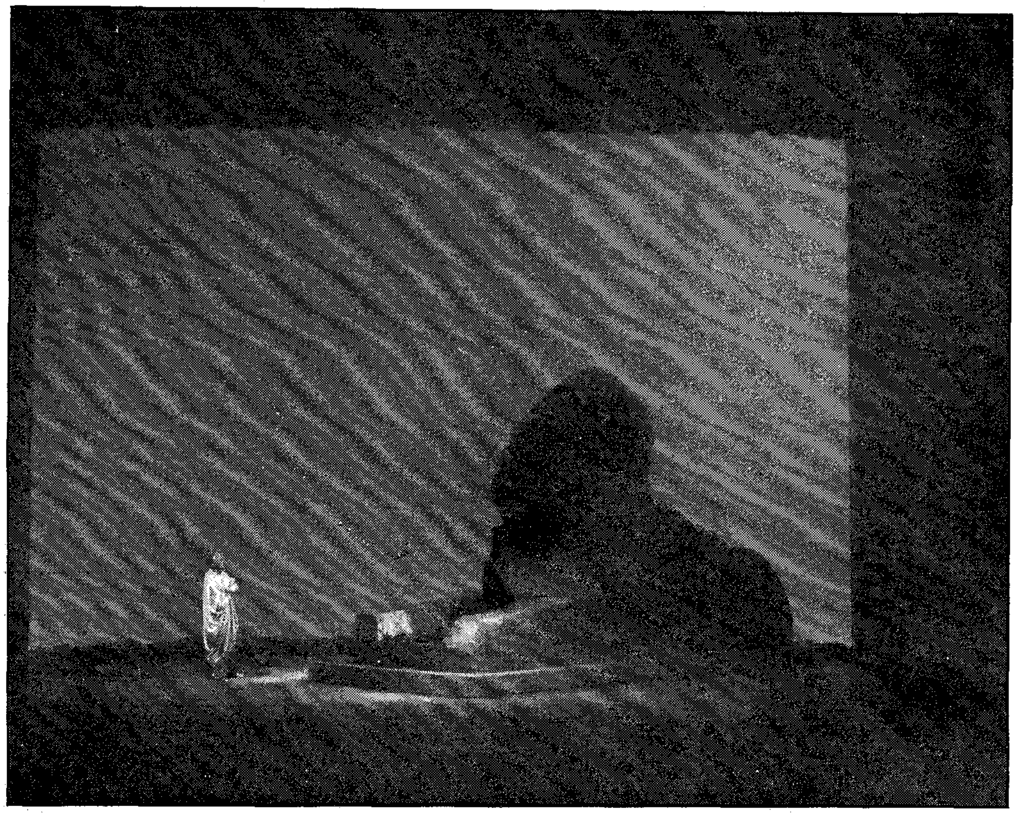
"Working for the theater in their capacity is no easy dilettantism. They must be trained technicians, knowing light, architecture, all periods, all nations, all temperaments, all forms, and they must be able to translate them into the special language of the stage. They can not make a sketch, a charming sketch of a room with flowing stairs and high windows and pretty figures sitting still in vague and graceful chairs, and call their work done. They are servants to the play, who must give the play its fullest chances in terms of backgrounds. If they need flowing stairs they can not place them where the etcher or painter would place them. They can not arbitrarily decide that the stairs should be in the center of their picture as a focal point around which they can build up their composition. They must consult the playwright and the director, and place the stairs where they will best come within the zone of action, and stress the movement of the play. The chairs and the windows must be arranged with the play in mind. And the finished result must take moving actors into consideration. Their scene when it is set must be ready to house many actions. It can not rely on the picture grouping alone, but must serve the full flux of the unfolding drama. Color, with its deep significations, and line, with its arresting beauties, are not their only cares. They must make them slaves to interpretation, and to master and control them they must have the hundred problems of practicality, convenience and expense in mind. They must know where materials and furniture can be bought. They must know how to mask their stage, hang their stage, and light their stage. They must compose with the color scale, and know what happens to colors under different lights. They must be masters of materials and know when the imitation is better than the real. And they must be rulers of union stage-hands!"

The article, appearing in the June 6 number of the Boston paper, goes into the matter of the training these "boys" have undergone, and one of them whom we take as a "specimen" began at the cradle, or perhaps earlier, since he chose an artist for a father:

"Jo Mielziner was born in Paris in 1901. By the time he was ten he was studying with his father, Leo Mielziner, the portrait painter, and pausing before the canvases of Degas. His interest and his training were centered on painting, and he attended the Arts Students' League, the National Academy and the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts in quick succession. It was at the last that he received the Cresson traveling scholarship for two successive years. In 1921, during his second year as a holder of the scholarship, he was allowed complete freedom in wandering over Europe, and the influences toward the theater became strong. He made a continental tour, studying and observing the work of the most important régisseurs and designers in various capitals, and finally settling down in Vienna to work under Professor Oscar Strand, whose designs for the Ringtheater (in which the stage rotates around the audience) are well known in this country. A trip to Rappallo and a visit with Gordon Craig followed, and out of it came a driving inspiration to work in the theater. Mielziner, however, desired an active apprenticeship before really attempting to design for the stage. He wanted to know it from the actor's point of view, and the summer of 1920 found him in Detroit appearing as a player of minor parts in Jessie Bonstelle's famous company. The following winter he pursued scenic design from still another angle, and painted in Urban's studio to master the mechanics of painting for the

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

stage, as well as to sense his craft from the workman's point of view. He began cautiously and slowly to make designs, on his own, executing two settings for Brady that same winter, and some settings for a melodrama which opened out of town during the next. In 1923 he was at the Theater Guild, taking small parts in 'Saint Joan' and 'The Failures,' and acting as stage manager. At the Guild he was naturally working under Simonson, and coming, as almost all of these younger designers have come at one time or another, under the direct influence of one of the older men. It was not until this season that Mielziner began to do many productions, and take a place as an important figure among the younger scenic artists. But the year has been a busy one for him, and 'The Guardsman,' 'The Awful Mrs. Eaton,' 'Nerves,' 'Mrs. Partridge Presents—,' 'The Wild Duck,' and 'The Buccaneer' stand to his credit.



JONES'S "KITTEN SPHINX"

Cæsar addressing the Sphinx in Shaw's "Cæsar and Cleopatra." But the designer adopted the lady's idea of the Sphinx instead of Cæsar's "elephantine" view of Egypt's mystery.

"Two of these productions in particular show how completely Mielziner puts into practise his theory of each play being its own designer. The settings for 'The Guardsman' and 'The Wild Duck' have only expert craftsmanship in common. There is nothing in them to brand them as the work of the same designer. The differences in mood and race that distinguish the plays are the differences in Mielziner's settings. For 'The Guardsman' he supplies a room in Budapest, crowded with living detail, and solves the difficult technical problem of presenting the interior of an opera box, opening on to a darkened auditorium, with real ingenuity. For 'The Wild Duck' he provides a simple and distinguished period room in the *Werles'* home, and a studio for the unhappy *Ekdals*, which while it never demands attention to be centered on it, is always helpful and right. It is helpful, as a setting should be helpful, in its placing of action, and right in establishing mood, without any noisy tricks of interpretation.

"So far Mielziner has been given no plays that liberate the independent powers of the designer. He has faced hard problems of ingenuity, and met them well. He has worked quietly in selective realism, and worked with a true distinction. And it is in such work that he seems happiest. He brings a humility to his art that makes him rather doubt the full-flown virtuosities of the designers who love to experiment on their own, and re-interpret in terms of visual symbolism. If the distinction that exists in literature can be made between designers, Mielziner is a prose writer, not a poet. His work has the balance and beauty and sanity of fine prose, but it never flies to the heights or falls to the depths of poetry."

Jones and Oenslager have spent almost as arduous an apprenticeship. The former designed a set for Marlowe's "Tamburlaine" when he was sixteen. He did other things which reached the stage, and was chosen to set the first production of the Guild in their new theater. Here we find his comparative failure to be instructive. Mr. Brown writes a bit humorously:

"Jones has had the most important opening of the present season. The new Guild Theater opened its doors with 'Cæsar and Cleopatra,' and Jones, because of the illness of Simonson, was picked as the designer of the production. It is a pity that his best work did not come forth with such an opportunity. But 'Cæsar and Cleopatra' found him doing settings of uneven value, and missing the gorgeous scenic opportunities of the play just as the actors and producer at the Guild rather missed them, or realized them intermittently. Jones's Sphinx was in particular a disappointment. Taking Shaw at his word he made of it a 'kitten Sphinx,' a tiny little, semi-stylized creature, that resembled nothing so much as a wet water-spaniel, with the face of Louis Wolheim, which passed by entirely the comic potentiality existing in the fact that what seemed a mere 'kitten Sphinx' to *Cleopatra* would have been elephantine to *Cæsar*. Elsewhere in the production there were unquestionable moments of beauty, but the magic Jones can bring to his work was lacking. That magic was finely present in his settings for the matinée performances of 'Paolo and Francesca,' which he did earlier in the winter. There Jones worked with an amazing simplicity. Great height gave dignity to his scenes, and the central arch, and the steps that led to it, as well as the low light of two giant chandeliers, strest the march of the play, and made each exit and entrance a drama in itself. The long trains of the ladies, the constant processions through the vast room, when skirts and head-dresses were trailing behind in a brilliant pattern of repeated lines, showed that Jones had not made sketches for 'Tamburlaine' in vain. In his sets for 'Starlight,' too, there were flashes of that same magic, particularly in the scenes in the conservatory and the bathroom."

Oenslager, a Harvard man, began his designing for the Dramatic Club there, then ransacked Europe on a Harvard traveling scholarship. He designed a ballet for the Neighborhood Playhouse. Mr. Brown writes:

"'Sooner and Later' was a fortunate beginning, providing opportunities for virtuoso work usually denied the young designer. Here was a pantomime running from prehistoric days, through the mechanistic and jazz eras of to-day, to crystalline times of the future. Oenslager's setting for the mechanistic period, with its giant, interlocking wheels, and mad contrivances, was a brilliant bit of virtuosity, rich with an imagination, and fine in its composition. Perhaps his best work for 'Sooner and Later' was his costuming. The Folly girls, the negro reviews, the Russian dancers, costumed as they would have to be costumed to please the jaded workers of industrialism, glittering in gold, and burlesqued in line, possest both beauty and humor. They were glorious parodies, exaggerated and distorted, and yet beautiful in themselves. The uses of masks for the factory girls and for the workers of the jazz age was ingenious and effective. But the spirit of the pantomime was happily suited to Oenslager's special gifts.

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
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"The test came when he set Galsworthy's 'A Bit o' Love' for the Actors' Theater. As the play was acted at special matinees economy had to be taken into consideration. Economy and realism were to be the taskmasters for Oenslager in the production. He economized by using a skeleton set which was easily adjusted to suit the scene sequence of the play. In only the first act, the interior of the minister's home, did the beams, so helpful elsewhere, get in the way, and for the moment make the play the slave of economy. Elsewhere the adjustments were made so well that only one critic reviewing the production was aware that a skeleton setting had been used. The realism Oenslager offered was tasteful and restrained. It was fortunate in its placing of the action, and the last scene in the barn, where moonlight flooded in through an opened door, was excellent in focusing the attention upon the rope thrown over the beams on the other side of the stage on which the minister intends to hang himself."

SARTOR AD LIBITUM

THE HEADMASTER OF ETON has been forced to take cognizance of the "Oxford bags." If this term is still a mystery, tho our own youth are stretching the width of their trousers as far as they dare, it will be known as a fashion starting in the venerable British seat of learning. Eton's head decreed that if any trousers worn by boys should exceed twenty inches in width at the bottom they would have to be returned to the tailor for alteration. Graphic representation of the new mode may be seen in the drawing on page 29 of our issue of July 4. Mr. Chesterton finds a contributor to estheticize on the subject, and doubtless he found it a grateful thing that once in a way the folly of fashion was not monopolized by women. This writer in *G. K.'s Weekly* (London) is "all in favor" of the wide trousers. He begins with the hue:

"I like the color; that delicate fawn shade is far more fetching than the old slatterly gray. I like also those fine easy lines, that generous opulence of limp material. Surely it befits a seafaring race that even its dudes should look like sailors. But above all, I like the name. For these Oxford trousers are really Oxonian. They aptly express the lax elegance of life as lived in the more leisurely and ancient of our two universities. Never, one feels, could they have been called 'Cambridge trousers.' Philosophical, dreaming, capricious, they belong by right to a group of men removed by riches from the need, or by lack of training from the ability, to earn a livelihood by working for it. Uncultured, strenuous people, of course, can and *do* wear them; but the rash act brings a swift retribution in its train. Like evening dress, these trousers may be said to be an acid test of gentility. And so it comes about that a Brixton man in Oxford trousers invites almost as much ridicule as an Oxford man in Brixton trousers; which is saying a great deal.

"To write with propriety of Oxford trousers one really needs the Oxford manner. Now the Oxford manner of writing about anything is fairly well known; one might almost say, is beginning to be found out. One starts by saying that it is absolutely necessary to prevent confusion of thought by attempting some sort of definition, however tentative, of one's subject. The next step is to mention the definitions of one or two other writers and to point out how utterly useless they all are. The author then says that he won't attempt any sort of a definition after all, but that he will 'safely hazard' something which is perfectly obvious already. This done, 'we are now,' he tells the bewildered reader, 'on fairly firm ground.'

"Unhappily no one so far has attempted to define an Oxford trouser. I must wait until one wholesale tailor sues another in our Law Courts. Then definitions will fairly fly around. 'In purported performance of the said contract,' the neat pleading will run, 'the defendants on or about the blank day of blank delivered a thousand pairs of trousers or thereabouts to the plaintiff; yet the said trousers did not (nor did any thereof) conform with the said sample in that the same were not (nor were any of the same nor either of any of the same) Oxford at all.' Whereon issue will, as usual, be joined. The trial will not have proceeded far when the Judge will make the long-expected inquiry: 'What *are* Oxford trousers?' And there will be laughter in court. And Counsel will explain in that pithy way of theirs. 'My Lud,' they will say, 'they are a species of bifurcated garments of unusual voluminosity occasionally worn by persons alleged to be male.' And then there will be more laughter. And the evening papers will be full of it. And how very dreadful it is all going to be."

If only our own newspaper writers could seize some of this manner of urbane ridicule! How would these ideas emerge in one of our many "columns"? But we must attend further. The writer has a "theory" constructed on the basis of the most up-to-date of modern principles:

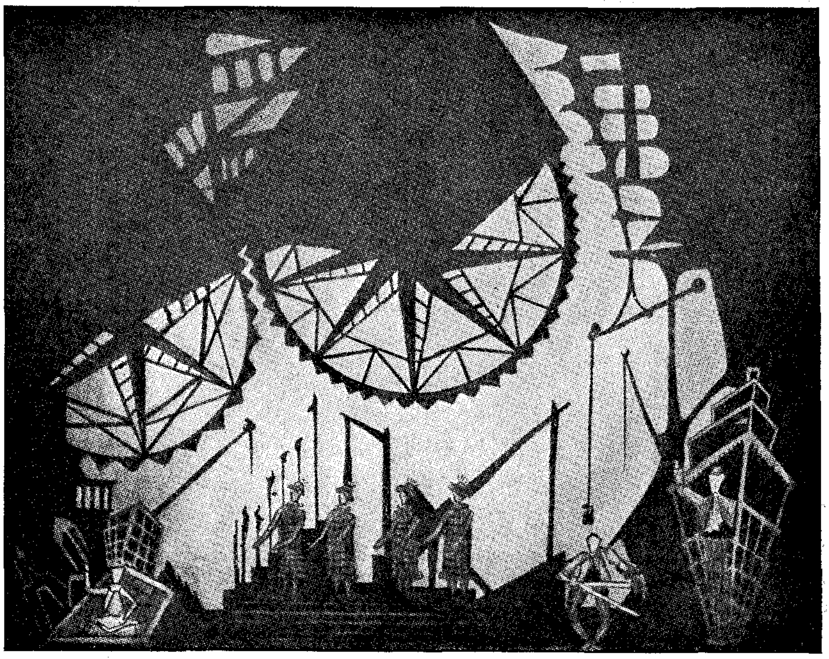
"Otto Weininger once pointed out that in a happy marriage the masculine elements in a woman and the feminine elements in a man so conjoined as to make one perfect male and one perfect female between the two of them. He expressed the idea, I remember, in a formula that went something like this:

$$M - I + W + I = M + W.$$

May not the same formula apply as much to their clothes as to their characters? May it not also be true that the perfectly drest man and woman employ let us say X yards of material to cover their nether limbs, and that the more she takes off the more he must put on and vice versa? Thus if W wears $\frac{x}{2} + 1$, M makes shift with $\frac{x}{2} - 1$; whereas if, as more often happens nowadays, W has only $\frac{x}{2} - 9$, M must flop about with $\frac{x}{2} + 9$. It may. Indeed, I declare that it is. Some glimpse of this truth is revealed in the expression 'Plus Fours.' Men no sooner took to wearing them than their wives adopted what might not inconveniently be described as 'Minus Fours,' or, to revert to the formula once more:

$$M + W = M + 4 + W - 4.$$

How else can one explain the simultaneous appearance in the early days of Victoria of the short, tight trouser on the one hand, and the voluminous crinoline on the other? Regarded in this way, how simple, how inevitable, is the appearance of the Oxford trouser of to-day! There I must leave my theory. The reader can think out other examples for himself. In thinking them out, however, he should remember that the theory is my property and not his, and be very careful to do it no unnecessary damage."



FUTURISM IN OENSLAGER'S DECOR

In a ballet, "Sooner and Later," at the Neighborhood Playhouse, the designer represents "modern mechanistic life, where the cross-rhythms of a modern city are revealed beneath the dwarfing downward sweep of great wheels and endless interlocking contrivances. It is a murky day when the puppet inhabitants work at their different trades feverishly until the whistle blows. A motorman cranks a machine endlessly, a tailor, squatting cross-legged, cuts baby clothes futilely with enormous shears, and a man in a traffic tower shrieks ceaselessly through a megaphone over the terrific noise of whistles and percussions off-stage."

PIONEERING IN ART MISSING FIRE

MIELZINER'S OPERA BOX SCENE

Almost a bare stage in "The Guardsman" serves Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne as background for one of their brilliant scenes. The double doors at the back open into the box and the auditorium of the opera house.

VERS LIBRISTS MAY DERIVE FROM WHITMAN, but most of them have missed the biggest thing there is in their model. Whitman was a pioneer in free verse and his example is cited by an American critic to solace the followers of Mr. Epstein over the inhospitality shown in so many quarters to his new "Hudson Memorial." "He depicts the artists as pioneers," says G. K. Chesterton, but without telling us who "he" is, "and the people as following their lead." This, by the way, rejoins Mr. Chesterton in *The Illustrated London News*, is "not in the least what people really do with pioneers." They usually imitate or follow the wrong thing in them—at least the less important thing. Mr. Chesterton admits that "what is called free verse has become more common, and is in a sense a progress to which Whitman played the pioneer." Then he adds a characteristic touch:

"If having caused other people to write a vast amount of bad poetry, or of stuff too bad to be called poetry, be a triumph for a great poet, by all means let it be added to his triumphs. But in one respect the remark is indeed relevant. It is very interesting to note that most writers of vers libre have actually imitated everything in Whitman except that great spirit which, in spite of everything, made him great. So far from that enlargement and love of men and things that struggled for expression in him having found any further expression in his followers, the only thing they try to express is exactly the opposite. The whole point of Walt Whitman, right or wrong, is that the great heart of man should be an inn with a hundred doors standing open. It is that there should be a sort of everlasting bonfire of special rejoicing and festivity for all men that come and all things that happen; that nothing should be thought too trivial or too dull to be accepted by that gigantic hospitality of the heart. Something may be said presently about what it was that hampered his genius when it strove to express this giant appetite for acceptance. But his imitators in unmetrical verse do not in the least strive to express this appetite. They strive to express exactly the opposite; they strive to express a complete loss of appetite."

It is sometimes pointed out by way of complaint that current verse is depressing, without joy or beauty. Perhaps while our poets think they are holding to their great master, Whitman, they might reflect on what Mr. Chesterton sees is their great diversion from him:

"Read through any collection of free verse published to-day, and count up the number of utterances that are concerned with some form of distaste or even disgust. On the lines of the old songs of the sea these might be called the songs of the seasick. There is nothing in which the new poet fancies himself so much as in saying, like a barmaid at a beanfeast, that he does not fancy anything. There is nothing more notable in his literary experiments than the incessant statement that things obtrude themselves repulsively or look loathsome and unclean. Now, whether we think this poetry or the negation of poetry, there is no doubt whatever that it is the very negation of Walt Whitman's poetry. It exists to say the exact opposite to what Whitman existed to say in poems like 'This Compost.' Whitman said that even things that look dirty to everybody else looked healthy to him. The new poet says that things which look healthy to everybody else look dirty to him. The poetry of repugnance, if it be poetry at all, can not be said to follow the poetry of acceptance, except in refusing to accept it. In other words, the mere mistake of Whitman in thinking he could do without rhythm and tradition may have been copied. But what he was trying to express has not been understood, even by those who copied him. What he was trying to say has not been said. Fools have copied the way in which he said it—or rather, they have copied the cause of his failing to say it."

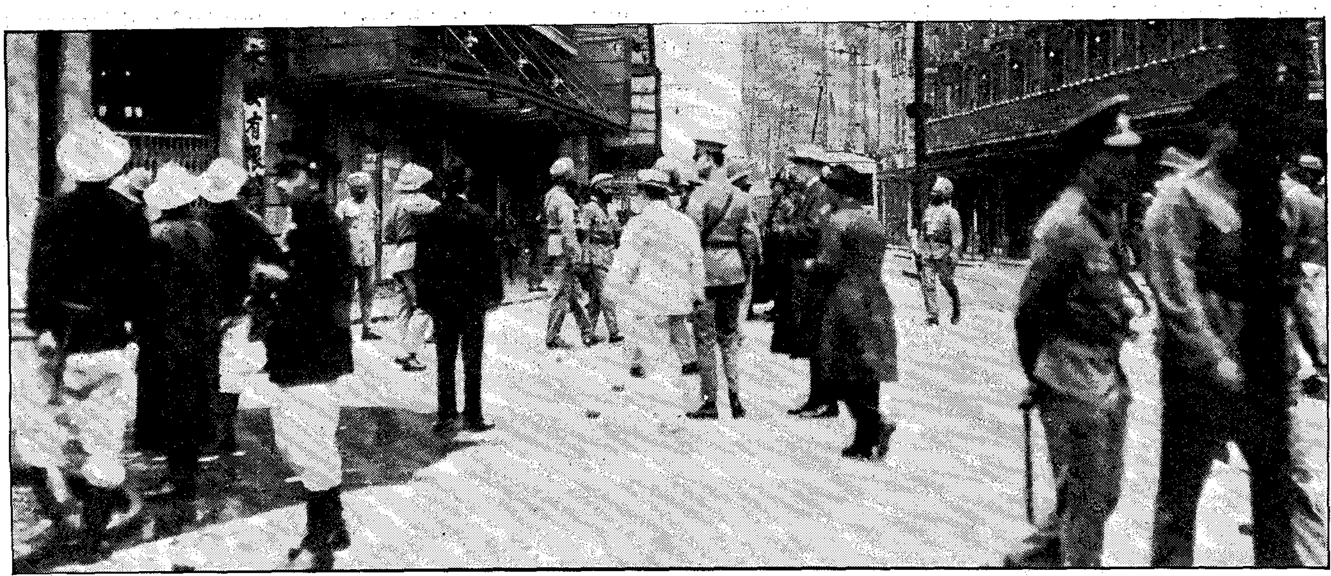
Mr. Chesterton comes around to Epstein again, and, without saying on which side of the controversy he stands, he discloses his skepticism of the sculptor as a pioneer:

"Without attempting any parallel with current art, that is the current fallacy as it appears in the case of literature. If Mr. Epstein really has something to express, if there really is a sort of pantheistic purpose in the upward thrust of his rigid figures, his American admirer is entirely wrong in supposing that the something will some day be appreciated. He is quite wrong in supposing that Epstein, even if he is right, will be recognized rightly a hundred years hence; least of all will he be recognized for the right reason. The chances are that, even if there is something in his work, it will be less important then than it is now. Whitman is less important now than he was then. Whistler is less important now than he was then. These new artists are never again so important as they were when they were new. And the reason lies in the very fact that (even when they have something in them like Whistler and Whitman) they do exaggerate some mode or manner which is less eternal than tradition. It is exactly because Whitman tried to be too original in style that the world does not know how original he really was in spirit."

THE COVER—The first declension of our great art collectors seems to run thus: I have a Rembrandt, you have a Rembrandt, he has a Rembrandt, and if any have more than one, he ranks by his number of Rembrandts. America seems just to be the absorber of all those Rembrandts unconfined in European museums, tho it has been imputed that some Rembrandts, both here and there, are little more than the master's work in name. No such doubt is likely to befall the one reproduced on our cover, which forms part of the collection at the Metropolitan Museum in New York. This master is perhaps one of the best known of all artists, ancient or modern. In De Forest's "Short History of Art," we read:

"Rembrandt, Harmens Z. van Rijn [1606-1669], the son of Harmens of the Rhine, on the banks of which his father maintained a mill at Leyden, is not only the greatest of the Holland seventeenth-century school, but one of the original geniuses of all schools of painting. While his contemporaries were mainly satisfied to portray the externals of life, he penetrated into its mystery. He early experimented with principles of light and shade, and finally evolved a method which may be described as that of constructing by means of light within a concavity of more or less complete obscurity."

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE



International Newsreel photograph

STREET PATROLS IN SHANGHAI TO PROTECT THE "FOREIGN DEVILS"

"Throughout the whole East the prestige of the West went into a slump as a result of the war," and all China is seething with an anti-foreign hostility that includes Christianity also as a target of hate. The outbreak is said to be the worst since the Boxer uprising.

THE CHINESE CRUSADE AGAINST CHRISTIANITY

CHRISTIANITY IS PASSING through the crucible in China, and missionaries are struggling to hold the line against "Red" influence directed against all religion, liberalism among young students, and a nationalistic consciousness, while, at the same time, contending against denominationalism at home. Dispatches concerning the anti-foreign outbreak are sometimes vague and confused, but there are some considered articles by men familiar with the causes which are informative. While there is reason to trust that Christ will prevail, there is ground to believe that Christianity as it is interpreted by the West is confronting an ordeal which history may deem epochal. Not since the Boxer uprising of 1900, we are told, has there been such open and wide-spread hostility toward organized Christianity in China as at the present time.

The hostility is not sponsored by the advocates of reaction, writes Stanley High, of the Methodist Board of Foreign Missions, a well-known writer, in *The Nation* (New York). It is led, in fact, he says, by those who claim to be the most aggressive and the most modern advocates of progress. Its greatest strength is found among the student classes, and its leadership is provided by the intelligentsia, particularly by university professors. "Not the purposes of political desperadoes, but the teachings of Darwin and Marx and Bertrand Russell and a long list of others provide the background out of which this movement has grown." Mr. High tells us that the more rapid rise of anti-Christian sentiment began in 1922, when the Eleventh Conference of the World's Student Christian Federation met in Peking. The publicity given this meeting aroused the hostility of the anti-religionists in Peking, and two years later the anti-imperialistic movement, begun among students, gave fresh impetus to the drive against Christianity. At the inauguration of the anti-Christian Federation a manifesto was issued, declaring the purpose of the movement "to actively oppose Christianity and its various expressions with a nationalistic consciousness and a scientific spirit." The manifesto charges Christianity with encouraging denominational prejudice and failing to make for the unity of mankind, with developing superstition and with suppressing individuality. Furthermore, the manifesto recites, Christianity contains dogmatisms, is the forerunner of imperialism and foreign exploitation, interferes with the civil and military affairs of China and sometimes meddles with personal affairs. A weekly publication, *The Awakened*, carries on the propaganda. Mr. High does not doubt that "Red" influence has been a contributing cause of the agitation,

"But it is wholly superficial to conclude that the present anti-Christian movement in China is fundamentally a result of Bolshevist propaganda. Russian influence, at the most, has only served to supply a precedent for a certain line of development which other circumstances made inevitable. There is no denying the fact that in China—as throughout the whole East—the prestige of the West went into a slump as a result of the war. While foreign prestige has declined in China the spirit of nationalism has constantly grown. This growth was reflected in the student movement of 1919 and 1920 and in the subsequent development of the Renaissance movement—the primary purpose of which is to rediscover the bases of China's ancient civilization and to reinterpret that civilization from the standpoint of modern science. That Western influence in China is the chief obstacle in the path of such a development has only served to increase the intensity of nationalistic feeling where Western institutions are concerned. . . .

"Moreover, as one Chinese put it, Christianity is held to be 'antagonistic to science. The young Chinese are pragmatic in their attitude. They believe in science and experimentation. The existence of God is, to their way of thinking, incompatible with laboratory experience. The Holy Bible, with its numerous miracles and parables, seems to them very childish and exceedingly superstitious.' This same young man—who himself is a graduate of a mission school—declared that the leaders of the movement regard missionaries 'as adherents to the capitalists and the capitalistic system of society. . . . The buildings of the churches and the foreign residence houses, with their beautiful architecture, are objects of envy and hatred. They are regarded as symbolic of capitalists living upon the fruits of labor. So then the young people think that in the impending class warfare they must not only fight the capitalists but also fight those interests bound up in the capitalistic system—the Christians.'"

Yet this movement against Christianity has very little hostility toward the person or the teachings of Christ, says Mr. High. He doubts that organized Christianity and Christ can be dissociated, but thinks when the history of this period of Western ascendency is written, "it may be recorded that its greatest achievement was not the advance of the organizations of Christianity but the restoration of the person of Christ to the Orient."

International Newsreel photograph

SOLDIERS ON THE ALERT FOR VIOLENCE

The anti-Christian Chinese insist "that Christianity is nothing more than a religious mask for the economic and political imperialism of the West," tho they are said to have little hostility toward the teachings of Christ.

A serious view of the situation is taken also by *The Christian Century* (Undenominational), which reminds us that it prophesied six months ago that the anti-Christian violence of 1922 was likely to burst out again, and says: "The outburst has come, and it is a worse outbreak than any which has gone before, because it represents a possible beginning of racial conflict." According to this journal's view-point,

> "The seriousness of the situation which thus confronts Christian missionaries in China can hardly be exaggerated. For months the anti-Christian agitation among students has been insisting that Christianity is nothing more than a religious mask for the economic and political imperialism of the West. With China in the desperate mood suggested by the Shanghai riots, it is clear that Christianity must divorce itself from any suspicion of such a relationship if it is to have any part at all in the further forming of the new China. It may be that the Church's hour of visitation is already past. It may be that the firing on Chinese in the streets of Shanghai will prove the final persuasion needed to commit the present student generation to a policy of militant nationalism, in which an international religion with Western antecedents will be permitted no part. The chance to present Christ to the youth of China may have vanished when the smoke drifted away from the muzzles of foreign police rifles. Certainly, if there is any hesitation to make the break clean between the commercial and political aims of the West and the aims of our religious enterprise, there is no chance to win back the confidence of the already suspicious Chinese."

While he acknowledges the seriousness of the situation, Philip N. Youtz, writing in *The Outlook* (New York), thinks that much of the menace of the anti-Christian movement is offset by "the new spirit of liberalism and sympathy for native culture shown by the speakers at the recent Washington Missionary Conference." Another helpful factor is "the growing spirit of independence and initiative on the part of the Chinese Christian Church and the tendency to regard denominations as units in a united Christian Church rather than as separate, and even hostile, sects." Mr. Youtz gives us the testimony of a Chinese Christian doctor that the present crisis is a "time of testing" which "will cleanse the Chinese Church from unfaithful and unworthy members, so that it will emerge from the period of persecution strengthened and victorious." Again, "one thing only is certain, the Jesus doctrine has come to stay. It is now rooted in Chinese soil." Finally,

> "Where Christianity has been naturalized and incorporated into the fabric of Chinese life to the extent which it has at Canton Christian College, Soviet attempts to attack it as foreign propaganda have little effect. The insidious nature of the Soviet attack is that it skilfully follows natural lines of cleavage in the mission system. Race equality in organization and a growing appreciation of Chinese culture, however, are effective antidotes to anti-foreign agitation.
>
> "The spirit of the Missionary Conference at Washington is the strongest safeguard against Soviet anti-Christian propaganda in China. The Christian Church in China faces a mighty struggle with Communism. The stakes are very high—a nation with 400,000,000 people, one-fourth of the world's population. The attack of the Soviet Government has already practically destroyed the Orthodox Christian Church in Russia. The Christian Church in China will meet a similar fate unless it is strengthened by a more modern and vital faith. A united Church which all denominations support, a ready appreciation of China's ancient culture as the basis for any intellectual renaissance, recognized racial equality, a Christianity that allies itself with modern science, and a just foreign policy on the part of Christian governments are the elements which give Christianity a strong hope of final victory."

AMERICAN SAINTS

AMERICA, TOO, HAS HER MARTYRS, and recently Pope Pius XI beatified eight who sacrificed their lives while carrying the Gospel to the American Indians in the seventeenth century. Three of these, Father Isaac Jogues, Brother René Goupil, and the boy John De la Lande, fell in 1646, victims of cruelties inflicted by Indians in the Mohawk Valley in New York State. The others, Charles Garnier, Noel Chabanel, Anthony Daniel, Father Brébeuf and Father Lalamand, were killed in Canada, either by apostate Hurons, among whom they were laboring, or by tribes hostile to the Hurons. These eight are the first missionaries to America to be beatified. When canonization follows—beatification being recognized as its preliminary step—they will be the first whose martyrdom occurred in North America to be elevated to sainthood. The only American upon whom the honor of sainthood has been conferred by Rome was, we are told, Rose of Lima, a Peruvian woman, who died in 1617. She was beatified by Pope Clement X in 1667 and was canonized four years later. As the New York *Sun* briefly tells the tragic romance of religion enacted in North America:

> "All of the missionaries thus honored by the church three hundred years after their martyrdom came to America from France and found the field for their labors beyond French defenses along the St. Lawrence River. They went forth to

> convert to Christianity the savage inhabitants of an unknown wilderness. They did incidentally a wonderful work of exploration. They found the Hurons among the most responsive to their teaching, and they devoted much of their efforts to civilizing them and to training them for work among other tribes.
>
> "While the missionaries succeeded to a remarkable degree in bringing about improved conditions among the Hurons, they were unable to save them from the forays of hostile tribes or to protect their own remote churches and mission schools. Iroquois attacked one of the most successful of their settlements, St. Joseph, and murdered Father Daniel while he pleaded for the people of his parish. They next attacked St. Louis and killed Father Brébeuf and Father Lalamant. The remnant of the Christianized Hurons was taken to an island in Lake Huron, but it was attacked by hostile tribes from the mainland. Father Garnier was killed as, sorely wounded, he dragged himself to minister to the spiritual needs of his afflicted flock, and Father Chabanel was drowned by an apostate Huron."

Father Jogues, early in his missionary pilgrimages, we are told, crossed from the Huron country to what is now western New York State. His guides were Hurons and he was received with every mark of friendliness. In the Mohawk Valley, however, he fell in with warlike bands of Mohawks, was captured by them and put to torture. Badly mangled, he escaped, with the assistance of Dutch settlers, and reached Quebec, eventually returning to France, where he was hailed as a hero of the Church. But he felt that he must return to his mission, altho he had already suffered so much. Yet he had a premonition that it would be his last journey, for when he left he said, "I go, but I shall not return." Accompanied by the lay brother, Goupil, the altar boy, De la Lande, and a few Indian converts, he went boldly among the hostile Indians. According to *The Sun:*

> "His party was taken to the Indian village which stood on the site of the present town of Auriesville, Montgomery County. There his torture, so bravely borne, was carried out. His amazing strength, his inexhaustible fortitude stood him in good stead, for, enraged by their failure to wring from him one sign of weakness or fear, the savages in rage at length slew him while he still had power to suffer.
>
> "Father Jogues' Indian companions were burned at the stake, his white companions were tortured and killed, and his head was set upon the palisades of the village, and his mutilated body was thrown into the Mohawk. The site of his martyrdom is now the property of the Society of Jesus, and is distinguished by a memorial chapel.
>
> "Father Jogues had an important part in the early history of New York State. He traversed its western sections with Indian companions and his writings give interesting accounts of his early discoveries and journeys. He visited Manhattan Island, and plied his boat along the Mohawk and the Hudson. To him is given the credit of discovering Lake George, and he left the first description of this beautiful body of water. In crossing Lake George after his torture by the Mohawks, he lay in agony on the bottom of an Indian canoe. Three years later on the eve of Corpus Christi he crossed it again, and in honor of the day named it the Lake of the Blessed Sacrament."

The beatification of these early missionaries excites many tributes to their sacrifice and to the power of service which their lives and martyrdom exemplified. In a baccalaureate address on "Service and Sacrifice," delivered at St. Louis University, the Rev. Joseph L. Davis touched upon the lives of these martyrs and said, as we quote him from *The Daily American Tribune*, a Catholic paper of Dubuque:

> "Service looks to a side of life other than that of selfish gain—it looks to humanity—to the hope that comes up from every heart for just a little more than rigid justice, for a recognition of those aspirations which, if stifled, make this world a forbidding place—all flint and steel.
>
> "Sacrifice fills a wider horizon—it reaches from the little things of earth up to the very heavens. It means self-denial, maybe self-immolation. It takes a thing of value out of our possession and lays it on the altar of love or patriotism or religion, or any worthy cause. It destroys and rebuilds, it lives through dying—as the grain of wheat sown in the fertile soil, as the seed of the flower that blossoms into a thing of beauty and reproduces itself a hundred-fold."

A MOVE TO BLOCK RELIGIOUS TRAINING FOR SCHOOL CHILDREN

CHILDREN IN NEW YORK STATE will not be permitted to receive religious instruction in time taken from public-school hours, if the Freethinkers Society of New York is successful in giving wide-spread effect to a recent decision forbidding the practise. As pointed out in an article in these pages May 30, a number of States and 1,000 cities permit their children to take time from school hours to receive religious training in their respective churches, and in that article Dr. Walter Albion Squires is quoted as saying that the use of a portion of the public-school time for religious instruction is not violative of the principle of separation of Church and State. In proceedings brought by Lawrence B. Stein, a member of the Freethinkers Society of New York, Supreme Court Justice Albert H. F. Seeger holds "it is unlawful and unauthorized for a Board of Education to substitute religious instruction in the schools in place of the instruction required." For three months before the decision, we are told, the Mount Vernon School Board had allowed parents to take their children out of school for religious training forty-five minutes each week. Justice Seeger granted a permanent injunction restraining the Mount Vernon Board from permitting this practise longer, and he recites in his decision, as we quote it from the press:

> "The courts of this State and other States have uniformly discountenanced attempts to join religious instruction with instruction prescribed for the public schools.
>
> "If it is necessary or advisable that such instruction be given on school days, each day is long enough for such instruction without encroaching on school hours. The undesirable results of keeping children away from school were made obvious in wartime, when many youngsters were forced to be absent from their studies by the general conditions. There are only 180 school days in the year, however, and there should be plenty of time for religious instruction at home or in the Sunday schools."

Those who have been opposed to the action of the Mount Vernon School Board have taken the view, we are told, that while the Board ruled that children should obtain their religious teaching away from the school, the fact that time was taken out of school hours for it indicated that it was recognized as part of the curriculum, rather than as an outside activity. It is reported that the Freethinkers Society will bring action similar to that in the Mount Vernon case in other parts of New York State where public-school hours are devoted to religious training. The hitch in the Mount Vernon instance, according to the Schenectady *Union*, is that religious instruction was being given in the public-school buildings, a "practise which might easily lead to abuse." When, however, Justice Seeger issues an injunction preventing the School Board from excusing children at parents' request for an hour a week for religious instruction, says *The Union*, he rules at variance with the State Department of Education. Adds the Schenectady paper:

> "With the approval of the State authorities at least a dozen communities now permit public-school pupils to be excused an hour a week on parents' request for approved religious instruction in such places as parents shall designate. Such is the practise in Schenectady. There has appeared here no objection from Catholic, Jew or Protestant source to the practise of dismissing pupils for that purpose. On the contrary, there has been a great deal of approval and wide endorsement of the idea that religious and moral instruction is essential in the training of youth if the horrible tendency of crime and youthful depravity is to be checked.
>
> "The interesting issue will be the attempt to reconcile the ruling with the recent Oregon school case decision in the United States Supreme Court, which held that the law in Oregon was unconstitutional in requiring all parents to send their children to public schools and that parents have control over the religious education of their children.
>
> "This principle appears to be as much a part of the basic law

as the practise of keeping Church and State separate. Both principles must be maintained."

On the other hand, the New York *World*, which takes up Justice Seeger's argument and notes that the school child spends less than one-eighth of his time in school, says:

> "Seven-eighths of a child's time, surely, is time enough to find opportunity for religious instruction at home, in church and in the Sunday schools. Nor does it seem necessary to argue that the teaching of religion can be better done at home and in the churches.
>
> "It has been the strength of the public-school system in this country that it did not attempt to reach past the teaching of secular knowledge into the teaching of spiritual things. Any departure from this principle, particularly a departure which has so little argument behind it in the matter of hours left for religious training before and after school, is a dangerous departure which will quite possibly bring into the schools, sooner or later, a religious issue which belongs outside the schools entirely."

A WARNING AGAINST SPIRITUALISM

COMMUNICATION BETWEEN THE LIVING and the dead is still the fond hope of uncounted hosts, and, as all of us know, there are scientists, writers and people of affairs who maintain not only that it is possible, but that it is a matter of frequent occurrence. Yet the greatest necromancer of the age—perhaps of all time—asserts that the whole accomplishment is nothing but trickery and illusion, and advises seekers after truth not to search for it in spiritualism but to turn to real religion. Houdini, who astounds even his confrères in the magician's art, asserts that mediums employ tricks in the séance room which have deluded scientists of world-wide reputation but which would not deceive an amateur magician. Disguised, and accompanied by detectives and a reporter, he recently exposed a medium in New York after she had brought from the beyond the spirit of a son Houdini never had, and called forth the reporter's father who is still alive. It was also noted that the "spirits" made the same grammatical errors which the otherwise practised medium committed in her preliminary lecture. The séance was conducted in darkness, and at the psychological moment Houdini turned on a flashlight and exposed the paraphernalia of trumpets with which the medium disguised her voice when speaking as a "spirit." A stampede of the victims of the fraud followed, and the woman and her assistant, who collected the "donations," were arrested.

Houdini himself possesses faculties which enable him to perform astonishing feats of legerdemain which other members of the magician's fraternity have been unable to see through or to explain. He has spent much time in "exposing" mediums, some of whom had well-nigh persuaded scientific observers that they were possest of occult powers, and recently demonstrated in the college of the New York Police Department how a séance is conducted, to the satisfaction of the observers and the stupefaction of those he was using at the séance table. He has been criticized for his war on spiritualism, but he regards his exposés as a duty, the "greatest work" of his life. When, therefore, Edward H. Cotton interviewed him on the question of spiritualism, Houdini sat in his dressing-room and talked frankly and, as the interviewer tells us, revealingly. As we quote from Mr. Cotton's interview, printed in *The Christian Register* (Unitarian), Houdini spoke regretfully of the "many people who are beside themselves over this spiritistic craze," and said:

> "For thirty years I have been studying spiritualism, because it belongs in the same classification with mysticism, my profession, and I have a complete library on the subject. In my youth I held séances as an independent medium, but as I grew older the feeling came over me that I was trifling with the serious and the reverent. Then came the time when I lost one dear to me, and would have paid large sums to get answers from spirit land. I explored the whole field of alleged spirit communication, and let me say to you, I have never in twenty-five years of earnest effort had an atom of proof that the dead talk with the living. Again and again I have detected tricks, many of them so childish, tho they had deceived the elect, that no magician who valued his reputation would employ them. The medium must work in the dark, which is unfortunate. Understand me, I do not say that the dead *can not* talk with the living. What I do say is that such conversation has never taken place in my presence.
>
> "I was chosen to serve on a committee selected by *The Scientific American* to investigate the 'Margery' case. The editors had offered $5,000 to the 'person who could succeed in producing certain varieties of supernormal phenomena to the satisfaction of the committee.' That was the way the proposal was worded. I was present at five séances, and detected Margery in tricks each time. Here, take this booklet: it describes exactly what happened.
>
> "In the course of my life, I have made solemn compacts with more than a score of my friends to the effect that whoever died first would come back and communicate with the other if that were possible. I made the first compact twenty years ago; the last one ten days ago. Several of my friends have died, but no communication has followed.
>
> "Look here, not one of the mediums who for seventy-five years have been duping honest folk and taking their money which could better be devoted to worthy causes has ever done one thing which I can not do better by purely mechanical means. Look!"

Houdini thrust a muscular left hand to within three feet of his interviewer's face, seized his left thumb with his right forefinger and thumb, and, says Mr. Cotton, pulled it away from the hand, so that three inches of space were revealed between thumb and hand. He held it thus a moment and then replaced it. Continues Mr. Cotton:

> "While I was still looking at him with mystified eyes, he repeated the performance. Our chairs were not four feet apart, but there was the thumb detached from the hand and replaced.
>
> "'How did you do that?' I gasped—yes, 'gasped' is the word.
>
> "'The way the mediums levitate tables, ring bells, and produce ghostly hands,' he replied with a mystifying smile. Then he became earnest. 'You do not think I actually tore my thumb off my hand? Feel of these sinews.'
>
> "I did so and found muscles and sinews much more powerful than my own connecting thumb and hand. 'You took your thumb away from your hand,' I returned, doggedly; 'and I want to know how you did it. Did you do it, or did you make me *think* you did it?'
>
> "He leaned back in his chair and smiled. 'You didn't suppose I would really tell you? I will say this. I never performed any trick in my life save by physical means. The business of us magicians is to mystify. We study our book as Sir Oliver Lodge and the other scientists study theirs. We know legerdemain when we see it, as they know science when they see it. And it is about time that people awoke to the fact that mediumistic phenomena is not a subject for the scientist, but for the magician. It is not science—far from it. It is magic.'
>
> "'How do you get out of trunks, packing-cases, and boilers,' I asked, 'if the spirits do not help you?'
>
> "'By such physical means as a necromancer may employ who is master of his art. We earn a living by mystifying. I can divulge no more.'
>
> "'But Sir Arthur Conan Doyle declares you are in league with a spirit power.'
>
> "Houdini again clasped his hands back of his head and smiled. 'Sir Arthur is a great man in his field, but he and Sir Oliver Lodge are no better than children when it comes to a contest of wits between them and the wizards of the séance room who have bags of small tricks readily used in the dark. At one of my performances Sir Arthur called a trick of mine one of the most remarkable demonstrations of deception he had ever witnessed. Since then I have been showing audiences how I did it, simply that they may see how simple the whole thing is.'
>
> "'But you believe in immortality?'
>
> "'I do, certainly.'
>
> "'Where do you expect to go when you die?'
>
> "'I hope to meet my mother.'
>
> "'Will you come back if you can?'
>
> "'I will, but not to ring bells. I believe in the Almighty. I try to live a good life; and I go to church when I can. Tell the people that all I am trying to do is to save them from being tricked in their griefs and sorrows; and to persuade them to leave spiritualism alone, and to take up some genuine religion.'"

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Here are vegetables! Fifteen of them—the very finest that grow—selected by Campbell's with even more care and attention than can be given by busy housewives to buying the vegetables for the home table.

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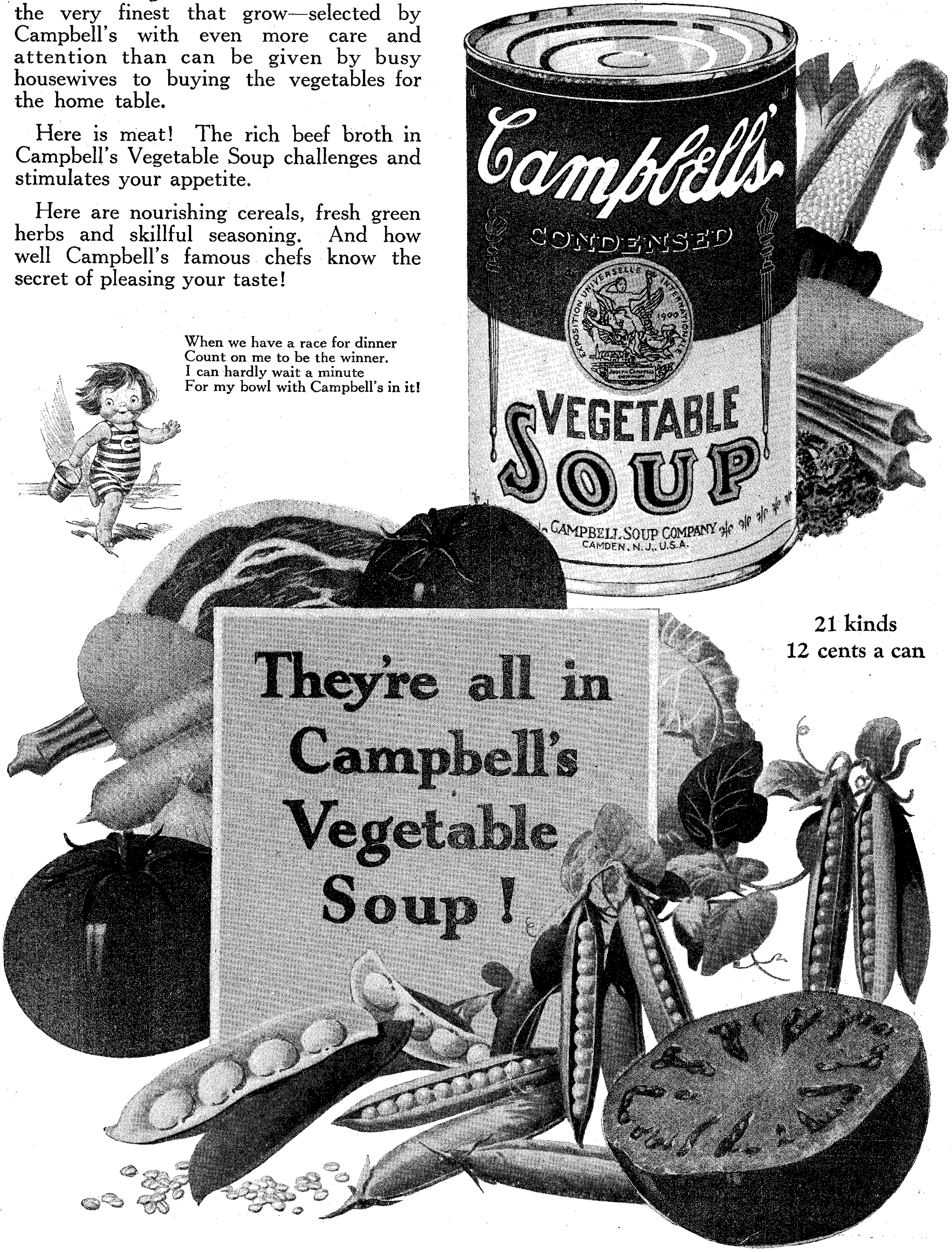
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CURRENT ▾ POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department can not be returned.

One of the modern French poets of intensely religious feeling made known to American audiences in the recitals of Yvette Guilbert. This is from the New York *Herald Tribune:*

PRAYER TO GO TO PARADISE WITH THE ASSES

By Francis Jammes

Translated from the French by William A. Drake

When my time comes, O God, to go to thee,
Upon a festal day then let it be,
When fields are filled with dust. I wish to go
By any road I please, as I go here,
To Paradise, where stars shine all day long.
Taking my stick, I'll seek the broad highway,
And to my friends, the asses, I will say:
My name is Jammes; I go to Paradise,
Because there is no hell in God's good land.
I'll say: Come, gentle friends of azure skies,
Poor, precious beasts, whose twitching ears brush off
The silver flies, the bees, the cruel blows. . . .

Grant I may come to thee among these beasts
That I so love, because they hang their heads
Gently, and halting put their little feet
Together thus, so pitiful and sweet.
Let me approach amid their million ears,
Followed by those with baskets on their flanks,
By those who draw the carts of acrobats,
Or bear a huckster's truck upon their backs;
She-asses, full as gourds, with halting steps,

And those who wear quaint breeches made to stanch
The ooze of blue sores bit by stubborn flies.
Grant that these asses come with me, my God,
Grant that in peace the angels may conduct
Both me and them to tufted streams where trees
Tremble like laughing flesh of tender maids;
And grant that, as I then shall bend above
The heavenly waters of that place of souls,
I may become as these same patient beasts
Who mirror humble, gentle poverty
In the clear waters of eternal love.

Here is modern love and its converse, modern freedom. A little boastful, maybe, in spirit, but that high confidence is also modern. *Scribner's* sponsors it.

ESCAPE

By Virginia Moore

Presently I shall go with the plovers,
Shatter this wall with the weight of my wing;
I shall have nothing to do with braggarts, nothing to do with lovers;
I shall fly in a fiery ring.

I shall nest with the gold and the black-bellied plovers
In catalpas that do not exist;
I shall not care for curses, I shall not care for covers,
I shall pierce an impersonal mist.

The lapwing will know me, the sandpiper plover,
The dotterel rummaging reaches of rain,—
Perhaps in an orgy of crusading beaks I'll discover
The magic that makes things plain.

I shall lariat stars with the prescient plovers,
Fling a noose for the loveliness they will be plying—
Curl up, corral claws: I am not one who hovers
Indecisive, when plovers are flying.

Presently I shall go with the plovers
With never a cry for our cabin together—
And you will remember the luminous year we were lovers
And stoop to a fallen feather.

Those who can not share the feeling here will at least see in it the romantic love for the past that was so active a motif in early nineteenth-century poetry. Where but in *G. K.'s Weekly* (London) would this be likelier found?

THE FORMER GLORY

By Wilfrid Childe

I would that I had seen with my two eyes
The steeples of the Gothic Kingdom rise,
Ere London grew too wealthy and too wise.

To adore the Mother Maiden and her Child,
Ere greed and hate and frozen zeal defiled,
And the great fire returned all to the wild.

When the Cathedral crashed down into flames
With all her multitude of carven names,
Angels with harps and alabaster dames.

I would that I had seen those buttressed walls
Of that first towering splendid old Saint Paul's,
Rich with unnumbered crowding festivals.

And all those chapels with proud memories walled,
And all those altars panoplied and palled,
And in the midst the Shrine of Erkenwald.

I would that I had seen the festal way,
When Holy Church proclaimed glad holiday,
And heard the bell-chimes swing on Easter Day.

And watched the line of rose-crowned canons pass
Beneath the windows live with fiery glass
To some most glorious Sacring of the Mass.

Then the great city like a rose uncurled
Beheld her choirs emparadised and pearled
Beneath the tallest spire in all the world.

But gold has blocked up all the holy wells,
And dumb is all that host of chrismèd bells,
And dust the bright sails of the caravels.

That brought the spiceries from India;
The Eucharistic God has gone away,
Until the people learn again to pray.

Verily light went out in London Town,
When Henry smote the white Carthusians down,
And holy Fisher won his martyr's crown.

But still the lamp burns on in Ely Place,
And England still has leave to beg for grace,
For whom pleads still the patient Thorn-Crowned Face.

We have waited long to see something besides the ludicrous in a cuckoo clock. The London *Spectator* finds a tragedy:

TIME-PIECE

By Jan Struther

Caught, caught is the wild cuckoo
That sang among the flowers;
They have prisoned him in a dark prison
To count them the hours.

Between the dawn and the dim evening
Twelve songs must he sing,
That men may reckon the day's passing
And the passing of Spring.

O they have shattered the sweet April
And slain the heart of May,
Because they have stolen the wild cuckoo
To tell the time of day.

And wearily sings the wild cuckoo,
Wearily sings he now,
Because his heart would cease from singing
And his throat knows not how.

The evidence is given over and over again that Miss Lowell held a warm place in the hearts of her fellow poets. In *The New Republic* (New York) is the latest sign:

SONNETS FOR AMY LOWELL

By Joseph Auslander

I

It was vouchsafed me once or twice to share
Your memorable sessions with the few
Anointed, and to do as they would do,
Toying with lichee nuts and candied pear,
Until a strange intensity made us aware
Of the presence!—and a long thrill ran us through—
And we stood up—and it was vividly You
Saluting your uhlans from the head of the stair!

You talked as none had since the *Cheshire Cheese*
Rocked to the roaring Leviathan: every word
Shot and splintered sapphire, if you please,
And in the velvet havana's haze I heard
Occasional sentences as dark as trees
In a sunken forest where there was no bird.

II

The ravens of the valley will of course
Disturb your faults, according to their kind;
Peck at your candid eyes, pronounce you blind
And celebrate their subtleties perforce;
And the young eagles rallying to the source
Will sniff the speed that left them well behind
And launch their wings, contemptuously to find
Your Pegasus a star hitched to a horse!

Nor will you lack the solemn exercise
Of vestals and gregorian gentlemen
Plucking their harps and humming between sighs
The plaintive panegyric. . . . Until then
Permit me to recall your candid eyes
And what you said . . . and where it was . . . and when.

The Forum (July) adds to the legends of Salem. Her past is hard to live down.

THE BURNING

By Leslie Nelson Jennings

They piled the faggots at their feet,
They heaped them shoulder-high,
And angry-red the moon came up
Into a smoky sky—
And that is how, in Salem Town,
They burned the living lie.

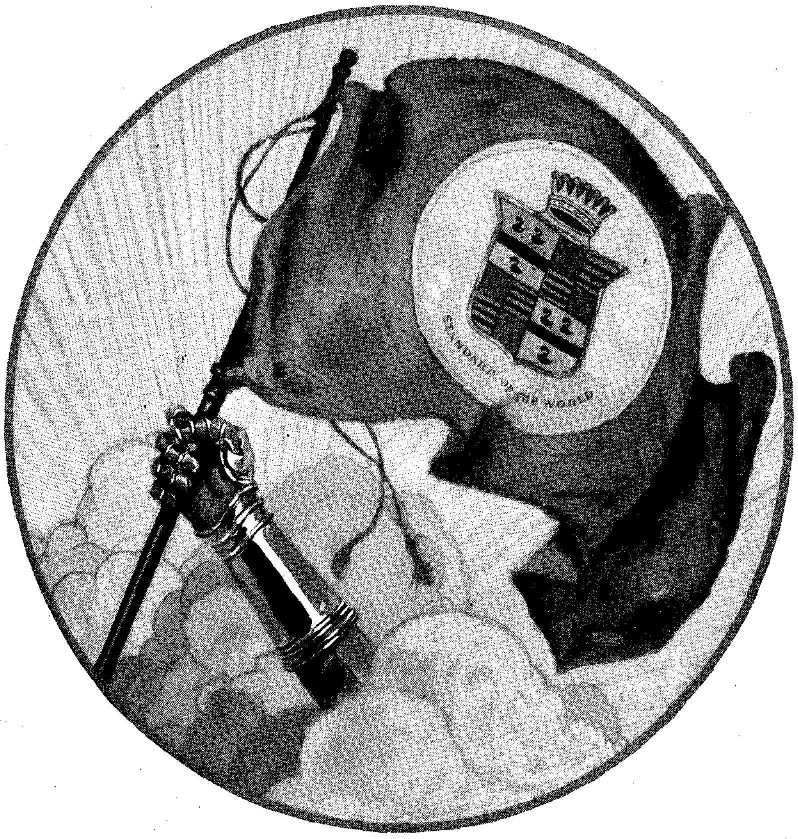
There have been those who, daring less,
Have stood against the stake;
There have been martyrs who have heard
The heart of Pity break;
There were Ten Men who preached the Word
For Jesus Christ His sake.

Go gather wood and lay it straight,
And peal the village bell:
The fear of God is good to know
And burning flesh to smell.
Get back of me, and claim your own,
Ye ministers of Hell!

The righteous prayed beside their beds
To God Who wore the Crown,
Saying, For this that we have done
Benignantly look down.
There are no witches left to-night
In quiet Salem Town.

Oh, it was fine and it was fair
To see the sight they saw
Under the pale, astonished stars
When Salem read the Law.
(There was no dog in Salem Town
Could find a bone to gnaw.)

And if we raise the gentle dead
And meet them eye to eye,
Shall they be brought to Salem Town
And made to testify
How Jesus moved a heavy stone,
Who was nailed up to die?



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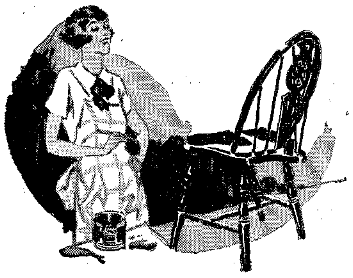

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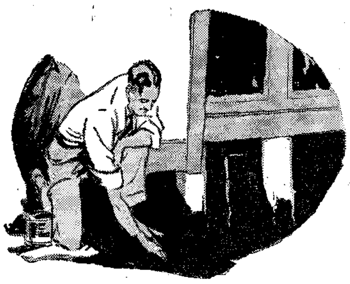

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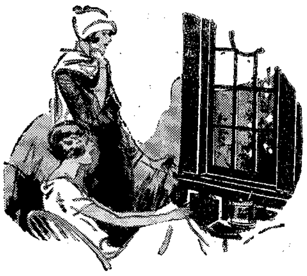

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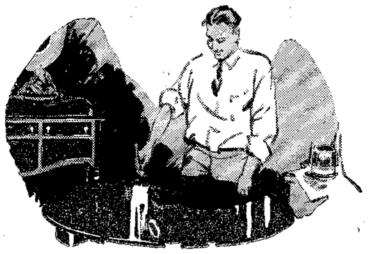

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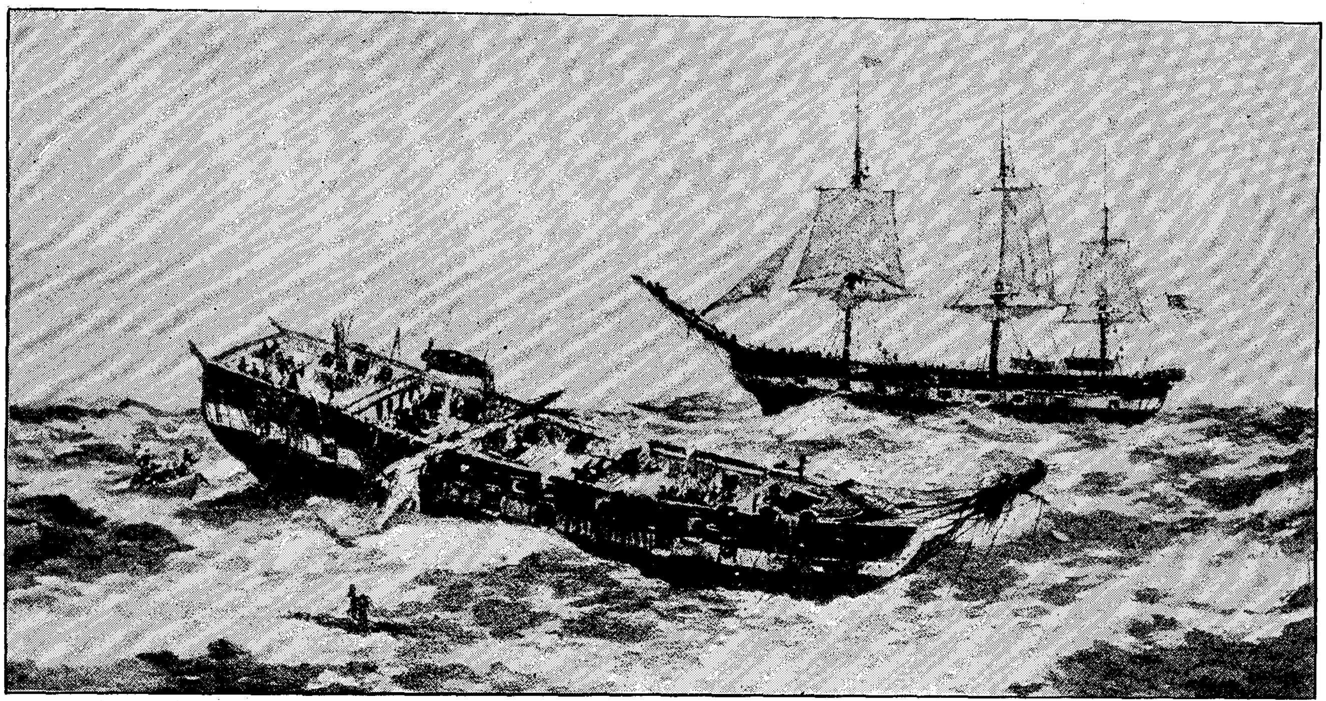
PERSONAL ▾ GLIMPSES



From *The Scientific American* (New York)

THE *CONSTITUTION'S* MOST FAMOUS VICTORY—END OF THE FIGHT WITH THE *GUERRIÈRE*

TO SAVE THE FRIGATE *CONSTITUTION*

THAT GLORIOUS RELIC OF THE PAST, The U. S. S. *Constitution*, is "in outward form exactly the same ship as that upon which our forefathers looked with grateful pride," but when J. Bernard Walker went aboard her the other day at the Boston Navy Yard and "examined the ropes and spars, the massive framing and planking," it was evident to him that she was "doomed to an early death." As he tells us, "this impression confirmed the statement of the Commandant of the Yard, Rear-Admiral L. R. de Steiguer, that unless the American people came to the rescue with sufficient funds for her complete rebuilding from truck to keel (which has been authorized by Congress), the ship must be towed out to a mud bank and burned. Failing this, so rotten were her timbers that she would sink at her moorings." In *The Scientific American*, Mr. Walker reminds us that—

The *Constitution*, launched at Boston, in 1797, was one of the first three frigates to be authorized under the Constitution of the United States. At the close of the Revolutionary War, our merchant marine began to expand so rapidly that Congress realized it was necessary to have a naval force for its protection. The *Constitution*, *Constellation*, and *United States* were the first up-to-date war-ships to be built by the young Republic. The *Constitution* went into commission in 1798, saw service in the French War, and helped to clear the West Indies and our coast-line of the French cruisers. A few years later, we find her bombarding the forts at Tripoli and dictating peace without tribute to four of the Barbary Corsair States. This treaty gave such protection to our commerce that it grew rapidly and brought much greatly needed wealth into the coffers of the United States. Then came the War of 1812, when the *Constitution* won a succession of victories over British frigates and so increased our prestige at home and abroad that secession was averted and the war brought to a close.

For a period of eighty-four years the *Constitution* was in active commission, until finally, in 1882, she was made a receiving-ship at Portsmouth, New Hampshire. From that port she was towed to Boston in 1897, in connection with the centennial of her launching. Here, ten years later, in 1906-07, she received her third reconditioning.

OLD IRONSIDES

By Oliver Wendell Holmes

AY, TEAR her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle shout,
And burst the cannon's roar;—
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more.

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee;—
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

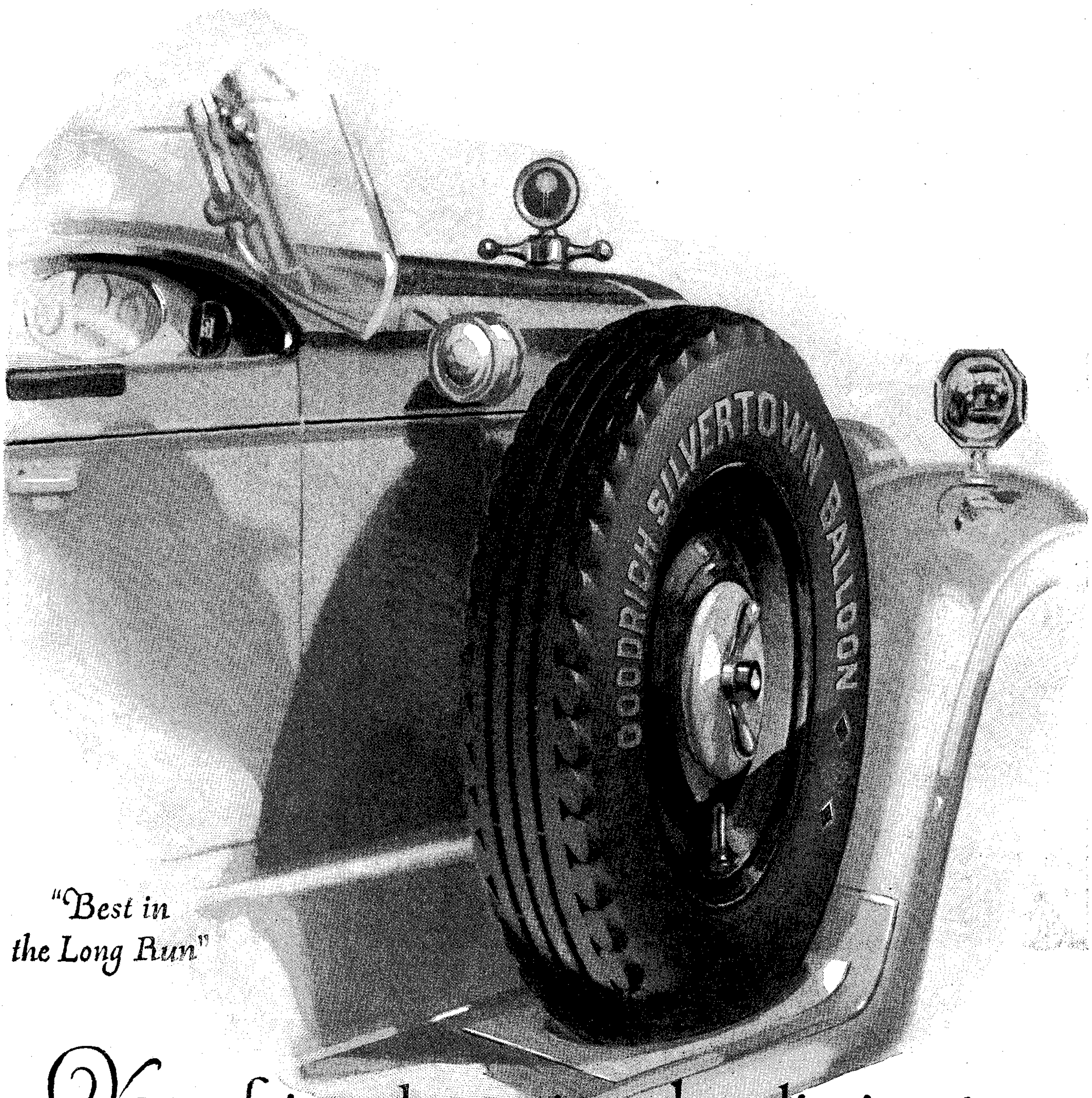
Oh, better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave.
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail.
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale!

As Mr. Walker goes on to say, "the love and admiration of the American people for the famous vessel is proved" by the fact that she has already been reconstructed three times. The first renovation "came in 1833 and was done at Boston."

The second reconstruction took place in 1871, when she was rebuilt at the Philadelphia Navy Yard. Then, in 1905, when she was considered unsuited for any naval service or repair, it was recommended that she be used as a target for some of the ships of the North Atlantic fleet and be sunk by gun-fire. This aroused such a storm of protest throughout the nation that Congress in 1906 appropriated $100,000 for her rebuilding as closely as possible to her original lines and spar plan. The repairs at that time took place mainly above the upper deck, since the appropriation was not sufficient to allow very much to be done upon the hull itself. In the twenty years or so that have intervened, the timbers of the hull have been so eaten away with dry-rot and other decay that only complete rebuilding can save the ship.

She was "one of the most remarkable naval vessels of her time," we are told, and Mr. Walker continues:

That her designer, Joshua Humphreys, of Philadelphia, was a naval architect of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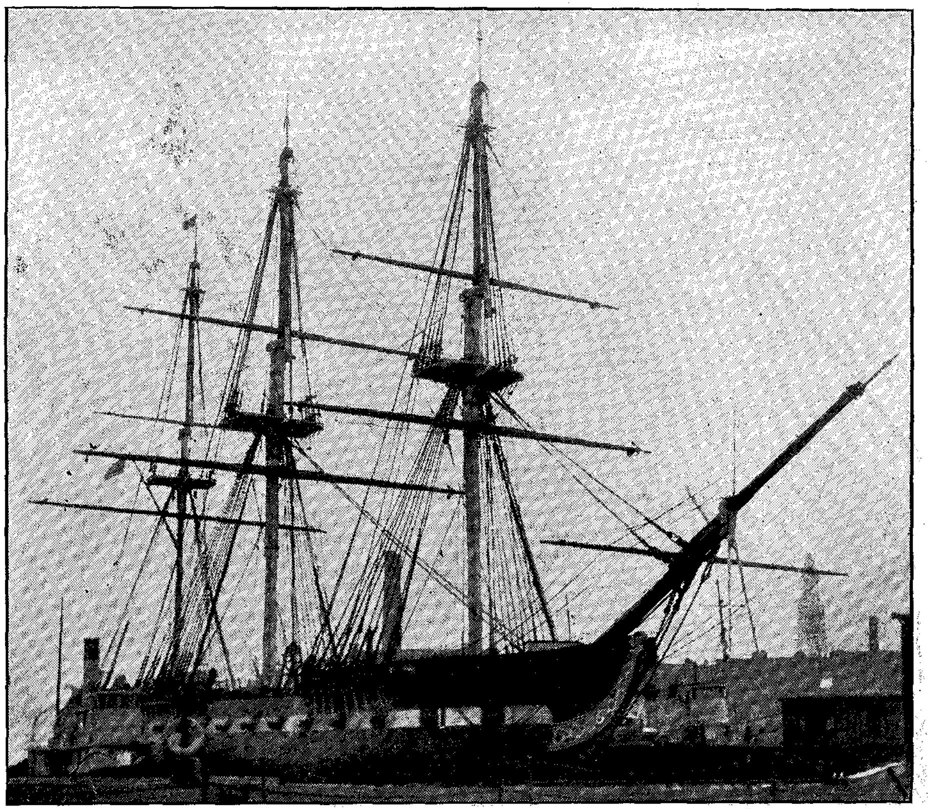
Silvertown Balloons

THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

In Canada: The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Company, Ltd., Kitchener, Ontario great talent and daring is shown both by the sweetness of her under-water model and the, to modern eyes, enormous height and length of her sail plan. She was what is generally known as a 44-gun frigate; altho she carried more than that, and in the engagement with the *Guerrière* mounted 54 guns. She was built of live oak and red cedar all well-seasoned wood, and the bolts which fastened her timbers were made at the foundry of Paul Revere.

But what shall we say of a vessel which, on a water-line of 172 feet, carried a rig whose main truck was 202 feet above the water-line, whose head rigging—bowsprit, jib-boom and flying jib-boom—reached over 100 feet beyond the stem and whose spanker-boom, with its stunsail-boom, extended 50 feet beyond the taffrail! Her mainmast of built-up timbers, heavily hooped together, was nearly three feet in diameter, and her bowsprit but little less. Her rigging was of hemp throughout and her masting and spars were as large as those of some of the largest clipper ships, built half a century later by Donald MacKay and other famous constructors; for her main-yard was 96 feet long, and her sky-sail yard 24 feet. In fair weather, stunsail booms extending beyond the yards from 30 to 15 feet, added their quota to the vast spread of canvas; and what wind escaped these was caught by the veritable cloud of fore-and-aft staysails between the masts.



International Newsreel photograph

"IN OUTWARD FORM EXACTLY THE SAME SHIP

As that upon which our forefathers looked with grateful pride," the U. S. S. *Constitution* is "doomed to an early death" unless she is "completely rebuilt from truck to keel."

To hold this towering rig in place when the ship was jumping into a heavy sea or riding at anchor in a gale, and to balance the sailspread, the head rigging was carried forward beyond anything seen in later days, the spreader located at the end of the bowsprit being 60 feet in over-all length. Of course, such a vast area of canvas could be used only in the lighter winds, as when she escaped from a British squadron on the Jersey coast, and she needed her full crew of 456 men quickly to take in sail when the wind increased and squalls were in the offing. How in the world such a relatively small hull could carry such a vast rig is puzzling; but we must remember that she was very heavily ballasted, since she carried, in addition to her iron ballast, a large supply of powder and solid shot, 4,000 gallons of water and sufficient provisions to enable her to cruise for a half-year on end.

Mr. Walker tells us further that—

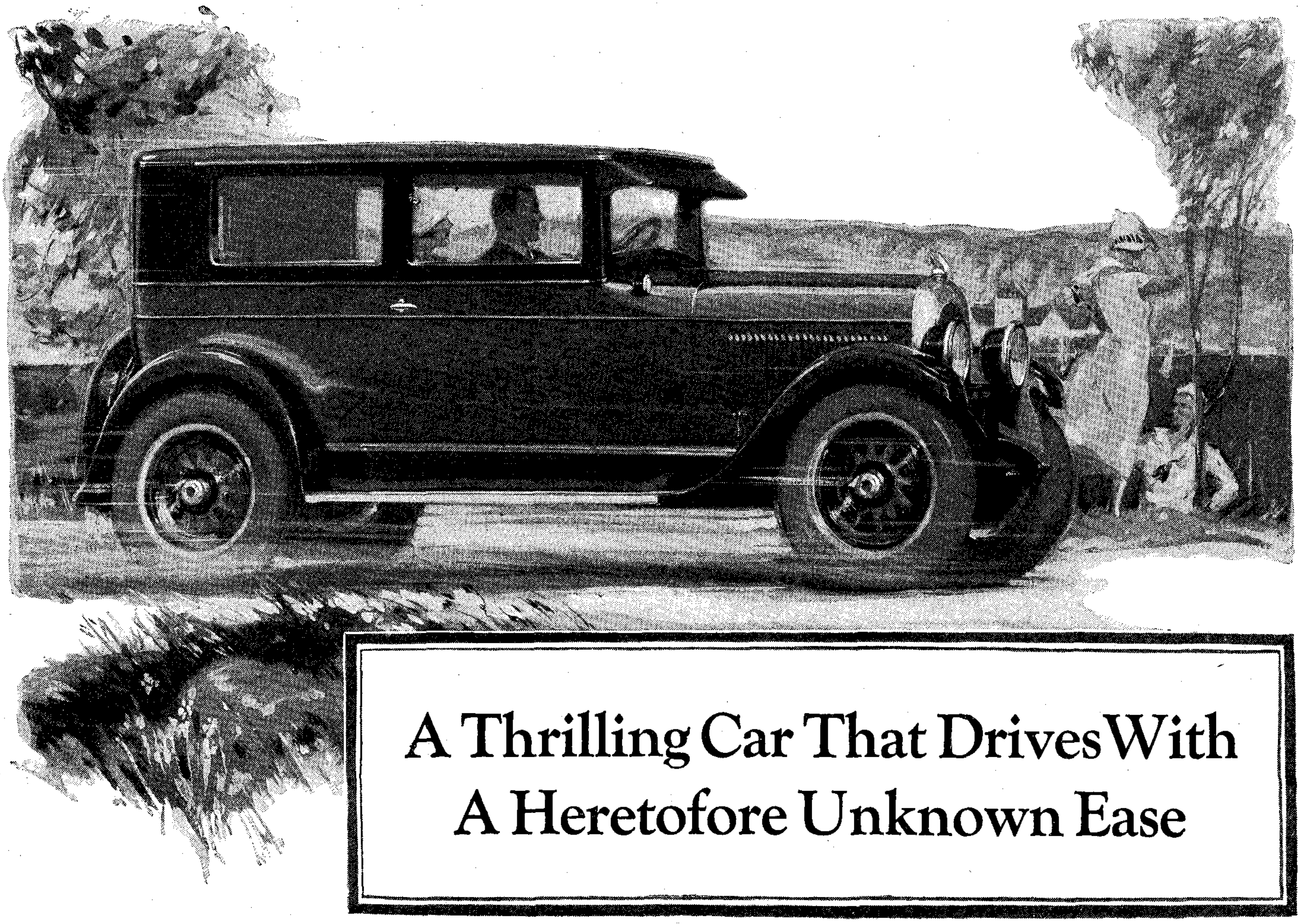
> Tho she embodied the "codfish head and mackerel tail" form, which prevailed until the yacht *America* showed the advantages of a fine entrance, her bow, tho full above, was fairly easy below water, and she had a most beautiful run. Her log shows that, for a time, she made eleven knots, while escaping from a British squadron, and in half a gale of wind under reduced canvas, she is credited in her log with a burst of speed of thirteen and one-half knots.
>
> No doubt Humphreys was familiar with the lines of the fast French frigates which showed their heels to the British ships of that date. Whenever it was possible to do so, the British captured these fast Frenchmen and placed them under their own flag. The *Guerrière*, as her name implies, was one of these captures, so that the duel was between two ships of approximately the same type. altho the *Constitution* was larger, carried a larger crew, and unquestionably was a faster ship, with superior maneuvering ability. The records show that the *Constitution*, under the command of Captain Isaac Hull, and the *Guerrière*, commanded by Captain Dacres, compare as follows. *Constitution*, tonnage 1,576, *Guerrière*, 1,338; *Constitution*, 54 guns, *Guerrière*, 50; *Constitution*, crew 456 men as against 272 carried by the *Guerrière*.

In his review of the famous battle, Mr. Walker observes:

> The favorite maneuver in those days was to cross the enemy's bow or stern and send the whole broadside crashing down the entire length of the enemy's crowded decks. Due to her speed and maneuvering qualities, the *Constitution* crossed the bow or stern of the *Guerrière* three times during the fight, and her superior gun-fire was so effective that every mast was shot down on the British ship, which lost 79 men, against a loss of 14 by the *Constitution*. Subsequently, the *Constitution*, in an engagement of five hours' duration, won against the *Java*, a frigate of about the same size as the *Guerrière;* and later, in an engagement with two smaller ships, the *Cyane* and *Levant*, which mounted between them 55 guns to the *Constitution's* 54, she won a signal victory in about three hours of fighting.
>
> Now, the question before the American people is whether a ship, so intimately tied up with the early history of their country and with such a splendid record of fighting service to her credit, is worth the $500,000 which will be needed to rebuild her in the form in which she left the ways in Boston nearly 130 years ago. Are we the same people who, with far less wealth at command, were willing to rebuild the ship in 1833, in 1871, and in 1906? In answering this question, let us remember that the *Constitution* is to America what Nelson's *Victory* is to Great Britain. The British, on learning that the *Victory* was in much the same danger as our own *Constitution*, did not hesitate to devote a stone dry dock exclusively to the preservation of Nelson's flag-ship, which will remain in the safe shelter thus provided as long as the British shall see fit to keep her in repair. Shall we, with our vastly larger wealth, do nothing to save our equally famous ship?

The Nation, in an editorial pleading for her preservation, remarks.

> Every American knows of Faneuil Hall in Boston and Independence Hall in Philadelphia, and would not think of letting either fall into decay. Every American has heard of Mount Vernon, and if necessary would dig into his pocket to preserve this home of George Washington; most of us know of, and approve, the effort to save and keep up the home of President Jefferson at Monticello, Virginia. But probably not one American in 10,000 knows that the old frigate *Constitution* is still afloat, and it doesn't seem to occur to many of them that it is as authentic and valuable historically as any of the private houses and public halls of early days about which we are so jealous.
>
> We are only mildly interested in preserving the *Constitution* as a memento of our fighting history. What we think immensely more significant is that the *Constitution* is a living relic of our ship-building and ship-rigging in those pioneer days when America was getting ready to take first place as a sea power, not by virtue of guns and powder, nor by aid of subsidies or favors, but by the skill, the daring, the intelligence of the men that built, the men that manned, the men that directed the business of our mercantile marine. If the old frigate were smaller it would have been spoken for long since by some museum. In the circumstances it might be possible to make a marine museum of the ship.



A Thrilling Car That Drives With A Heretofore Unknown Ease

Touring Car, Phaeton, Coach, Roadster, Sedan, Royal Coupe, Brougham, Imperial and Crown-Imperial—attractively priced from $1395 to $2195, f. o. b. Detroit subject to current Federal excise tax.

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Bodies by Fisher on all Chrysler enclosed models. All models equipped with balloon tires.

There are Chrysler dealers and superior Chrysler service everywhere. All dealers are in position to extend the convenience of time-payments. Ask about Chrysler's attractive plan.

To America the Chrysler Six brings a new air of verve and exclusiveness—the outward expression of revolutionary engineering and brilliant, dashing performance.

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Never did a car appeal so strongly to those whose pride is smartness, beauty and alertness—never was a car so nearly effortless in handling.

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There's joy—new joy—in the lives of those who own and drive the Chrysler Six.

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But they thrill even more to the new sense of complete mastery it inspires.

Your nearest Chrysler dealer is eager to send a car to your door for a demonstration—yourself at the wheel, if you wish to experience the newest thrill in motoring.

INSURANCE

Chrysler motor cars are now delivered insured for one year at full factory list price against fire and theft.

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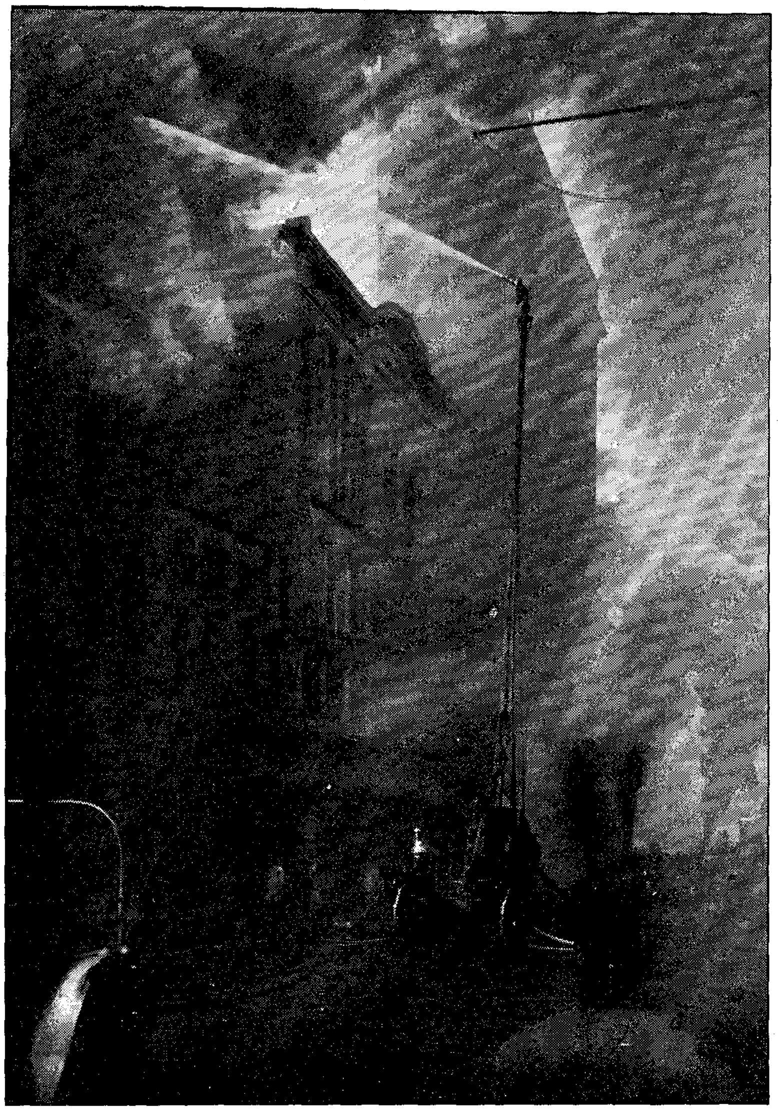
CHRYSLER SIX

DARING FEATS OF THE HEROES WHO FIGHT FIRES

"BUT THE FIRE ISN'T out yet," protested Chief Davis, when his men dragged him away, half-blinded, from the blazing Broad Street Station in Philadelphia. "No," they answered, "the fire isn't, but *you* are." As we are told, Davis "tore the bandages from his eyes, obtained a pair of dark glasses, and went back to direct the fight." Such acts, plus his unsurpassed judgment and coolness in danger, have made him "one of the most popular fire chiefs of to-day." He was born on a farm, and his first job in the city was in a big Philadelphia hat factory, but "his urge was for the outdoors," where he could "get into work that afforded some excitement." He says, "Why, my blood fairly tingled when I saw the boys on the engines go by, horses at the gallop. I'd run blocks to see a fire, and there was nothing I liked better than to hang around the fire-house and talk with the men." After the job in the hat factory came a job at house-painting. He detested it, and one day he said to his brother, "Frank, I'm going to quit kidding myself. I don't want to be a painter any more than I wanted to be a hatter. But I *do* want to be a fireman. I'm leaving you." He was soon in a fireman's uniform, and presently Frank "joined up," too. Writing of all this in *The American Magazine*, Sherman Gwinn tells us:



Chief Davis began at the bottom, and worked his way up to become one of America's foremost authorities on fire-fighting. Starting at the age of twenty-one, he has been fighting fires in Philadelphia for thirty years.

"In your opinion, what was the most heroic deed ever performed by a Philadelphia fireman?" I asked him.

"Frankly, I don't know," he answered. "Many of the men who risk most at a fire, and who *do* most, treat it all as a part of the day's work, and say nothing.

"A number of years ago, at a fire in one of our older residential sections, an aged woman was rescued under most difficult conditions. There was nothing spectacular about the rescue, however. It couldn't even be seen from the street.

"The whole front and upper portions of this house were in flames. The stairways were ablaze, and so choked with smoke that it seemed impossible for anybody to ascend them. Yet in an upper room, which could be reached only by the stairway, the old woman, enfeebled by age and rheumatism, and utterly helpless, was trapt.

"A hoseman on the first floor learned of her plight, and at once started up the stairs. He had to go through the flames and that choking smoke. The stairway was in danger of immediate collapse. In the upper halls the smoke and heat were so great that he had to crawl on his hands and knees.

"When he found the old lady, she was unconscious. This meant that she would have to be carried bodily. The hoseman took off his protecting coat, wrapt it about her, and started back the way he had come, through flames more blistering than ever.

"By the time he reached the street door, he was exhausted. A policeman relieved him of his burden, while the hoseman hung to the door frame and gasped fresh air into his lungs. Presently he had recovered sufficiently to return to the task of quenching the fire."

Remarking that "it takes more courage to face a danger in which chance is the determining factor than it does to confront danger which may be overcome by experience and skill," Chief Davis continued:

"I can illustrate this by two incidents involving the same fireman. He was captain of one of our engine companies, an officer of long experience, keen judgment, and exceptional skill. A large factory which had been converted into a warehouse was on fire, and against one of the walls this captain had placed a ladder, up which he led his company with a hose line.

"At a glance, the captain saw the treacherous character of the wall. It was old. The building itself was overloaded with goods from basement to topmost floor. Consequently, knowing the extreme hazard of his company's position, he was more than ever alert. That wall, he knew, was likely to fall; but, depending upon his skill to detect signs of the approaching collapse, he was confident he could remove his men in time.

"'All down!' he shouted suddenly.

"He had noted the signs for which he had been watching. His men shot down the ladder to take up a new position. Before the ladder could be moved, the wall, in fact virtually the whole building, caved in with a thunderous crash and with clouds of dust that hung on the air for ten minutes. When the dust cleared, it could be seen that half the ladder had been carried away. Five men were killed and thirty-five injured; but they were members of *other* companies. Judgment alone had saved the captain and the company in question."

The other incident occurred a year later, when—

"The same captain, in the capacity of acting battalion chief, directed the fight against a fire which had burst out without warning in a big rug establishment in the central business district. Eight men had been at work on the fifth floor of the structure, and so abruptly had the flames leapt into their work-room that two were cut off before they could gain an exit.

"The trapt men ran to the windows, screaming into the street for help. Smoke billowed out from behind them in a volume indicating the intensity and nearness of the fire roaring up from behind with the draft. Every window of the building belched smoke.

"By the volume of smoke issuing from a window it is usually possible to judge the seriousness of the blaze and, more, its nearness. As the outpouring of smoke intensifies, the flames dart nearer. At a certain stage it is impossible to tell at just what fraction of a second the smoke will be replaced by massed fire tongues, stabbing out with the draft, as if blown from behind by a flame-thrower.

"That was the situation at this fire as those two men in the

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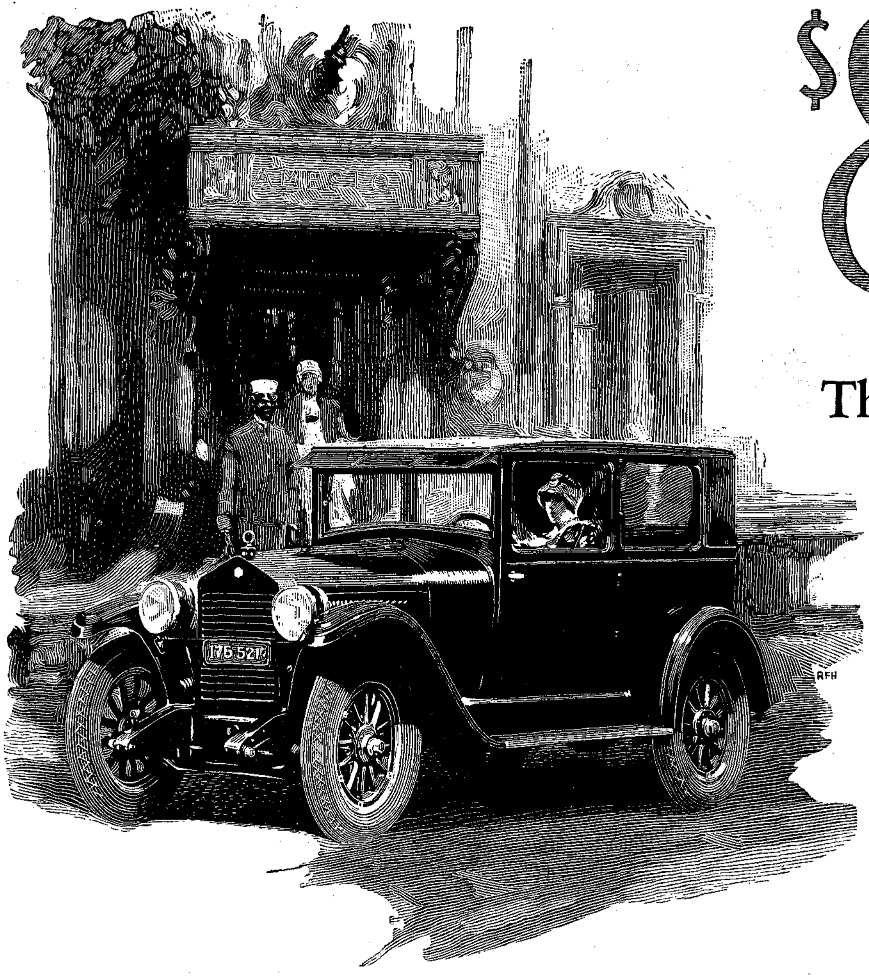

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The Finest
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Hudson-Essex, World's Largest Selling 6-Cylinder Cars fifth-floor window shrieked for help. The heat drove them out onto the sills, where they clung in desperate agony, ready to risk all in a last-chance plunge into the street. Below, men were dragging out carpets, and heaping them into a pile which might break the drop of the victims.

"'Wait! Wait for the firemen!' cried horrified spectators.

"At that moment a ladder company swung into the street and was unlimbering an extension. When it was in place it was the captain, now acting battalion chief, who started up it.

"He knew that his life hung only on a chance. Yet because lives were to be saved, he braved it, his men behind him. The trapt workmen were reached. The crowd cheered as the firemen brought them down. An instant later every window blazed with flames."

Here Mr. Gwinn asked:

"Is it customary in fighting fire, for the officers to *lead* their men as did this captain?"

"A good officer," Chief Davis replied, "will never order his men into a place he will not go himself. Where the danger is extreme, the good officer prefers to face it for his men. While engaged in fighting a fire in an old building of brick walls, the captain in charge of one of the ladders saw that at any moment the wall was likely to go down. He ordered the men to abandon the ladder.

"The last man had barely reached the ground when a woman's voice was heard, screaming for help. It came from an upper floor, and was the first indication that any one was caught in the building.

"At once the captain mounted the ladder from which a moment before he had ordered his men. The woman was on the fourth floor. By the time he gained her window, she had fallen over the sill, unconscious. Flames were darting from her clothing.

"With his hands and his coat, the fireman extinguished her clothing. Then, with her body wrapt in the coat, he carried her down the ladder. At the bottom he, too, dropt unconscious. Both his hands and face were burned raw by the heat.

"The fireman who goes beyond his duty to risk his life for another also should be credited with more than ordinary bravery. I have in mind a man who was the driver of a horse-drawn engine for many years, and who now, with more than fifty years of service to his credit, is still on the active roll of his company. He has helped fight hundreds of serious fires in one of the congested mill districts of the city. This particular fire was in that district.

"The alarm had been turned in late, so the fire was well advanced when the firemen reached the scene. Stopping only to turn in a second alarm, the captain directed his men to enter the house from the front, which was blazing from cellar to roof. The engine drew up on a side street, the driver remaining with his horses.

"Suddenly the driver was attracted by screams coming from the rear of the burning dwelling. Investigating, he made out through the smoke the figures of two men in a third-story window. Their escape was cut off by the burning away of the stairway. The fire had already invaded the bedroom in which they were trapt.

"There was no time to summon help from the front, where the body of the company was in action. It was impossible, too, to reach the victims from the inside. The driver glanced about for a means of getting to them, and spied a small wooden lamplighter's ladder. It was scarcely long enough to reach to the level of the second floor.

"Grabbing up a rope from his engine, the driver took the rickety ladder and set it against the building. It enabled him to gain a ledge, scarcely a foot in width, that jutted out from the second floor. Clinging to this ledge, he drew the ladder up after him, and this time set its base on the narrow ledge. Nobody but a fireman experienced in ladder work would have dared to climb a ladder in such a dangerous position; but the driver was experienced. He went up and clambered in the window.

"The fireman himself weighed little more than one hundred and fifty pounds. The older man he had to rescue probably weighed over two hundred, and no amount of persuasion would induce him to attempt to climb down the little ladder resting almost vertically on the ledge. The driver thought of his rope. Tying one end about the bed in the room, and the other about the big man, he lowered him, one rung at a time, down the ladder finally into the street. The second man, being lighter, was easy. All three gained the street without injury."

As Chief Davis explains, "scaling ladders of light weight and with special hooked ends for catching window ledges usually are employed to reach upper stories, in cases where extension ladders do not reach or are not at the moment available." It is an excellent device, for the Chief says:

"One man can handle a scaling ladder, which is from twelve to fifteen feet long, the average height of a story. He hooks it fast to the window ledge above him, ascends to the window, draws the ladder up after him, and keeps on until his objective is reached.

"At a fire in the business district the windows did not furnish secure support. Two women were trapt on the roof. The scaling ladder offered the one way of saving them. A fire captain and a ladder man began the dangerous climb up the face of the building, one holding the ladder in place for the other. Remember, there was fire raging inside the walls, which were already hot. The pair had to struggle through smoke and heat. And the downward trip, equally as dangerous as the upward, had to be made with the women as burdens.

"This rescue was successfully made, but during every second of it the men were facing possible death from falling.

"Late in the winter of 1923, a fire in an old-style building in the business center threatened an entire block. The whole structure was ablaze when the firemen arrived, and the age-dried timber-work was going like tinder.

"The weather was bitter cold. In a few moments the asphalt street became coated with ice, on which our ladders kept slipping dangerously. Pretty soon the ladders themselves became ice-coated. And, let me tell you, it's no kid's job to drag a kicking hose line up a slippery ladder planted on an ice-coated street. Fifteen firemen were injured by falling.

"In the meantime, every upper window of the building was belching fire. The captain saw that if he were effectively to direct his water lines he would have to get closer to the seat of the fire. The one way of getting there, forty feet up, was by way of an open fire-escape encrusted from end to end with ice.

"The street was crowded with belated Christmas shoppers, and I think they got plenty of thrills watching the captain make his way up the fire-escape. Several times he slipt, and it seemed certain he would fall. Finally, gaining the top, he clambered from the fire-escape to a window-ledge of the burning structure. There, silhouetted against the raging interior, he directed the streams, which quickly checked the flames."

A story as thrilling follows:

"I have in mind another fireman, whose name even I don't know, but whom I would put down on any list of brave men. What he did was one of those scores of incidents which happen at almost every fire, but which seldom reach the spectators or the newspapers.

"This fire, in a large factory, was back in the days when we carried oil lamps instead of the electric torches we now use. The oil lamps were seldom dependable, and in a smoke-filled room they gave out about as much illumination as a glowworm. We almost had to feel our way around with those lights, and we were in constant danger of opened elevator shafts, burned-away stairways, and collapsed sections of flooring.

"This fireman was making his way across the fifth floor when he suddenly plunged downward through space. Instinctively, he threw out his arms to save himself, and by sheer luck he managed to grasp and hold fast to the edge of a broken floor board.

"His lantern was lost. He was in pitch darkness. But far below, in what was evidently the cellar, the flare of burning timbers told him of his predicament. In that spot all five floors had collapsed! The hole in which he hung was sixty feet or more deep!

"He was mighty cautious as he drew himself up by his hands. His support was the ragged edge of the pit, and he knew that too great a strain could easily bring down more of the ruptured flooring. At length he gained a position of comparative safety and sprawled on the floor to distribute his weight while he regained his breath. He realized that it wouldn't be well for him to stay where he was, for at any moment other portions of the floor, fractured by the first break, might plunge downward.

"But, just as he started to work his way back to safer footing, he saw in the darkness two lights approaching the collapsed area from the opposite side. He shouted. In the uproar of pumping engines, hissing hose, and general confusion of a big fire his warning was not heard. The lights, plainly those of other firemen, came nearer to the dangerous pit.

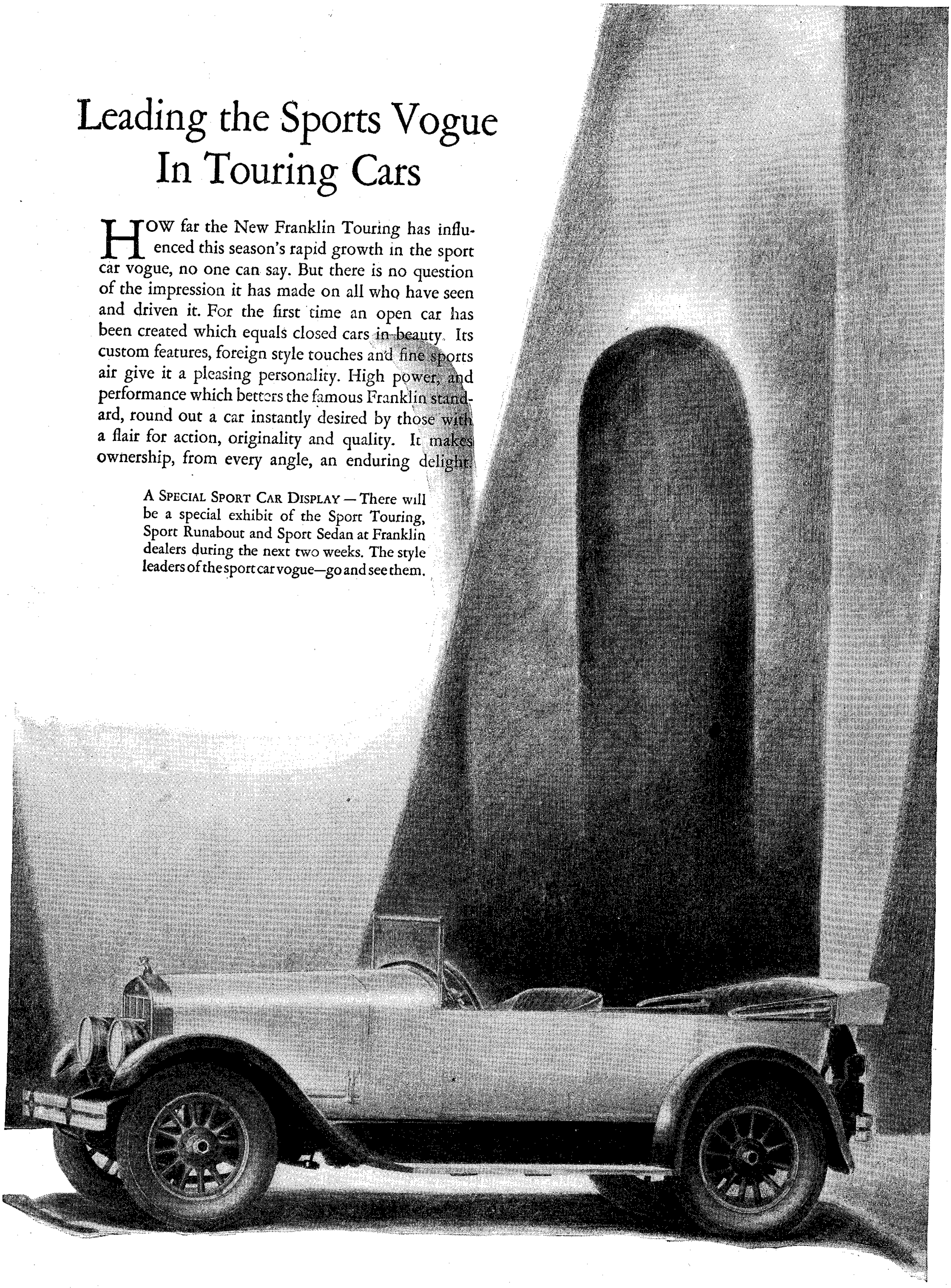
"Having lost his lamp, the man could wave no signal. Shouts continued to be of no avail. So in the darkness, in a strange building, and among strange objects, without knowledge of how badly the floor had been wrecked, he began to crawl on his hands and knees along the edge of the jagged gap in the floor, hoping to place himself between it and the oncomers in time.

"It happened that I was one of the two, and to that man's courage I probably owe my life. We had almost reached the break, unconscious that it existed, when we heard his cries to

Leading the Sports Vogue In Touring Cars

How far the New Franklin Touring has influenced this season's rapid growth in the sport car vogue, no one can say. But there is no question of the impression it has made on all who have seen and driven it. For the first time an open car has been created which equals closed cars in beauty. Its custom features, foreign style touches and fine sports air give it a pleasing personality. High power, and performance which betters the famous Franklin standard, round out a car instantly desired by those with a flair for action, originality and quality. It makes ownership, from every angle, an enduring delight.

A Special Sport Car Display—There will be a special exhibit of the Sport Touring, Sport Runabout and Sport Sedan at Franklin dealers during the next two weeks. The style leaders of the sport car vogue—go and see them.



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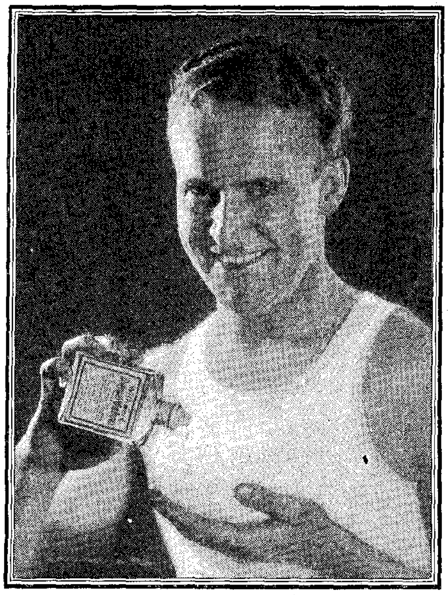

In 3 seconds

insure face-comfort after shaving

IF your skin is sensitive and left unprotected, wind and sun may cause it to become dry and stiff—really uncomfortable. Prevent this—by applying Aqua Velva after your morning shave.

Aqua Velva *keeps* your face all day in the same velvety condition as Williams Shaving Cream *leaves* it. It *conserves the skin's natural moisture.* Talcs have the opposite effect.

Because Aqua Velva is made expressly for after-shaving use, it gives the skin complete all-day care:

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Aqua Velva is a clear amber liquid. Easy to apply—no hot towels, nothing to wipe off.

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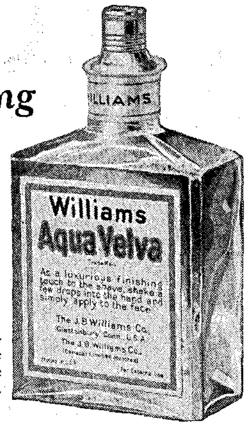
Williams Aqua Velva

for use after shaving



By the makers of Williams Shaving Cream

For free test bottle

Address:
The J. B. Williams Co.,
Dept. 27-A, Glastonbury, Conn. (If you live in Canada, address The J. B. Williams Co., St. Patrick St., Montreal)

Send free test bottle of Aqua Velva

DIGEST 7-18-25

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

'Stand still!' Not until I investigated by daylight did I realize the chance that fireman had taken to warn us."

When asked what was the oddest rescue he knew of the chief thought a moment:

"Well, we are called upon right along to rescue cats out of trees, and to stop dog fights, and do similar odd jobs," he said, "but I think the palm for odd rescues goes to a pair of parrots. The fireman thought they had taken every human being from the building, when suddenly they heard pitiful cries:

"'Mama! Papa! Mama! Papa!'

"Back went several of the men. They hunted everywhere, in closets, under beds, in the attic, of course looking for children. The house was filled with smoke, and it was difficult to see very clearly. Of course the men never thought of looking *at the ceiling.*

"'Mama! Mama!' shrieked a voice overhead.

"One of the men straightened up and bumped his head. The object he bumped was the parrots' cage. In it were two bedraggled, badly scorched birds, that continued to shriek as they were carried to the street.

"At another fire several men entered the house to rescue an aged woman. They found her fully drest, entirely composed and walking about from room to room.

"'Madam, your house is burning down!' exclaimed a fireman.

"'Don't I know it?' she demanded calmly. 'But I won't leave the place until I find my cat.' And she continued her search.

"The firemen pleaded with her. Every moment the danger of remaining on the upper floor increased.

"'I don't care if the stairways are burned away,' the old lady snapt. 'I don't care if the floor is about to fall. I'm not going to leave my cat to be burned to death.'

"In desperation the firemen joined her in the hunt for it. After a few minutes the animal was rounded up and carried to the street in the old lady's apron.

"In connection with another dwelling fire we captured a thief who happened to be at work in the dining-room. He was so intent on his job that he did not know there was a fire until the gongs sounded outside. Then he lost his nerve and was afraid to dash out.

"At a warehouse fire a man was rescued from the fourth floor, where he was found in a drunken stupor. Brief inquiry disclosed that it was he who had set the warehouse afire as part of an incendiary plot. He was so drunk that he went to sleep, and forgot all about the blaze he had started."

A conscientious fireman regards himself as a servant of the public, "a police officer as well as a fireman." Says Chief Davis:

"Several years ago, a newspaper reporter looked up the record of a fireman who had chanced to attract his attention. The fireman was the driver of an engine, and here are some of the things he did in the course of *one year:*

"A runaway team of horses came charging down the street toward the firehouse, and directly in its pathway, too frightened to run, stood a group of women and children. The fireman dashed between the group and the runaways, flung himself upon the horses, and brought them to a stop.

"Some time later, on the way to his home, he encountered five bandits who had held up a citizen with revolvers. Regardless of the odds—he himself was unarmed—the engine driver sprang to the rescue. His precipitate attack routed the bandits and saved the citizen seventeen hundred dollars he had in a pocket.

"Again, he saw a speeding motor-cycle crash into a woman as she attempted to cross the street in front of it. She was killed instantly. The motor-cyclist attempted to escape. Before he could do so, however, the fireman was upon him. He took the woman to the hospital and the cyclist to the police station.

"Before his year was up this same fireman was riding home on a trolley, when it was temporarily blocked by snow. Outside he saw an excited crowd about a manhole. Leaving the street-car, he was told that a workman who had been shoveling snow had fallen into the manhole, and was buried under a snowslide.

"The fireman quickly obtained a rope, and had himself lowered into the sewer, where he dug out the buried man, who had lost consciousness. Upon regaining the street the fireman himself fainted, overcome by fumes of the deadly gases he had encountered in the sewer.

"Of course this is an exceptional record, but it gives you some idea of the opportunities a fireman has for service entirely apart from fighting fires."

Rescues of firemen by firemen are frequent, it seems. As Chief Davis told Mr. Gwinn:

"During the burning of an abandoned oil-storage plant one of the men fell into a submerged vat that was on fire. One comrade lowered another head downward into the vat, while a third held on to the second man. Thus the three succeeded in drawing the endangered man back to safety. His high boots, rubber coat and helmet had saved him from serious burns.

"The Broad Street Station fire, as I have indicated, was one of the worst the Philadelphia department has ever been called on to fight. One of the big dangers was from exploding locomotives stranded in the shed. So great was this danger that the police moved spectators back from the scene a block or more, and forced shopkeepers and others in adjoining streets to vacate. The firemen, of course, stood by their lines as a matter of duty.

"In the height of the fire, after it had been burning for five hours, and everything inside that shed was almost red-hot, a fireman was discovered to be missing. A comrade remembered seeing him a short time before near some burning Pullman cars. This comrade went back after the missing man, dodging falling rafters, showered by heat broken glass, and through a fog of poisoned smoke and gases that only an experienced man would dare invade. After a search, he found the missing fireman unconscious in an engine cab. The engine was heated to the bursting point. This rescue was an outstanding feat of that fire.

"Little things often show the caliber of a man just as effectively as a thrilling rescue would," Davis continued. "In a fire a year or two ago, the four walls of the building suddenly caved in, burying four

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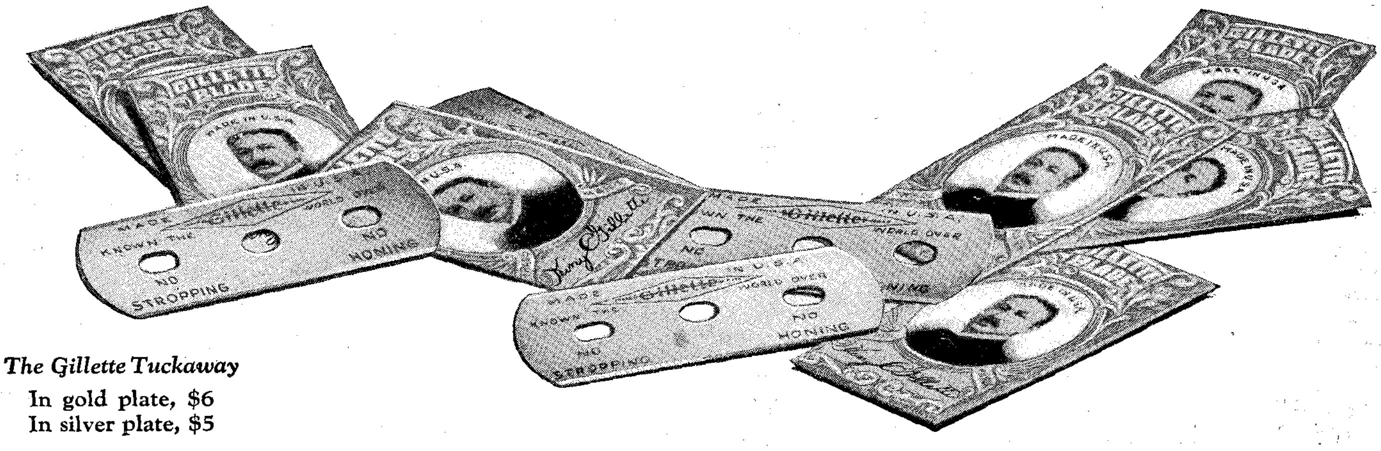

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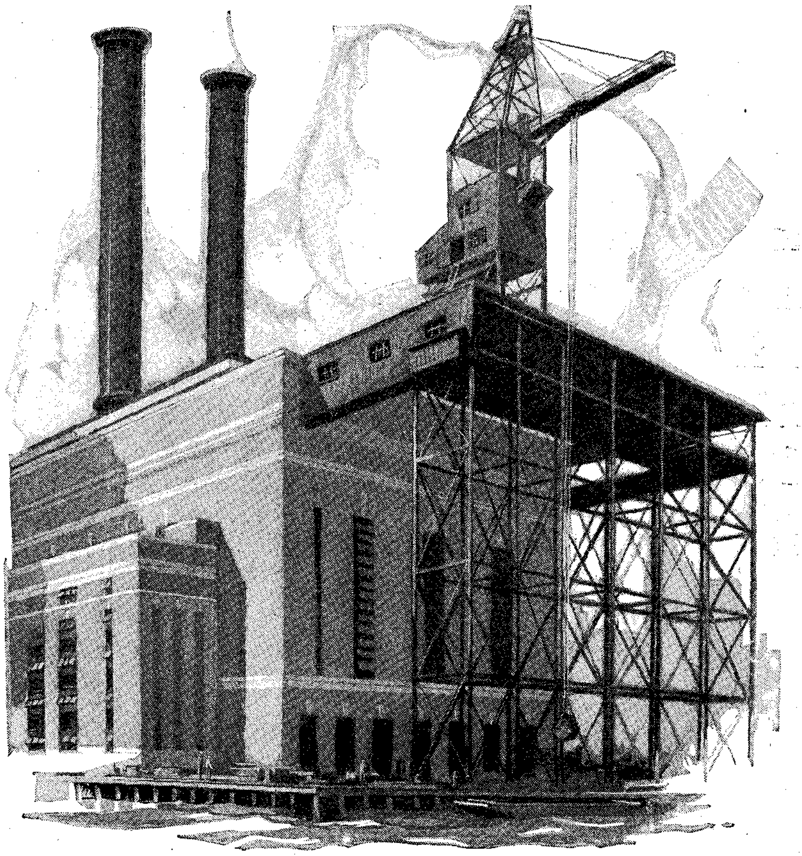

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

firemen. Red-hot girders weighing tons came down in the collapse, together with burning timbers and hot plaster. The buried men were beneath this mass. At once a rescuing party tore into it with picks and axes, while comrades kept the fire back by an unceasing play of the hose.

"The first of the buried men we came across was a ladderman. His broken foot was pinned down by a girder.

"'Don't mind me!' he shouted. 'Get the other fellows. They're worse off than I am.'

"One of the men was discovered nearly dead. The two others were likewise dug out before the first fireman consented to receive help. As his comrades freed his foot, he merely grimaced a little and then grinned. 'Pretty close one, that—eh, fellows?' he laughed."

Mr. Gwinn's account of his interview with the veteran fire-fighter runs on—

"One of the most difficult tasks of a fire officer is holding his men back," concluded Chief Davis. "They will go unurged into all kinds of dangerous places, but when it comes to getting them *out* of those places, it's a different story.

"Walls are always a source of danger. Heat acting upon stone and mortar causes it to burst, sometimes like shrapnel; and again a wall may crack and buckle, causing it to fall almost without warning. Experienced fire officers watch for these things, and *try* to give warning in time to save life. The objective of the men, on the other hand, is primarily 'to get at the fire.'

"A number of years ago lightning ignited a huge oil-tank at Point Breeze. From the character of the oil, I knew that as the tank burned empty it probably would explode, scattering burning oil in every direction and endangering surrounding tanks. Accordingly, I placed emergency lines, gave orders to the men to keep their distance, and brought every available hose line—fifty-two in all—into play on the tanks nearest the one burning.

"After several hours, when no explosion had occurred, only my strict orders kept the men from tackling the fire directly. I sensed their chafing, and renewed my vigilance, personally making the rounds of their assigned positions. It turned out it was well that I did so. When least expected, the explosion took place. Three other big tanks, seventy feet distant, exploded simultaneously.

"'Run!' I shouted to the company leeward of the conflagration, with which I chanced to be.

"The ground was ablaze. The air was filled with flaming oil-sheets. Ahead of me, as I ran, I could see the men's clothing smoke from the heat; the coat-tails of many were on fire.

"Yet after it was over, they merely joked about their running ability, and laughingly granted that I had judged the fire correctly. I don't think it ever occurred to them how near they had come to 'checking in.'"

"You say the men were *ahead* of you?" I inquired.

"Why, yes," Chief Davis replied, puzzled. "How else could I have seen their coat-tails?"

It is rather typical of Davis to forget to point out that, since the men were ahead, he was *behind*—between them and the fire!

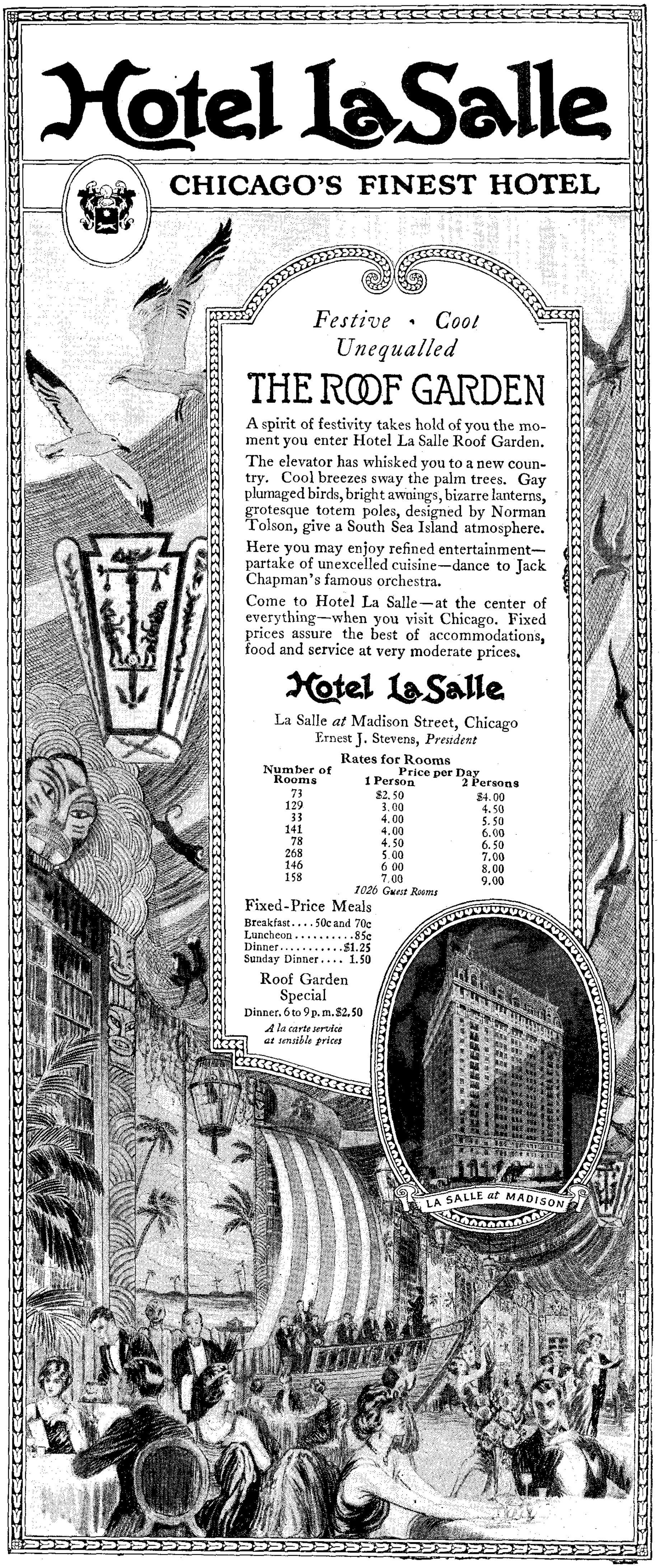
SPIES WHO BETRAY SMUGGLERS

EVERYBODY is a smuggler at heart, according to the veteran customs inspector who recently talked shop with a writer, and every little while some returning traveler with a hundred thousand dollars' worth of undeclared jewels on his person attempts to evade detection. If he is caught, newspaper readers wonder how. For ordinary returning travelers are not searched. "How did the Government know this person was bent on smuggling?" asks Walter Davenport. "Who told the Government to grab this particular voyager? Where did the information come from?" These were the questions he put to the veteran customs inspector, and he gives us in *Liberty* the results of the talk that followed. There we read:

> About 80 per cent. of the information against smugglers, I learned, comes to the Government from persons not in its employ. A quite negligible fraction of the informants are, I regret to say, actuated by patriotic reasons. Almost all of them ask financial reward with the same breath or the same pen stroke which carries the information.
>
> For this reason the last Congress made an appropriation of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, which is to be used in gathering information which will defeat the purposes of the smuggler. It is possible, under the law, for an informant to get as much as fifty thousand dollars for a single tip. There is at least one instance where the reward was thirty-four thousand dollars.
>
> Therefore, it must be clear that, if business were brisk, the hundred and fifty thousand dollars would not last long. But instead of drawing upon this fund for all rewards, the Treasury Department is empowered to pay the tipster 25 per cent. of the amount recovered by way of fines, duties, and receipts from the sale of the goods confiscated. The reward may not legally exceed fifty thousand dollars, but at the discretion of the Treasury Department it may be more than 25 per cent. of the salvage.
>
> Generally speaking, there are three classes of persons from whom the Government gets tips on smugglers. There are those who, self-appointed, are smuggler sleuths in the interests of their own pockets. Some of them are commission men, traveling back and forth across the Atlantic. Some are free lances of commerce, with no definite affiliations, but merely looking for something which they can acquire cheaply and dispose of to an American house at a huge profit. These men are always on the alert.

Another type of informant aims to rid himself of unfair and ruinous competition. As we read:

> For example, the legitimate jewelry importers have, through their associations, declared war upon the smuggler. They pay high duties on diamonds and pearls, and find it difficult to view without interest the importer who sneaks his gems through and is able to dispose of them at greatly reduced rates because he has not paid duty.
>
> In this class we may put the foreign jewelers themselves, and their employees. The European jewel markets are populous with spies. If you, for example, buy fifty thousand dollars' worth of stuff the chances are that the American consul or the agent



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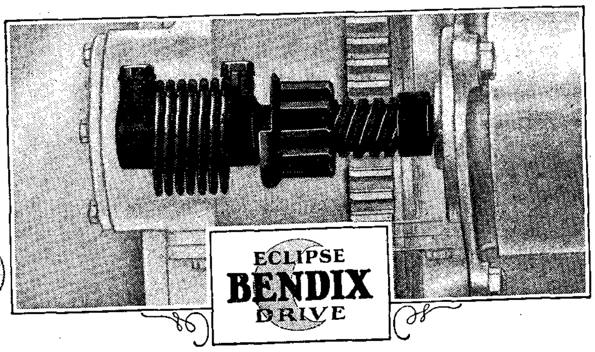

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

of a large retail jeweler in America will know it soon after the deal has been closed.

The third order of informants comprises the disgruntled employee, the discharged servant, the jealous neighbor.

Madam returns from Europe with new and magnificent jewels. Her maid goes into ecstasies and eventually, if not immediately, madam, by hint or direct statement, tells the purring maid how cleverly she eluded that little matter of paying duty.

In due time the maid desires better wages and is refused. Or madam, in a temper, dismisses her. The discharged maid ponders the advisability of telling the police. The police refer the woman to the customs officials, who will call in the special agents of the Treasury Department. Madam is in for it.

Or a merchant adds to his stock an assortment of smuggled goods. He has in his employ a clerk who is receiving two thousand dollars a year and has been informed that he need not look for more. Here is an actual case involving just such an employer and employee.

This clerk wrote, anonymously, to the Treasury Department asking his reward if he could lead its representatives to certain facts demonstrating smuggling. In a few days he was asked to present himself in the offices of the customs inspectors and was assured that every word he uttered would be held confidential.

It turned out on investigation that his former employer had cheated the Government out of thousands of dollars, and Mr. Davenport tells us:

Such was the case against the merchant that he capitulated and agreed to pay eighty thousand dollars. Promptly the Treasury Department granted the informer twenty thousand dollars—ten years' worth of the old salary.

In one case a particularly patronizing woman appeared at a country-club affair, shortly after a trip to Europe, wearing a stunning gown and a rope of genuine pearls.

She gave herself such airs with her new finery that she incurred the additional dislike of a woman who had never loved her, anyway.

"Like this dress?" she would ask. "Well, I fetched over three others even better. Think these pearls pretty? My dear, they cost thousands of dollars in Paris and would have cost at least twice as much here in America. And would you believe it, I just didn't declare them and the customs people never knew the difference."

Within a week the customs people knew all about it. An inspector called upon the lady, who promptly broke down and confest. Her betrayer received largely of revenge and monetary reward. The unhappy woman doesn't yet know who told on her.

All this sounds simple enough. One might, reading thus far, very easily get the impression that our customs inspectors spend virtually all of their time, between ships, waiting for something to turn up—for some one to tell them that there is smuggling going on.

Such an impression would be wholly erroneous. The experienced inspector can almost smell the smuggler, and it is after he has scented the game that his hardest work begins. He must be diplomatic.

As Mr. Davenport tells us further, there seems to be no secret about the use the Government makes of steamship stewards:

It is a poor cabin steward who is not pretty conversant with the personal affairs of those passengers to whom he caters. Before the ship docks he is quite apt to know your secrets, and smugglers have learned to their sorrow that it is hard to bribe a steward with fifty or a hundred dollars when he sees within his reach ten or twenty or thirty times that amount.

They tell of one steward who agreed to fetch ashore several expensive ropes of pearls, and is now thinking it over in jail. In one of the cabins which this steward served there was a woman who had bought the jewels in London. On the way to New York something made her believe she was being watched. She took the steward into her confidence. If he would fetch the pearls to her at such and such a hotel, she would give him five hundred dollars.

Her baggage was passed through without a struggle. The agents were almost perfunctory in their examination of her bags and trunks. But on the following day, when the steward was leaving the ship, he was arrested. The pearls were found in his possession. A fellow steward had informed on him.

And then there is the story of the young lawyer who, tiring of a briefless existence in Boston, sold all that he had and moved to Paris. Later he returned to Boston with all the pomp and circumstance of a rich Oriental. He confessed to having made about fifty thousand dollars for every year he had been away.

It developed that he had established himself as a professional smuggler spy. In Paris he subsidized jewelers favored by Americans. From them and their clerks he received frequent advices about large purchases made by men and women from the States. In his office he kept accurate files of the names of rich Americans on holiday in Europe.

Every suspicion he had he passed on to the customs inspectors. Sometimes nothing came of it; at other times he had informed on would-be smugglers, and out of this intelligence he won many rewards.

Here Mr. Davenport asked the old-timer what excuses the smugglers give when caught, and was told:

"Men seldom give any excuses. They pay. But with women it is different.

"'Madam,' the inspector says, 'how about this fur coat I find here in your baggage? I don't see it on your declaration.'

"'Of course you don't,' she says. 'That is my coat which I took over with me when I left New York three months ago. I guess a body can bring back her own clothes, can't she?'

"'Yes, ma'am; but this label says it comes from Paris, and, besides, we are informed that on the twelfth of last month you purchased that coat and some jewels, none of which I see on your declaration. How about it?'

"'I never heard such impertinence! My husband is a good friend of lots of the big men in Washington, and I will tell him about this at once, and that means, sir, that you will be dismissed; and, furthermore—'

"Then some of the ladies say that they never heard of any such law. And then they try to slip us a couple of dollars. They don't see anything criminal in it."

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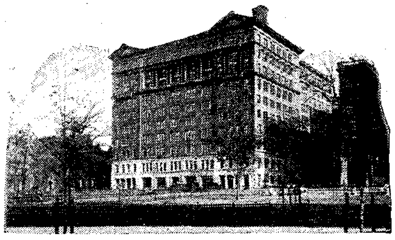

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ABOUT MEETING LEOPARDS

When in Africa, if a leopard casually leans unexpectedly against your shoulder, do not delay by trying moral suasion, but grasp your trusty soup-pot by its handle and swing its contents into your unwelcome visitor's face, and he will depart from that locality without any final words of farewell beyond a snarl, or perhaps merely with an unpleasant look. Leopards do not move in high circles of society in Africa, as they do in more settled countries, where they receive visitors in the zoo, from behind ornamental bars, every day, Sunday included. Instead of having food served to them, in Africa, they enter heartily into the business of getting it for themselves, and, in so doing, often interfere seriously with the pleasure and convenience of other dwellers in the vicinity.

Mr. A. Blayney Percival, late of the Kenya Colony Game Department, tells in his "Game Ranger's Notebook" (George H. Doran Company) of the many ways leopards can interfere with any one's daily routine and how to take it all amiably:

> Leopards are found everywhere throughout the country, save on the open plains.
>
> Despite their plenty, comparatively few are killed by sportsmen. If seen by daylight the odds are that all vouchsafed you is a momentary glimpse of the beast in the act of dropping from the bough on which he has been sunning himself. He loves to lie out on the limb of some great tree, whence, while enjoying the warmth, he may keep a sharp lookout for danger or for prey passing underneath. I have frequently seen a leopard drop thus from a tree, but never once have I caught a second view, thanks to the unfailing discrimination with which he chooses his perch. A limb above scrub or long grass, through which he may slink away unseen, is invariably selected. Wonderful climbers, leopards are as much at home in trees as on the ground, ascending trunks that would seem impossible for anything but a monkey.
>
> A few days after my arrival the leopards were making such a noise in the forest, which grew to within fifty or sixty yards of the house, that I was tempted to go after them, accompanied by a native gun-bearer, and a big fox-terrier, which had been left by my predecessor. The trees grew very close together, forming a dense canopy which entirely shuts out the sunlight, and, as is usual in such forests, there is practically no undergrowth. Moving as quietly as possible, we stole through the twilight, and had not gone far when the dog began to take an interest in the proceedings. Suddenly dashing ahead, he stopt under a big tree, the branches of which came nearer the ground than those of its neighbors. He stood for a moment looking up, and as he turned away a huge leopard dropt upon him. I fired the instant I could distinguish one from the other, and had the luck to hit the right beast in the "mix up," whereupon the leopard made off. A couple of more shots failed to stop him, so we took up the blood-spoor and followed it, eventually losing all trace. Tho the terrier's wounds appeared insignificant when examined at the time, and I attended to them as soon as I returned, his throat—in which he had been bitten—and his head swelled up a great size within two hours, and before long he died.

Twice afterwards in this forest Mr. Percival says he came upon leopards, and either time when without weapon more formidable than a butterfly net:

> On one of these occasions a female, with two nearly full-grown cubs, got up almost at my feet. The cubs vanished promptly, but the mother only went a few steps before she turned, to stand growling and snarling till her progeny were well out of sight. It was a great relief when she followed them. I retired in the opposite direction, hoping we might meet again under auspices more favorable to myself. I began to think the leopards kept an eye on my doings, and knew whether I was seeking butterflies or themselves. Certain it is that often as I, rifle in hand, crept through that forest, I never got a glimpse of one after the day when the fox terrier was killed.
>
> The leopard's tastes are catholic; he lives on whatever the district of his choice may provide, from buck to domestic poultry. In the Shimoni district his food consists chiefly of pig and monkey, both of which are plentiful. The former is the favorite prey, and the preference of the leopard for pork is about the only good mark that can be given him, pigs being exceedingly mischievous in the cultivated areas. In the Lorian Swamp the leopard feeds largely on the guinea fowl, which literally swarm in that region; they also kill the smaller kinds of buck, such as dikdik. Elsewhere, and outside the forests, palla are the commonest article of leopard diet.
>
> He has a curious habit, which is quite in harmony with the cunning for which he is famed. Where his kind is common it is not unusual to see the carcass of some small buck wedged into the forked branch of a tree or hung by the horns, thirty or even forty feet from the ground. The remains of palla are most frequently seen in such a situation. The habit is easily understood, and reflects credit on the forethought of the beast who thus bestows his meat in safety. Were he to leave the remains of his dinner on the ground it would inevitably be stolen by hyena or jackal within a few hours. The puzzle is how such an animal as the leopard can haul a palla ram, which weighs as much as he does himself, up into a tree. My own belief is that when a heavy carcass has thus to be dealt with, leopards help each other.

Mr. Percival says that in the forests monkeys furnish a large proportion of the leopard's diet, and, by consequence, the whole four-handed tribe hate and fear the beast. In fact, he remarks:

> The sight of a skin is enough to drive most tame monkeys nearly mad. At the same time, and rather inconsistently,

monkeys display keen interest in the movements of their enemy, and as he travels through the forest will follow along the tree-tops chattering and swearing at him. I was one day attracted by the tremendous noise made by a troop of baboons. Approaching, I found that the greater number had retired to the top of a rocky cliff, while the old males remained in the trees near the foot, barking furiously. I got the glasses on them and presently discovered that they were scolding a leopard which stood over a kill below the trees. Now and again a baboon descended as if to attack, when the leopard would make a dash at him, a demonstration that provoked a still more furious outburst of barking. His attention being thus frequently distracted, I tried to stalk him, but in spite of the assistance unconsciously rendered by the baboons, he saw me too soon and made his escape among the rocks. The kill explained the rage of the troop; it was a half-grown baboon.

Down in the low country, near Makindu, I once saw some Patas monkeys following a leopard through the open thorn bush. The trees were too far apart for them to stay aloft in their pursuit, and they ran from one to the other after him. With two other guns, I joined in the chase. We failed to get the leopard, but caught one of the monkeys, fairly running him down between tree and tree. Each time he went up we sent a boy after him, and formed a wide circle round; then, as he bolted, we gave chase. I eventually caught the little creature, throwing myself off my mule almost on top of him. He was quite young and grew into a delightful pet. The Patas is far and away the gentlest and most amenable of the East African monkeys. But I wander from the leopard.

Wary tho he is, the beast sometimes displays singular fearlessness. Once, while returning from the Lorain, two days' march up the river, we heard elephants in the bush, and the sounds told that the herd consisted of cows and calves. There was, however, the chance that a bull might be among them, so telling the safari to go on for about an hour and halt, Macau and I went after the elephants. We found that they were moving slowly down the river, and as this meant down wind, we could not approach from the rear. We got over the difficulty by making a detour which brought us in front of the herd, and waited for them to come up. In due time they appeared: four or five cows, some half-grown calves, and two tiny calves a few weeks old. They stopt soon after coming into view, and collected round a thick patch of bush to settle down for a midday rest. There was no bull, but the sight was so interesting, I made my way carefully to within twenty paces or so, and sat down to watch.

Presently Macau, whom I had left behind, made a really fine stalk. I had no idea he was anywhere near me till I felt his hand on my arm. Turning, I saw that he pointed in the direction whence the herd had come, and I was prepared for another elephant. But the object to which he wanted to draw my attention was a most beautiful leopard, only some twenty yards away. I was completely taken aback; there he sat upright on his haunches, watching me with the same intentness I had been bestowing on the elephants. We looked at him, and he looked at us—what he was thinking of, I can't say. *I* was thinking that if one dared fire, the bullet should be put into the black collar across the upper part of his chest. I did not fire; a shot would have caused a stampede

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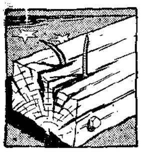

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BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES

Continued

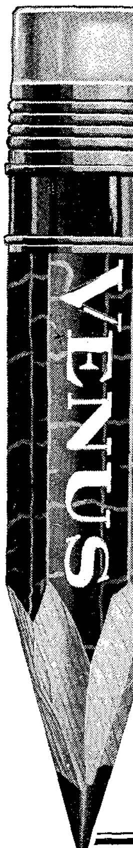
of the elephants, and they might have come right over us, so we and the leopard sat there gazing at each other. After a few moments he rose calmly, and, without the least hurry or concern, disappeared into the bush. The whole proceeding was so utterly unlike the usual conduct of his kind, I did not know what to make of it. Nor do I now. I can only conclude that he did not know there was a white man on the spot, and held the black one in contempt.

In East Africa Mr. Percival says, "More people are killed by leopards than by lions," and the leopard usually preys on the weakest—the women and children. His cunning increases as he takes to man-killing. There was a notorious man-eater in the Rumuruti district, but there was reason later to think he was cured of this small failing:

This leopard killed quite a number of people and terrorized the whole neighborhood. His last exploit was to attack a man as he sat cooking soup. Stealing close up behind, he rushed in and seized his victim in the act of taking the pot off the fire. With great readiness of resource, the man threw the boiling contents of the vessel over his shoulder, and tho his own back was badly scalded the leopard received his share, and left. Next day a sportsman who was shooting in the district organized a hunt, all available guns, including the local police, turning out, and after a drive along the banks of the river, shots and shouting from the police guarding the wings of the beat announced that the quarry had broken out and gone back into the bush behind the beaters. It was reported that he was wounded, but careful search failed to bring to light any trace of blood-spoor, and probably the wounds seen were the red scalds. Never again was anything heard of that man-killer. It was concluded that the boiling soup or the hustling, or both, had cured him of his taste for human prey.

A curious case of unprovoked attack by a leopard happened at Voi some years ago. The late Mr. R. Humphreys was the victim, and the scene of the encounter was the dak-bungalow. Humphreys told me that he had come out of the lighted room into the dark veranda. His eyes unaccustomed to the gloom, he was able just to see a something spring at him, and, thrusting out his hands, he seized and fell on top of it, shouting to his servant to bring his revolver as he did so. He held on, lying upon the leopard until the pistol was put into his hand, when he shot it. Humphreys was a heavy and powerful man and his theory was that, falling as he did on top of the beast, a small one, his weight broke its back; thus, of course, the hindquarters were paralyzed.

A good many young leopards are reared as pets, but their treacherous nature develops as they grow, and almost all end by becoming dangerous, if they do not sooner earn sentence of death or banishment by their unconquerable passion for destroying dogs. One of the few full-grown leopards that remained trustworthy, but only in a limited degree, was owned by a trader on the coast. He had been taken very young, and when I saw him was about two years old—a beautiful



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creature, and perfectly reliable with his owner. Strangers, however, did wisely not to trust him. He was a confirmed dog-slayer, but under the special circumstances this was a merit rather than a drawback, the only dogs in the district being mangy, half-starved pariahs in the Indian bazaar, of which there were vastly too many. This leopard's career as a pet came to an end in a curious way, and from no fault of his own. His owner used to fasten him up every night in the back regions of the house the last thing before he went to bed. One night, after he had chained the beast as usual, he was awakened by some animal moving about his room; concluding at once that his pet had slipped his collar he jumped out of bed and caught up a heavy kiboko (rhinoceros-hide whip). A leopard may be dependable by day, but all the savage instincts are alert by night, and X knew that safety lay in drastic measures. Wherefore he gript the kiboko, thrashed the beast thoroughly, driving it from his room and through the house to the back. Then, having given the leopard a severe lesson, he laid aside the whip and went to fasten him up again. To his utter amazement he found his own pet safely chained! He realized then that he had been flogging a wild leopard.

HOW THE BOA MISSED HIS CHICKEN DINNER

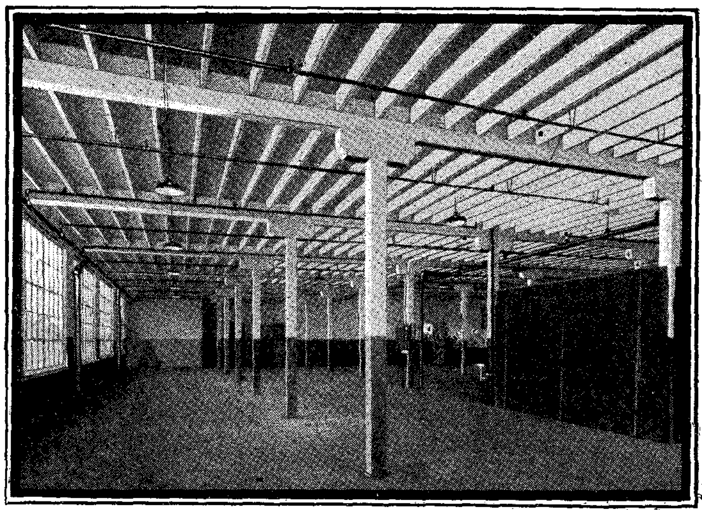
EVER since Eve listened too intently to what the serpent had to say, man has regarded this wily adviser as his natural enemy, and the very thought of a boa-constrictor fills many with a cold chill of terror. He is considered the master of hypnotic powers, which he uses as his evil nature dictates upon the terrorized victims, but at last the tale is told of one enormous boa-constrictor who met more than his match in a humble barnyard fowl, a mere hen named Iphigenia, thus suggesting strongly the reason of its entry into the serpent's cage—Iphigenia, the one to be sacrificed. But, strange to relate, such was not the sequel, as Ruth Rose, historian to the Beebe expeditions, tells in *The Pictorial Review* (New York):

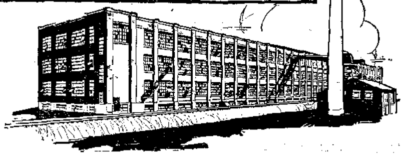
Prince was responsible for it all. He stood in the door of the bungalow one afternoon, large brown eyes fixt on his master's face, with the anxious concentration of those who find the barrier of language insurmountable.

This sounds like a dog story, but Prince, despite his name and expressive eyes, was not a faithful canine; he was, and is, an Akawai Indian, employed to hunt, in the jungles of British Guiana, such beasts as will supply the members of the Tropical Research Station with suitable food. What he brings in is not always a recognized form of nourishment according to the standards of less isolated communities, but the prejudice born of habit is easily overcome, and we feast on monkey meat with never a cannibalistic qualm, and find stewed parrot or roast armadillo as palatable as turkey or mutton.

On this particular day Prince was rather shamefaced. He brought us nothing to eat but one small tinamou, a partridge-like jungle bird that would make scarcely a mouthful apiece for eight hungry and hardworking zoologists. Its pitiful inadequacy was so apparent that its slayer realized something must be done to save

Big Business Builds The Ferguson Way





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BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES

Continued

his reputation as a good provider; so, squirming under the reproachful looks that were leveled at him across microscopes and paint-boxes, he murmured placatingly, "Big *camoodie* in my field."

If his object was to divert our minds from food, he was completely successful. All work was abandoned and we crowded round him to gather details. With Prince's scanty English vocabulary and our even smaller store of Akawai, eked out with many gestures and expressive grunts, we managed to learn that a very large boa ("How big, Prince?" "Big, big!") had been lying in the same place for two days, and that since he had chosen the center of his cassava-field for his repose, agriculture had completely lost its charm for Prince.

Two days without moving implied that the reptile had eaten recently. The boa-constrictor has never adopted the Fletcherizing principle, and, having swallowed six weeks' nourishment in one complete piece, he wisely lies quiet and meditates for a space, unwilling or unable to indulge in athletic pursuits. So we felt sure that next day we should find this particular *camoodie* in the spot where Prince had gladly left him. In any case the brief tropic dusk was already upon us, and even the most ardent collector has no great craving to hunt large boas after dark.

Next morning we made an early start. Our enthusiasm for the quest may seem inexplicable, but it is a matter of taste, and we were vastly inspired by the prospect of capturing another interesting specimen, thus fulfilling a part of the mission for which the station is supported by the New York Zoological Society.

Our small and erratic motor-boat could not accommodate the whole staff, so we drew lots for the lucky four. Green-eyed, the rest of the party watched our departure, and, heartlessly pleased at our good fortune, the director of the station, his assistant, the artist, and myself set forth "top-side Mazaruni" in search of the hut that belonged to the Indian that planted the cassava that sheltered the serpent.

Our destination was probably not more than ten miles from Kartabo Point, where the station is located. The landing is at one of the few rocky places on these shores, a narrow path trodden into mud by the bare feet that pick their way between the stones to the water's edge. The village consists of half a dozen thatched roofs, wall-less huts that are the ultimate word in simplicity.

While we unloaded nets, cameras, and guns we were surrounded by naked brown children and mangy, distrustful dogs. Prince was expecting us, and we set off at once to the cassava-field, escorted by the entire population, who were one and all convulsed with mirth.

So far as those Indians went we were the comedy hit of the season. Prince took us more seriously, having been involved in our inexplicable activities for months, but to his family and neighbors our looks, our purpose in coming, in fact, our very existence, were too funny for words. We had heard of a giant *camoodie*, and instead of being thankful that he was far away, we had actually hurried to the scene anxious to get to close quarters with the creature. Of course we were mad, and it was all extremely comic.

For half a mile we followed Prince along

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a narrow trail through thick jungle, where, now that the sun was high, there were few sounds. Now and then the whiplike call of a gold-bird cut the drowsy stillness, which was also broken by the giggles of our attendant gallery. We skirted a ravine, crossed it on a huge felled tree, and emerged into a hillside clearing where the glaring sunlight smote us a dazzling blow. Half-way up the hill an advance guard, an Indian clad in a scarlet loin-cloth, mounted a great stump and beckoned us on.

A large tree lay across our path, more than waist-high from the ground, and on it shimmering coils were piled, gleaming with shades of rusty red and marked in sharp contrasts of black and white. It was my first sight of a really big snake at large, and at the moment I estimated his length to be somewhere in the neighborhood of forty feet. We laid down our impedimenta.

The Indians realized for the first time that an unarmed advance upon the reptile was contemplated, and we had no need to ask for elbow-room.

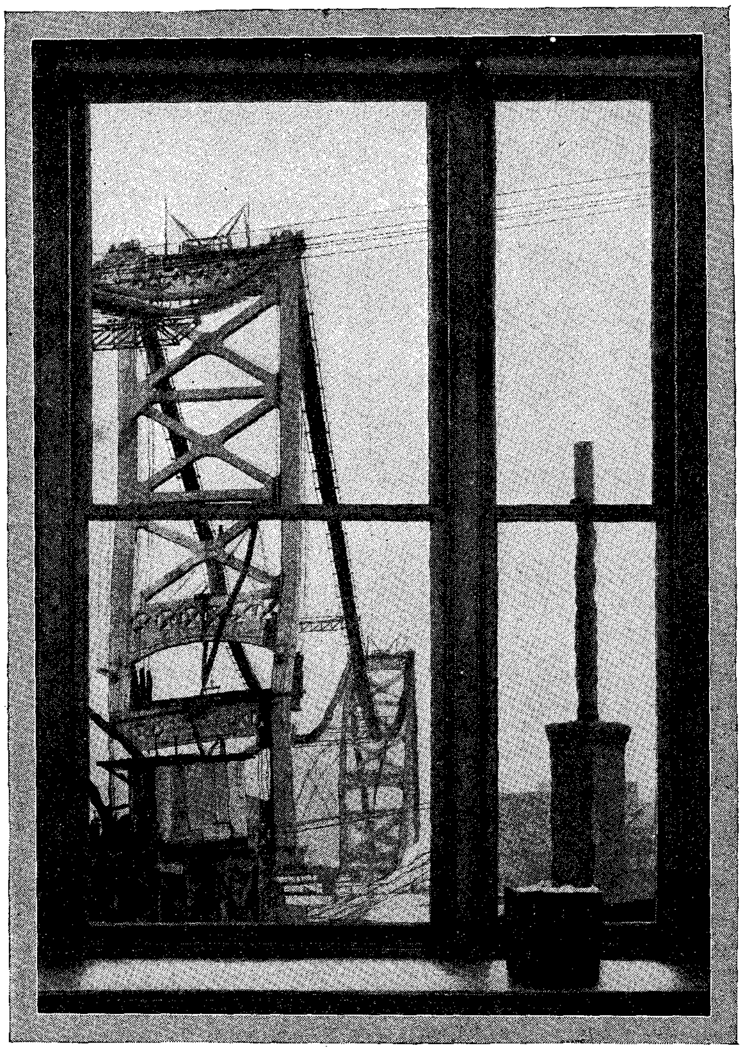
Front seats were at no premium for that audience, says Miss Rose; the last row in the balcony was good enough for them, and they retired there modestly and contentedly, mirthful no longer, for this was madness even beyond laughter. She proceeds:

Holding at arm's length before us the heavy seine with which we were accustomed to make fish-hauls, we advanced stealthily in open formation. We hoped the snake was sleeping, but how can one tell? A snake has no eyelids to lower in token of his drowsiness; he merely withdraws his consciousness from external things and sleeps or ponders.

When we were about five feet away, a great flat head, whose bulging jaws formed a triangle, lifted slightly from the mass of coils. The boa was not asleep, and regarded us untroubled. It must have been a good many years since he had been seriously worried by the chance of an attack. Zoological collectors were outside the range of his experience, and since attaining his present size all other animals had eagerly respected his wish for solitude and privacy. But at length the idea dawned upon him that all was not well, that this intrusion was actually directed at him.

There was a rending hiss, as tho some one had pulled the emergency cord, and the huge head lunged forward with a driving power behind it that would have bowled over a man if it had struck straight. We gave a grateful thought to the toughness and flexibility of the seine as the attack fell harmlessly within its meshes, affording us a splendid view of the snake's dental equipment and width of gape. For a moment his head swung from side to side, as tho he summed up the forces arrayed against him, and then the bulky coils began to shift as he commenced his unhurried, dignified retreat. All round the felled tree was a tangle of underbrush; once in that and a capture would have been a doubtful and unpleasant affair.

Maddened by the thought of losing such a fine specimen, the director forgot precautions, net and all. Dropping his end of the seine, he grasped wildly at the sliding heap before him, and got the reptile by the tail, which is not the choice position for handling a boa. His assistant nobly followed suit and obtained a more scientific hold just behind the jaws, and as the whole mass slithered off the tree, the artist and I



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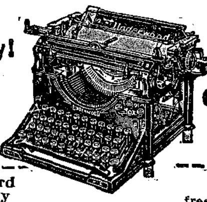

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BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES

Continued

cast ourselves upon the humping, thrashing coils between head and tail. I can remember hoping very ardently that the gentleman with the head-hold would not lose his grip.

After the lapse of an extremely active ten minutes the snake's head was tied in a cloth bag which we had thoughtfully brought with us. We paused long enough to take photographs of our triumphant group, and then started riverward in single file, each with a portion of snake draped over the right shoulder. It looked like a tropical version of bringing in the Yule log, or the local fire company bringing in the hose.

We were so pleased with ourselves that the return trip did not seem long, tho our captive was no light burden.

The serpent was installed in a neat bungalow of his own, made of a large wooden box faced with stout wire and placed in the compound near the row of tents which were our bedrooms. Not far away was the little bird-house perched on a pole, the residence of Mishkin, our well-beloved pet monkey. He persisted in pantomimic *schrecklichkeit* until, fearing that his facial muscles would be permanently injured by the strain to which they were subjected, we turned the open front of the snake's cage at such an angle that Mishkin was no longer affronted by the sight of the arch-enemy of his people.

Now comes the real story, or, as Miss Rose puts it:

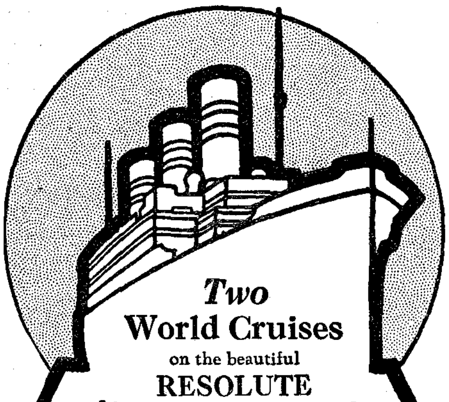
Here at last the dove enters. One day the director asked, "Has that boa had anything to eat?" This was the question I had been dreading, for one of my duties was to feed the live creatures that we had as specimens and pets, and I knew that a boa would not think of eating anything that he had not killed himself. It is the kosher law of the race, and while I knew that it must be complied with if we hoped to get the snake to the Bronx Zoo alive, I shrank from the thought of casting any living thing to this dreadful fate. Such illogical sentimentality in a would-be zoologist was sure to be unfavorably received, so I merely answered that so far as I knew, the boa had broken neither bread nor bones since becoming our guest.

"Then," said the director, "suppose you run over to Hope's and buy a chicken?" And as I walked, not ran, drearily on my heartless errand, he called after me, "Look them over and pick out the right size."

Only from a jungle laboratory would one go on such a mission—shopping for a chicken to fit a boa-constrictor. Unwillingly I went to Hope, our nearest, in fact, our only neighbor, a gentleman of such mixed parentage that a word was coined to designate his race, so that he and the rest of the half-, quarter-, and third-breeds who live in the interior are locally known as "bovianders."

Hope and his family of unfathomed ramifications and degrees of relationship have a sort of dwelling not far from our camp. It is a shaky hut patched together from old Dutch bricks.

I negotiated for the form-fitting chicken, hoping that I had a good eye for dimensions. Hens have always seemed to me more deserving than any other animal of the adjective "dumb," and the only time



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I ever really liked one was after it was broiled; but my whole heart went out in sympathy to this scrawny, leggy creature as I carried it back. The peculiarly inexpressive countenance of the fowl seemed to my excited sensibilities to denote dread and horror, and I read in its glassy eye an anguished appeal for mercy that was almost more than I could bear. There on the spot she was christened Iphigenia. Nothing less nobly classic would have been worthy of her sacrificial fate.

At the door of the serpent's cage I paused and nerved myself by repeating the phrase with which the director always encourages us in any special stress. Muttering feverishly, "It's all for science," I cast the poor victim into the arena and ran shuddering in the opposite direction. At least I did not have to watch the result of my dreadful deed.

All day I carefully avoided the neighborhood of the scene of slaughter, but ever and anon I was troubled by remorseful thoughts of Iphigenia, crouching in the farthest corner from the doom which slowly, relentlessly, horribly approached. Memories of Kaa and the Bandar-Log added the ghastliness of mesmerization to the imaginary torture-chamber, and by evening I was thoroughly unnerved. Not so Iphigenia.

On my way to bed, armed with a flashlight, I cast a terrified glance into the snake's den, and beheld her sleeping, head instinctively turned toward a scraggy, wholly inadequate wing. Back in the lurking shadows was a dim mass of loops and coils, motionless, portentous, awe-inspiring—at least to me. It seemed incredible that Iphigenia could sleep in such a presence. Perhaps she was only feigning unconsciousness, or perhaps she was already hypnotized. Even if her sleep were natural, it was a fearful situation. Several times I woke to the silence of the jungle night, a silence made up of a thousand sounds, and listened, unwilling yet fascinated, for any noise that should presage the consummation of the sacrifice.

But in the morning the situation was still in suspense, and we read on:

The serpent had not moved and the victim was strolling about the small quarters, pecking briskly at stray bits of dirt and splinters with an unconcern that was truly sublime, whether it was real or feigned. Evidently the snake was not yet ahungered, but his prospective meal must be kept in good condition. Feeling rather like the witch in "Hänsel und Gretel," I strewed corn in the cage, and Iphigenia fell to with a will, displaying either an admirable bravado or a pitiable ignorance. My anti-hen propensities inclined me to the latter explanation of her behavior.

We were worried over the situation, but gradually the wind of our sympathies shifted, until from anticipatory grief over the dove's long-delayed demise it blew strongly from the quarter of concern for the serpent. I continued to feed Iphigenia in the cage and, like Daniel in another sort of den, no manner of hurt was found upon her. Indeed, she apparently assumed that the entire arrangement had been conceived for her especial benefit and well-being. Even when the snake became more active, her poise was not shaken for a moment. One day I saw the reptile uncoil and start to move slowly round the confines of the box, which was so small for his proportions that he formed an endless chain, two loops wide, all round the sides.

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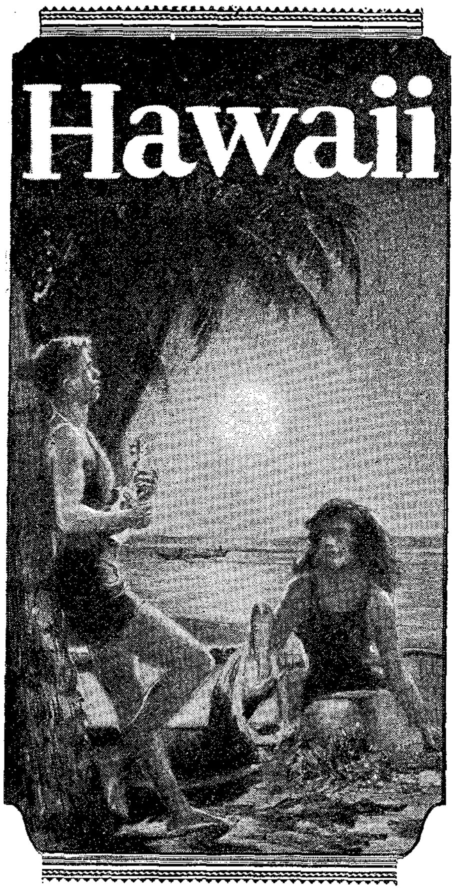
BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES

Continued

> Iphigenia stood in the clear space in the middle, a reflective eye cocked at this innovation; having considered the matter with that cool judgment for which she later became famous, she stept calmly aboard and was borne deliberately and majestically round and round on a sort of slowed-down scenic railway. She rode sideways, of course, yielding gracefully to the easy motion of her steed, and I am sure she thought all this had been arranged with the idea of giving her some healthful exercise. Her sharp claws probably acted as spurs to the snake as well as clamps for her, for his speed was noticeably increased and his promenade much prolonged. This became Iphigenia's favorite sport, and she spent much time in surveying with evident relish the somewhat limited panorama that passed before her, when the snake saw fit to indulge her fondness for a little ride.
>
> Of course such an unnatural state of affairs could not last. The climax was bound to come, and as the serpent's memories of his last meal grew dim, anticipations of the next one began to take their place. Came a day when the incidental music for the scene should have been of the most shivery, when the cold eye of the great snake lit upon the plump form of his cage-mate, and for the first time he saw in her the makings of a meal.
>
> Slowly the huge flat head lifted, slowly it stretched out, angling toward the spot where Iphigenia stood, magnificently intrepid, giving not an inch before the menace of this deliberate advance. The audience waited breathless for the heroine to be cut off in the flower of her youth, when the snake paused within easy striking distance; as tho to make certain of his prey's identity and position, the sensitive, tactile tongue flickered delicately toward Iphigenia, almost touching her. And she, with perfectly magnificent presence of mind, bit it!
>
> It may have been sheer valor; on the other hand, perhaps she thought it was a worm. In any case the serpent was utterly cowed and his spirit broken forever. He huddled, cringing, in the farthest corner, and never again ventured forth so long as the hen with the heart of oak was on the premises. Our pent-up excitement broke forth in a loud cheer, and we sang "Chickens Never, Never, Never Shall Be Slaves" in honor of our gallant fowl.

There was now no doubt as to who ruled the roost. For, as Miss Rose relates:

> The snake would still resent a human spectator of his humiliated estate by a prolonged and venomous hiss, but Iphigenia ignored this boorishness as one who dismisses with a shrug the accustomed eccentricities of a relative. Meanwhile she grew larger, and when it was discovered that she now made it her habit to roost each night on her intimidated fellow lodger, the director called a halt. I think his reptilophile sympathies were outraged by this final indignity.
>
> "You must take that hen out of the cage," quoth he one day. "She is going to hurt that poor snake."
>
> So I opened the door, keeping a wary eye on the serpent's movements, and spoke softly to Iphigenia, requesting her to come forth. But did she eagerly grasp the opportunity to lead a larger life? Not at all. She regarded the snake's cage as



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her sphere of usefulness, and also as the place where her right there was none to dispute. What was to have been a gracious act of deliverance on my part ended in an awkward scramble to drag out a protesting erstwhile sacrifice, who fought against the freedom of the great open spaces like a confirmed slum-dweller.

I cast her forth, both of us much ruffled, and her indignant squawks made the next hour vociferous. When she became more composed he did a sort of sentry-go before the wire front of the cage, pausing to peer in wistfully at her snake, now delivered from the horrors of henpecking. Now and then she minced as far as Mishkin's territory, whereupon he emitted a short yelp of alarmed disgust and hastily climbed his pole. Sometimes the hens from Hope's flock strayed into our compound, and tho they were never welcome, we hoped that Iphigenia would rejoin her kind and perhaps fill her now empty life with family cares.

At first she paid them small attention, but one day after she had exhausted herself in attempts to reenter the cage, she turned to the other hens for companionship. It was the old, old story, however; those who had never wandered from the narrow path of every-day life turned with fierce, intolerant cries upon the creature who for a month had lived with a snake, and drove her from the tribe, leaving sundry featherless scars upon her in lieu of a "scarlet letter." Then they withdrew with clucks of affronted virtue, shooing the young pullets before them.

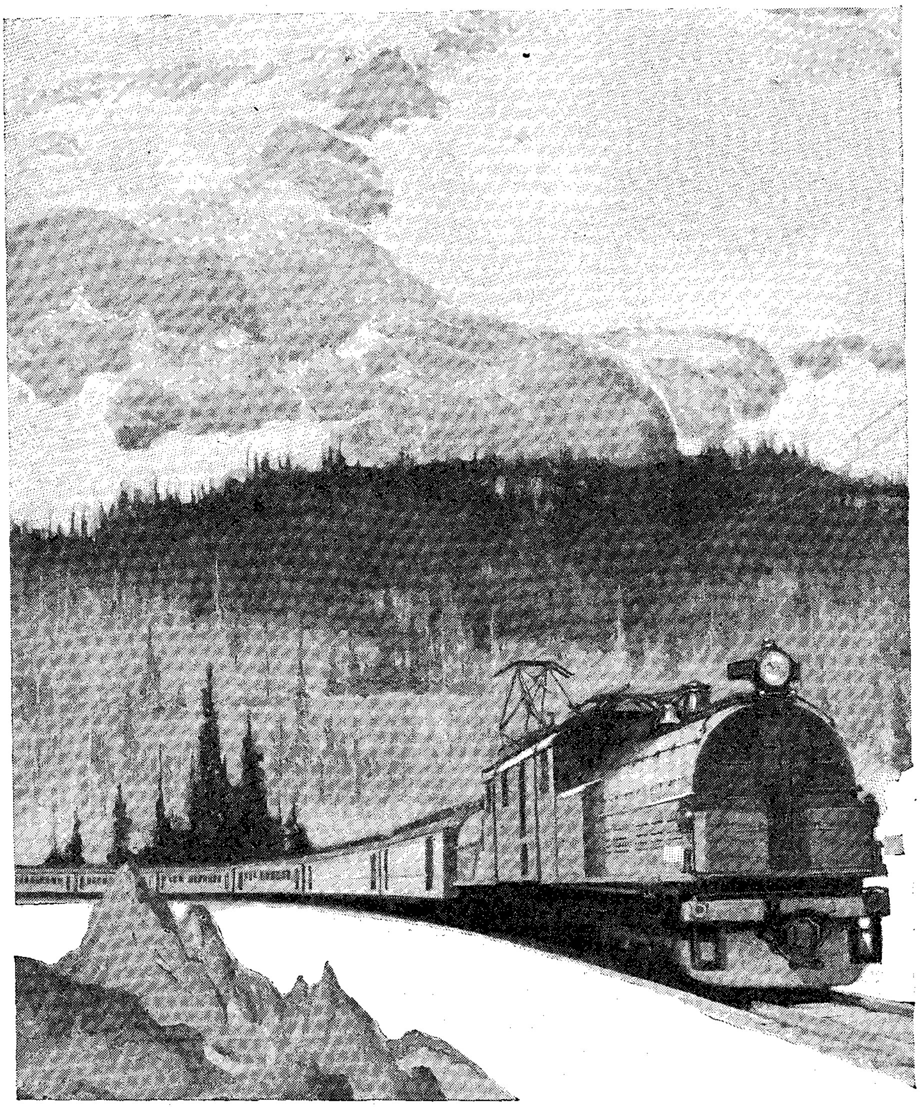
Yet another blow was to fall upon Iphigenia's fated head. By a northbound friend of the station we had the opportunity to send to New York the specimens, dead and alive, that we had so far collected. Among these was the serpent.

It seemed that he considered honor lost, and wished only to sink into an obscure and ignominious grave with the greatest possible dispatch, for since the triumph of the fowl he had consistently refused to look at anything that we offered him in the way of food.

We had betrayed him once, he thought, and jungle rats and young opossums might prove as untrustworthy and untrained for gastronomic purposes as the feathered creature who had made him what he was. So we sent him away, cage and all, hoping that forcible feeding, as practised on such cases at the Zoological Park, and a change from the scene of his downfall, would restore him to health, and perhaps to happiness.

When Iphigenia woke next morning she hurried to her accustomed post, but only desolation met her eye. The spot formerly occupied by her cherished abode was empty, and there was no one to tell her why. All day she searched the compound, giving vent to her distress in subdued, bewildered cackles, and long after the hour when she should have gone to rest her dolorous cries told us that she was still in a state of agitation bordering on hysteria.

Next day she was resigned in the calmness of despair. For the rest of the time that we stayed in our jungle laboratory Iphigenia was a pitiful, ever-present reproach to us. Of course in a way she had come off rather well, but to perish according to plan might on the whole have proved a happier fate. She languished on or near the site of the old homestead, uncomprehending but faithful to her memories. We were moved to pity and console, but tho she accepted our proffered titbits, she never strayed far from the spot where she had once reigned supreme,



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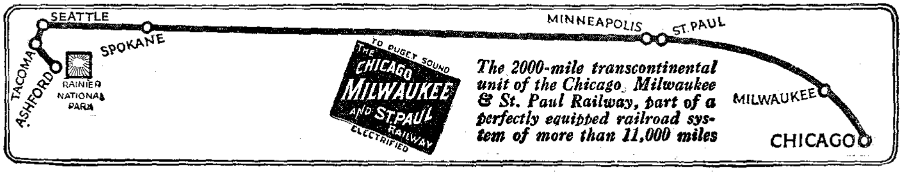

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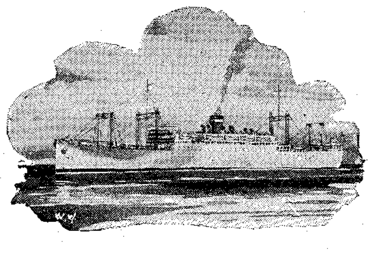

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BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES

Continued

probably the only hen in history who ever was a snake-charmer.

The moral of this tale ought to be something about not counting on your chicken's disposition before it is scratched. Everything about Iphigenia was unusual, and nothing concerning her turned out as we expected. It was impossible to predict on the subject, as was demonstrated to us even at the last moment. We had broken camp after eight busy months of intensive jungle studies and were departing down the great river on the first stage of our northward journey.

Looking back at the deserted compound, that already had that indescribably desolate look on an abandoned abiding-place, we beheld Iphigenia, christened too rashly in a poetic moment. She stood forlornly, but plucky to the last, for as we looked she stiffened, rose on her toes, and raucously laboriously, gave utterance to—his first crow!

We want to design a coat-of-arms for Iphigenia and his descendants, if any, for his doughty deeds should be commemorated, but an unfinished argument has left the work also incomplete. There was no discussion of the design; that is, of course, a serpent *couchant;* but we are divided into two parties over the crest. One camp maintains that it should read "Bold as a lion," while the other skeptical to the last, holds out for "Know nothing, fear nothing."

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> Have you ever watched the flight of birds? And have you never been astonished to see the ease with which a pigeon, for instance, flies straight to his pigeon-cote if released at a great distance from it? Have you not been surprized to find how a bat, whose vision is very elementary, catches small insects at night? Here is what the celebrated naturalist Fabre says about it:
>
> "At the approach of cold weather, and sometimes without apparent cause, the lemmings abandon their customary abode, the high mountains of Norway, to undertake a long sea-voyage. The emigrant band, composed of myriads of individuals, proceeds in a straight line across all obstacles without ever turning aside from its goal."
>
> Special senses? specific instinct, do you tell me? These are but words. No! the pigeon does not start immediately for his home; he rises in the air, turns his beak to the wind, as if deciding on his flight before he fixes upon his direction. It is neither

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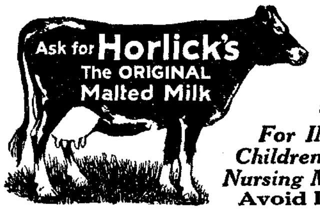

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the delicacy of their hearing nor the acuteness of their smell that favors the hunting of the bat. We must find other explanations. The lemmings can not possibly select, at great distance, amid all the noises and odors coming to them from all directions, precisely those that emanate from the point where they wish to go.

We know that glow-worms, fireflies, etc., emit luminous rays; that certain fish, such as the torpedoes, generate electricity. It is only one step further to assert that living creatures may give out radiations similar to the Hertzian waves, and that other creatures are able to detect them.

It has already been noted that numerous insects are provided with antennæ whose use has never been explained. On the other hand, the inner ear of most living creatures includes a special organ whose functions naturalists have not yet ascertained. This consists of semi-circular canals, usually three arranged in mutually perpendicular planes. It has been remarked that these canals have exceptional directive properties, and that animals deprived of them seem overcome with stupor and turn about without being able to decide where to go. An important detail is the fact that these canals contain a liquid particularly sensitive to the action of a magnetic field. It is known that a radioelectric transmitter creates around it a variable magnetic field, and we may thus imagine that the semi-circular canals of the ear form a receiver capable of registering these variations.

The carrier-pigeon electrifies itself by friction with the air. It rises and falls, thus forming between the earth and himself an actual variable air condenser; then, when the proper balance has been achieved, he shoots forth into space. The radiations emitted by the insects themselves guide the bat in its nocturnal chase. It is the radiations sent forth by the shoals of fish that they are seeking, which guide the lemmings in the direction that they follow with mathematical exactitude.

Let me quote you an experiment of Fabre that I pointed out to Mr. Givelet, vice-president of the Radio Club of France, who has devoted an article to my theories, in *The Radio Revue*. Certain insects, shut in a cage, attract at a distance of several miles other insects of the same species, whereas if the former are enclosed in an insulating glass vessel, the attraction no longer takes place.

What shall we conclude? Who knows whether, if all living beings emit waves, we may not come to recognize the character of microbes by their emitted radiation? Perhaps it will be possible, by means of opposing rays, to annul the effect of their own.

However this may be, allow me to put forth an appeal to all entomologists, all naturalists, all physicists, even to all amateurs, that all of them who have the opportunity will investigate further this question, which possibly is destined to overthrow the data of a branch of our present-day science.

Identified.—At a lecture the speaker orated fervently: "He drove straight to his goal. He looked neither to the right nor to the left, but prest forward, moved by a definite purpose. Neither friend nor foe could delay him or turn him from his course. All who crossed his path did so at their own peril. What would you call such a man?"

"A truck-driver," shouted a voice from the audience.—*Dalton Breeze.*

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INVESTMENTS ▾ AND ▾ FINANCE

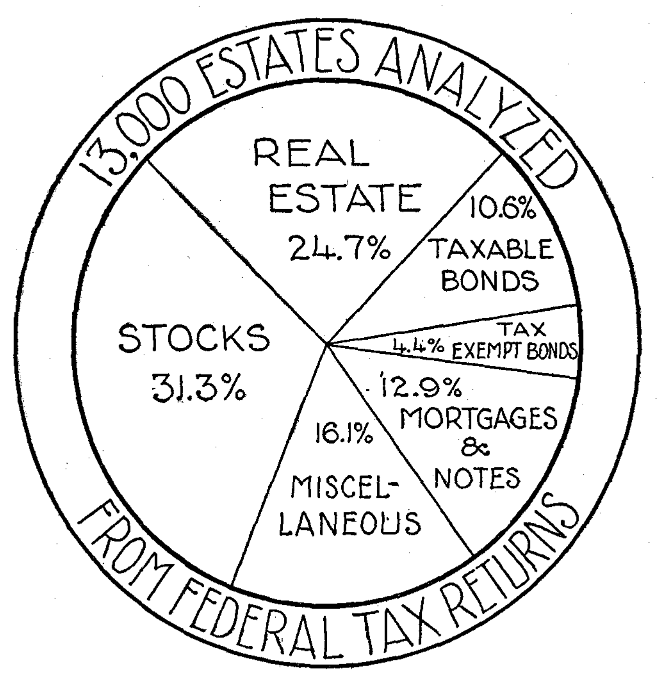
A CALL FOR A UNIVERSAL CURRENCY

ALONG WITH THE DEMAND for a universal language, like Esperanto, comes the conviction on the part of some business men that there ought to be something like a universal coinage, at least for the transaction of international business. It occurs to *The American Banker* (New York) that now, when so many foreign currency systems are being revamped, it might be a very good time to start something of the kind. It is recalled that before the war there was a marked tendency to standardize money:

> The Scandinavian Union, so it was called, composed of Sweden, Norway and Denmark, did so with the krone or crown. The even wider Latin Monetary Union performed a similar feat with the French, Belgian and Swiss franc, and even the Italian lira and the Greek drachma. Even the pound and the dollar were adopted as a basis for the currency of other countries. The movement toward coins of a similar gold content closely resembled that for the adoption by different countries of a like calendar and like weights and measures.
>
> The war, of course, pulverized these temporary and halting attempts to standardize money. The Latin Monetary Union particularly would find it difficult even to reconstitute on exactly its pre-war basis, with the Swiss franc practically on a gold basis and other members of the Union possessing impossibly inflated currencies. If and when all these foreign currencies are again restored to the gold standard, their gold content will not agree unless new coins are adopted with this particular view in mind.

But the existing arrangements of pre-war currency seem to this financial editor to afford unusual opportunity. He asks: "Since so many currencies must adopt standard coins of a new gold content, why could not this be done in such a way as to produce an even wider and more general uniformity among currencies than ever before?" The writer proceeds:

> Thus far the principal guiding factor in the restoration of the gold standard abroad has been the desire in each country to get back to the status of 1913. Yet this status was in itself defective and clumsy, and the world which in a financial way it symbolized is gone forever. By arranging an equitable ratio of exchange between the old coin and the new, gold resumption would in no way be hindered.
>
> In many countries, of course, such a scheme would necessitate the adoption of two instead of simply one gold currency unit. Yet the example of British pounds and guineas, the one equal to twenty and the other twenty-one shillings, goes to show that such a situation, while temporarily clumsy, is by no means impracticable.
>
> From a purely practical standpoint, of course, it may be questioned just how much value there would be to a universal gold content in national standard coinages. If its advantages were less than the extra cost of minting the new universal coins, the effort would be of purely academic value. Nevertheless, it seems a matter of regret that, since the world's coinage must be very generally remade, the opportunity can not be seized to improve upon the pre-war coinage situation rather than simply restore its defects as well as its merits piecemeal.



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HOW THE RICH INVEST

A LAND OF MORTGAGED HOMES

IN SIX OF OUR LARGEST STATES there are actually more homes carrying mortgages than there are free of debt. These States, according to a survey recently made by a real estate mortgage house, are New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and North Dakota, all but one of which may be counted among our richest and most prosperous commonwealths. Incidentally, the States having the smallest proportion of their homes under mortgage are New Mexico, Florida, Kentucky and Alabama. Noting these facts, Mr. George T. Hughes goes on to comment as follows in one of his financial articles for the Consolidated Press:

> Probably these differences represent the varying attitude of the people of these sections toward borrowing money for home-building. There are, of course, exceptions to every rule, but for most wage-earners and professional men with small income no valid objection can be raised toward borrowing money in conservative amount for the purpose of owning one's own home. It is better to pay interest on the mortgage than to pay rent, provided along with the interest payments you can pay off a part of the principal. The building-and-loan-association plan makes this reduction in principal obligatory, and so enables people to save who would never save in any other way.
>
> The situation is a little different when the mortgage is placed on a home already constructed. Then everything depends on the object for which the money is borrowed. Each case must be considered on its merits.
>
> There is also room for a difference of opinion as to the proper course about paying off a mortgage when one has funds in full which would be applied to that end. Most people prefer to liquidate the mortgage, but there is something to be said on the other side. If the same amount can be invested in readily marketable securities to return about as much in interest or dividends as the charges on the mortgage, it gives a desirable diversification of investment. It is much easier to dispose of one or more of the securities than it is to put a new mortgage upon real estate.

HOW RICH MEN INVEST—Through the Treasury Department's inspection of estates, which are subject to Federal inheritance tax if in excess of $50,000, there has come to light some interesting information on the make-up of large fortunes. Certain Treasury Department figures based on an analysis of 13,000 estates are thus summed up by Ralph F. Couch in his Business Day by Day newspaper service:

> Thirty-one and three-tenths per cent. of these estates, taken in the aggregate, are made up of stocks. This is an average of the smaller and larger estates. In the smaller estates the investment in stocks is much less than in the larger.
>
> The investment in tax-exempt bonds of both Federal and other units of Government is 4.4 per cent. of the total taxable estate. The investment in taxable bonds is 10.6 per cent. The total bond investment is a slightly larger percentage in the smaller and medium-sized estates than in the larger ones.
>
> After stocks, real estate is the second important item of

dings, constituting nearly one-quarter the taxable estate. Mortgages and notes, many of which probably are secured y real estate, constitute 12.9 per cent. of the total.

Real estate holdings are a larger percentage of the smaller and medium estates than of the very large estates. The same is true of mortgages, notes and similar holdings.

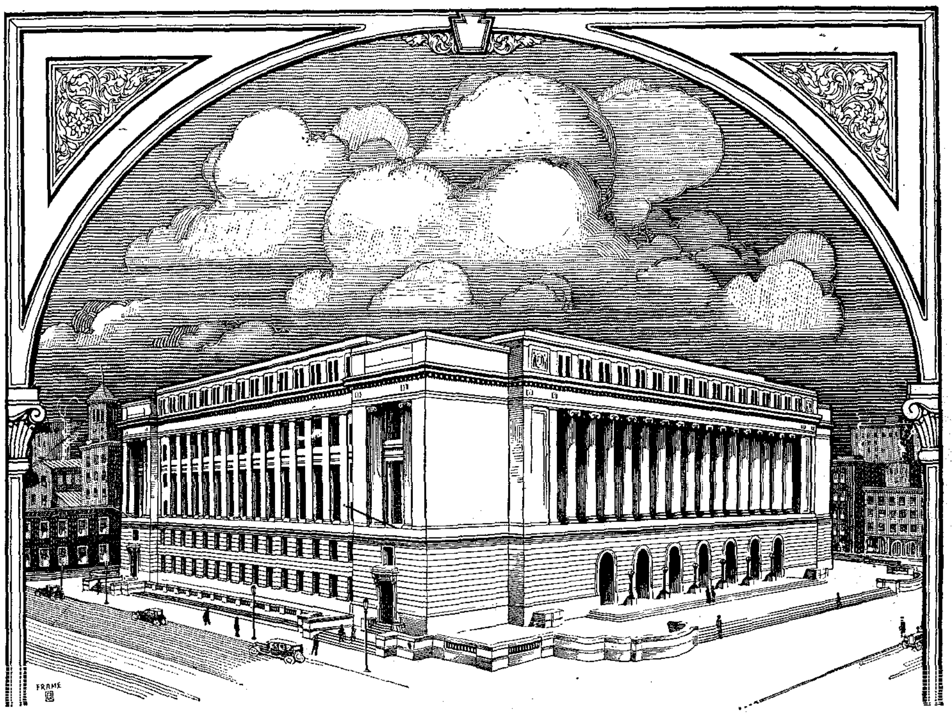
STYLE CHANGES AND TEXTILE PROFITS

"FASHIONS play an important part in determining the sales of textiles and materially increase the risks involved in carrying stocks." And so we are soberly reminded by *Commerce Reports*, published by Mr. Hoover's department, that manucturers ought to give careful study to style requirements and style changes. As an illustration of what sudden changes of style bring about, the Chicago *Journal of Commerce* calls attention to the recent news from London that "the English textile industry, which has been hard hit by the shortening of women's dresses, is beginning to boom as a result of the adoption by young Englishmen of Oxford bags, which are an even wider version of the wide, loose trousers known in the United States as bell-bottoms." This editor further reflects that:

> It is not only in the making of women's dresses and in men's trousers that an increase or a decrease of the material used may have a tremendously important effect a great industry. The hide-and-leather business has undergone a similar experience. Shoes have continually been growing smaller and smaller.
>
> The day when every man wore high shoes all the time has passed. Nearly everybody wears Oxfords for a considerable part of the year, and many men wear them the year around. And when one glances down at the foot of the female of the species, one must reflect that a single side of leather would probably make a bushelful of the tiny things that women nowadays call shoes.
>
> If we look up from the feet to the head, we find an equally radical change. What is the barber's gain is the hairnet manufacturer's loss. Bobbing caused an immense cut in the demand for hairnets. And it inflicted tremendous hardships on the hairpin manufacturers.

One of the Commerce Department's foreign representatives emphasizes in *Commerce Reports* that one reason for the preeminence of Paris as a style center is the close and friendly cooperation between the producer of fabrics and the dressmaking establishments. One British firm which realizes this situation employs twenty designers in Paris and pays the French silk manufacturers ten thousand francs a year for small clippings of new materials. This informant gives us a glimpse of the way new styles come into being in the world's style center:

> In preparing the motifs for foreign markets, the designers are aided by ideas and sketches submitted by scouting parties who operate in the Levant, the United States, the Far East, Egypt, and other African countries. One of the oldest libraries



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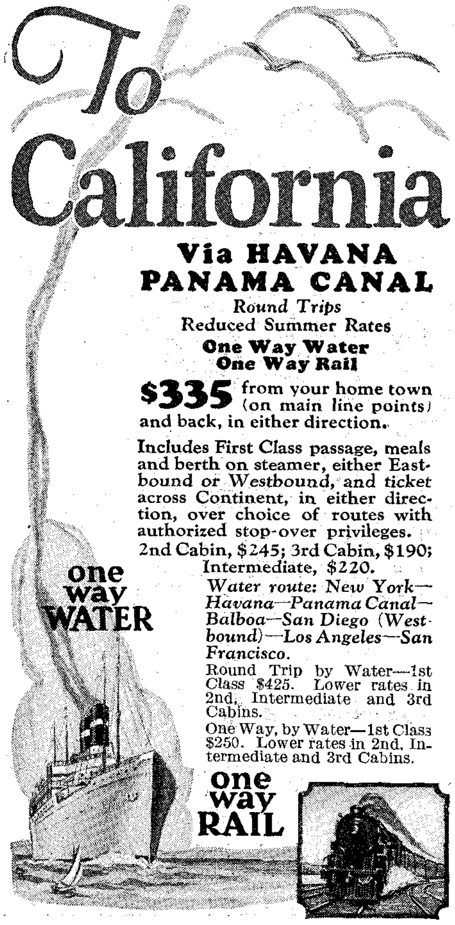

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE

Continued

of designs, including some dating back to 1815, is also maintained for ready reference.

Colors do not rotate in a cycle. In the field of color, modern art exerts a considerable influence. The vogue of pastel shades this spring and summer is largely a reflection of the dominant tones used in the paintings of several popular Parisian artists. During the preceding two years, somber shades, more particularly black, were favored. This was attributed by a French designer largely to the fact that many women were in mourning as a result of the war. Recently, a Paris milliner produced a few hats in a fuchsia shade. Women accepted the color, which was soon seen everywhere in Paris, in both hats and gowns.

Adaptations of classical and natural designs—varying from large checks, squares, or other rather symmetrical figures to large floral motifs, sometimes woven into the fabric in the better materials, but more often printed—were most commonly observed in Paris during the spring openings. The effect of the international mental diversion, cross-word puzzles, seems to be reflected in the large squares. Futuristic designs continue to be popular, some of them being rather grotesque; others imitate a new style of French painting, described as "abstracting the essence of a subject," which often produces rather weird effects.

FOREIGN-OWNED BANKS IN NEW YORK

LAST month marked the launching of the third foreign-owned bank to be opened in New York in the last two years. This, as *The American Banker* notes, is the Banco di Sicilia Trust Company, which has a capital stock of $550,000 and is controlled by the Banco di Sicilia of Italy. This bank can do a regular deposit-banking business under our bank and trust laws, and Wall Street bankers admit that it will undoubtedly attract the business of many Italians in this country. New York City alone has over half a million Italian-born citizens, altho the so-called "Italian bloc" consists only of immigrants coming to this country since about 1900. This, we are told, "includes people of the somewhat better educated class than those who came to this country formerly. It is rather expected that they will patronize largely banks of their own nationality where they can do so conveniently, as now seems perfectly feasible." But Wall Street authorities are said to doubt very much whether the time will ever come when foreigners of all nationalities will be served exclusively by banks of the countries of their birth. The Italian situation is spoken of as the exception rather than the rule. Incidentally the two other foreign-owned banks recently opened in New York are the Banco Commerciale Italia Trust Company, owned by the Banco Commerciale of Italy; and the Anglo-South-American Trust Company, owned by the Anglo-South-American Bank of London.

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AMERICAN EXPERTS TO REFORM CHILEAN FINANCE

NOT in Europe alone are American financial experts being called upon to lend a hand to economic rehabilitation and fiscal reform. Prof. E. W. Kemmerer, who has served as fiscal adviser to a number of Governments, and who assisted the Dawes committee last year, in 1923 helped reorganize the finances of one South American country and recently sailed to do the same work for another. We are reminded in *The Grace Log* (New York) that in 1923 the Princeton economist organized at the request of the Government of Colombia, the American Commission of Financial Advisers for Colombia, of which he was chairman. "Pursuant to this Commission's recommendations, Colombia returned to the gold standard, established a central bank, and a comprehensive program of fiscal reform was undertaken which has enabled Colombia rapidly to recover from a severe depression and to face a greater future with a modern system of banking and taxation." Professor Kemmerer explains that his mission has nothing to do with politics, that he is "merely going to try to be useful to the Chilean Government in an advisory way." He declines to discuss the possible measures he and his associates would recommend for the solution of Chile's problems. But the editor of *The Grace Log*, noticing the make-up of the party headed by Professor Kemmerer is convinced that they intend to accomplish some such program as this:

First: Currency reform. Putting the monetary system on a gold instead of the present paper basis.

Second: Advisability of establishing a central bank analogous to the Federal Reserve Bank.

Third: Revising the tax system.

Fourth: Adding to the efficiency of government accounting.

Fifth: Government budget revision; and

Sixth: Reorganization of the customs administration.

CUSTOMERS AS CAPITAL

CUSTOMERS may rightly be regarded as capital, we read in *Forbes*. Employers should realize that each customer lost is equivalent to the burning of a handful of a concern's money. And Herbert N. Casson is quoted as saying to merchants:

> A customer buys $25 worth of goods from you every year. Your net profit on his $25 is about $2.50. This is the interest, at 5 per cent., on $50. So, this customer is as good as $50 of capital to you. A customer who spends $250 a year is equal to $500 capital. This being a fact, and not a theory, you should treat your customers as capital. When you think of Mrs. John Smith, you should think of her as $500 of capital. If you had only 1,000 Mrs. John Smiths, you would have $500,000 of capital, paying 5 per cent. Customers are not mere buyers. They are not outside people who come in to buy things. They are more important than the goods. They are more important than the system and routine of the shop. They are the very life of the business.

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CURRENT ▾ EVENTS

FOREIGN

July 1.—Foreign Secretary Austen Chamberlain suggests to the French Ambassador to Great Britain that the time is ripe for France to make an offer to settle her debt to Great Britain.

The British House of Lords is informed by the Admiralty that the naval base contemplated at Singapore is to be a comparatively minor establishment.

July 2.—Premier Painlevé wins a unanimous vote of confidence in the French Senate for the Government's program in Morocco. He announces that the number of killed and missing since the beginning of the war has not exceeded 400 men.

A new government for Southern China is formed in Canton, with Wu Hon-min, alleged to be of Bolshevik proclivities, as Civil Governor.

July 5.—The French Ministry of War issues a note saying that certain hitherto loyal tribes in Morocco have taken up arms with the Riffians and admitting that the situation is serious.

Provisional figures of the census show that the population of Germany is, roughly, 62,500,000, excluding the Saar region, the population of which is estimated at 750,000. Thus the population of the present Germany is about the same as the larger Germany was in 1908, whereas at the outbreak of the war it was about 68,000,000.

July 6.—General Stanislas Naulin, who commanded one of the French divisions in the World War, is made commander-in-chief of the French forces in Morocco, while Marshal Lyautey remains in an administrative and political capacity.

July 7.—French forces in Morocco win their first success in the newly launched offensive by repulsing the Riffians in the Taza sector and also on the upper Lieben front.

The French Chamber of Deputies ratifies the Washington Disarmament Conference treaties relating to China.

DOMESTIC

June 30.—Speaking before the tri-district convention of anthracite miners at Scranton, Pennsylvania, John L. Lewis, president of the United Mine Workers of America, threatens a nation-wide shut-down of bituminous mines to enforce the wage agreement signed in February, 1924, and asserts that the anthracite miners will not accept a reduction in wages under any circumstances.

Mrs. Edith Nourse Rogers, Republican, widow of Representative John Jacob Rogers, is elected to Congress from the fifth Massachusetts district over Eugene Noble Foss, Democrat.

While Santa Barbara begins digging itself out of the wreckage caused by the earthquake, more shocks, but of decreasing violence, shake the city.

Sixteen refrigerator-manufacturing firms plead guilty in the Federal Court in Chicago to violation of the Sherman anti-trust act, and are fined from $2,000 to $5,000 each.

July 1.—The United States Government begins a new fiscal year with a surplus for the year 1924-1925 of approximately $250,000,000.

A night air-mail service begins between New York and Chicago.

The United States fleet of fifty-three vessels leaves Honolulu for a visit to Australia.

July 2.—The tri-district convention of anthracite miners demands an increase of from 75 cents to $1.00 a day in wages and numerous changes in working conditions.

The French Ambassador, Emile Daeschner, notifies Secretary of State Kellogg that his Government recognizes the $4,000,000,000 war debt to the United States, and is preparing to enter into negotiations for its settlement.

July 3.—Covenants of peace in Europe will have the moral support of the United States, says President Coolidge at a patriotic celebration in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Six earth tremors shake Santa Barbara, but do not cause much damage.

July 4.—The Defense Day test is reported to have brought out a muster of about 15,000,000 men.

Forty-three people are killed and many are injured by the collapse of a dance-hall in the heart of Boston's Chinatown.

Fourth of July accidents, it is estimated, result in 250 deaths and the injury of 400 people, with automobile accidents and drownings at the head of the list. These figures are exclusive of those hurt and killed in the Boston disaster. Few accidents resulted from the use of fireworks.

July 6.—Federal Judge T. Blake Kennedy denies the Government's motion for a rehearing of the Teapot Dome lease annulment suit, sought on the ground that additional testimony for the Government is available.

Santa Barbara is again shaken by earthquake shocks. The number of deaths attributed to the first shock is now placed at thirteen.

July 7.—President Coolidge favors a reduction in taxes all along the line when the next Congress meets, according to a statement issued at White Court, Swampscott, Massachusetts.

Bernard M. Baruch, who was chairman of the War Industries Board, has given $250,000 to find a way to "take the profit out of war," according to an announcement by Owen D. Young, Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Walter Hines Page School of International Relations, to be established at Johns Hopkins University.

The Czecho-Slovakian Legation at Washington notifies the State Department that Czecho-Slovakia is ready to enter into immediate negotiations for the settlement of her debt of $91,000,000 to this country.

THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers will please bear in mind that no notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

again.—"A. E. T.," Morristown, N. J.—The correct pronunciation of the word *again* is *a-gen'*—*a* as in *final*, *e* as in *get*. Altho the pronunciation *a-gen'*—*a* as in *final*, *e* as in *prey*—is occasionally used in poetry, and is commonly heard in London and southern England, the first pronunciation given above predominates.

antonym.—"A. P. H.," Canaan, N. Y.—The word *antonym* means, "A word directly opposed to another in meaning; a counter-term: the opposite of *synonym*."

deleble, delible.—"E. M. H.," Dedham, Mass.—The word *deleble* may be spelled *delible*, the latter being a variant form. Thus, either spelling may be used.

depositary, depository.—"W. S. McN.," Los Angeles, Calif.—The word *depository*, in the sense of a place where anything is deposited or stored, dates from 1750. The word *depositary*, used in the same sense, dates from 1797. *Depositary*, in the sense of a person entrusted with money, jewels, or the like, was used as early as 1605, and may be found in the works of Shakespeare, Addison, and other well-known authors. This, it seems, is the more common form of the word in this sense. *Depository* is probably more commonly used in the sense of a place, rather than a person, altho cases may be cited from literature in which the two terms are used interchangeably in all senses.

epitome.—"J. G. G., Jr.," Nashville, Tenn.—The word *epitome* is pronounced *i-pit'o-mi*—first *i* as in *habit*, second *i* as in *hit*, *o* as in *obey*, final *i* as in *police*.

inasmuch.—"L. S. W.," White Bear, Minn.—This word is a solid compound and should be written unhyphenated.

goods.—"C. L. J.," Holdingford, Minn.—(1) The definition of *good* is, "3. *Plural.* Personal property; especially, portable chattels; in a still more restricted sense, commodities bought and sold; wares; merchandise: in a wider sense, property of any kind; formerly also used in the singular. 4. *Economics.* Anything capable of satisfying human wants and having exchangeable value: usually in the plural." In either sense, therefore, it is permissible to refer to a single article as *goods*. When indicating a single object prefer the article's own noun.

(2) The *Whig Party* disintegrated after the election of 1852. The *Republican Party* was organized in 1854 and "inherited both Whig and Federal traditions," the anti-slavery Whigs becoming Republicans and the pro-slavery Whigs joining the Democrats.

(3) *Millard Fillmore* was the candidate for the Presidency in 1856 of the American or Know Nothing Party, and a convention of what was left of the Whig Party ratified the nomination. He received the electoral vote of Maryland.

(4) In 1896, *William Jennings Bryan* was the nominee of both the People's (or Populist) Party and the Democratic Party.

graduate.—"K. B.," Moultrie, Ga.—The use of the verb *graduate* in the intransitive has been condemned by purists but is now well established. Thus, one may correctly say "He *was graduated* from a university" or "He *graduated* from a university."

Kiwanis.—"A. M. G.," Everett, Mass.—The word *Kiwanis* is the name of a large number of clubs in the United States and Canada. It is correctly pronounced *Ki-wa'nis*—first *i* as in *police*, *a* as in *art*, second *i* as in *hit*. The term *Kiwanian* means a member of the club which was first organized in Detroit in 1915. The Kiwanian principles are fair dealing and the observance of the golden rule in private, civic, social, and business life.

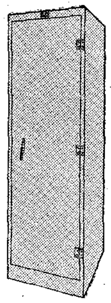
nibs.—"F. K.," Woodbridge, N. J.—*Nibs* is a playful title, bordering on the vulgar, given usually satirically, to a person in authority.

salt, salty.—"J. S. D.," Powhatan, La.—The word *salt* is a verb, adjective, or noun, but *salty* is an adjective and has been in the English language since 1563. It means, "tasting somewhat like or of salt; containing salt; saltish; as, the soup is too *salty*."

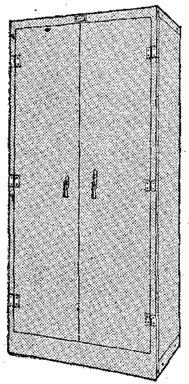
suit, suite.—"R. H., Jr.," Bayonne, N. J.—Either word, *suit* or *suite*, is correct when used in connection with furniture. The word *suite* is pronounced *swit*—*i* as in police.

to get shed, shet, or **shut of.**—"J. C. B.," Oklahoma City, Okla.—These phrases mean "to be relieved or rid of." They date from about 1500 and with the word *shut* have been in use steadily through the centuries to our own time. See Stevenson and Osbourne's "Wrecker," Chapter XXII: "Your family pays money *to be shed of you*." As a dialectism, meaning "to get rid of or make away with; spend" the term survives in northern England.

THE LYMETCO LINE
OF STEEL CABINETS AND TABLES



Won-dor
A lot of store room in a little space.



Tu-dor
A spacious general utility cabinet.

Adaptability Marks The Lymetco Line

STEEL becomes pliant in the hands of Lymetco designers and workmen. In office, factory or home, The Lymetco Line of Steel Cabinets and Tables adapts itself to varied storage needs.

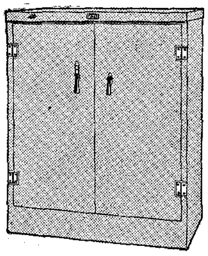
Convenience, protection, fine appearance, durability—these are the boons of steel handled by men who know both your needs and their material.

The Lymetco Line fits any surroundings as easily as it adapts itself to any need. You may have—at only slight extra cost—a finish of oak, walnut, mahogany or ivory gray in place of the baked enamel of Lymetco green.

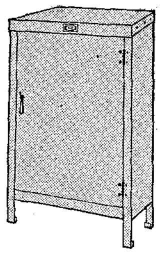
Because such items as Tu-dor, shown above, are as suited for wardrobe, linen or preserve storage as for stationery and records, The Lymetco Line is sold by furniture and department stores, by stationers and office supply stores. Write for name of dealer near you and for full description of The Lymetco Line.

LYON METALLIC MFG. COMPANY
AURORA, ILLINOIS

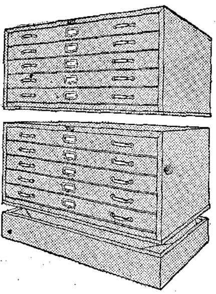
LYON STEEL PRODUCTS



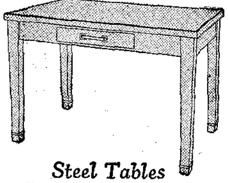
Counter-hi
Useful in both stores and offices.



Desk-hi
Handy storage right at your finger tips.



Li-flat
For drawings, blueprints and other large sheets.



Steel Tables
Rigid. Reinforced tops. Linoleum covered.

THE SPICE OF LIFE

Two Last Words, Perhaps.—A woman doesn't always get the last word—sometimes she is talking to another woman.—*Pitt Panther.*

Privileged Lecturers.—The only two people a man will allow to talk to him that way are his wife and the traffic cop.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Not Argumentative.—Teacher—"Now, you must prove to me that the earth is round."

Pupil—"Why? I never said that it was."—*Madrid Buen Humor.*

Take an Umbrella.—Bride-to-Be—"Do you know the girls are giving me a breakfast shower?"

"What are they serving—grapefruit?"—*Life.*

It's a Worry Either Way.—"What is your chief worry?"

"Money."

"I didn't know you had any?"

"I haven't."—*Jacksonville Florida Times-Union.*

Fits Will Be Mutual.—"This is the gown, madame. I guarantee a fit."

"What is the price?"

"Two hundred dollars."

"I also guarantee a fit when my husband hears that."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Such a Poor Memory!—First Movie Actress—"Hear you're married again, Sophie—whom did you marry this time?"

Second Movie Actress—"Er—er—I believe I've got his card in my bag somewhere."—*Judge.*

"Just as Good Indeed!"—Our diamonds have the same purity, the same weight and the same sparkle as the genuine article, and in order to make the imitation perfect, we sell them for exactly the same price.—*Le Rue Blas (Paris).*

He Wouldn't Kill the Goose.—The young doctor sat with a friend at the window. A lady passed. "That is the lady I love," said the doctor.

"Why not marry her?" asked the friend.

"Not likely! She is my best patient."—*Lustige Blaetter (Berlin).*

Once Merry Optimists.—The man who tried to get Los Angeles the night company came in to hear his radio.

The man who bought pre-war stuff from a strange bootlegger.

The man who thought it was all right for son to have a car of his own.

The man who thought a flivver was a match for an express train.

The man who thought a husband was head of the house.

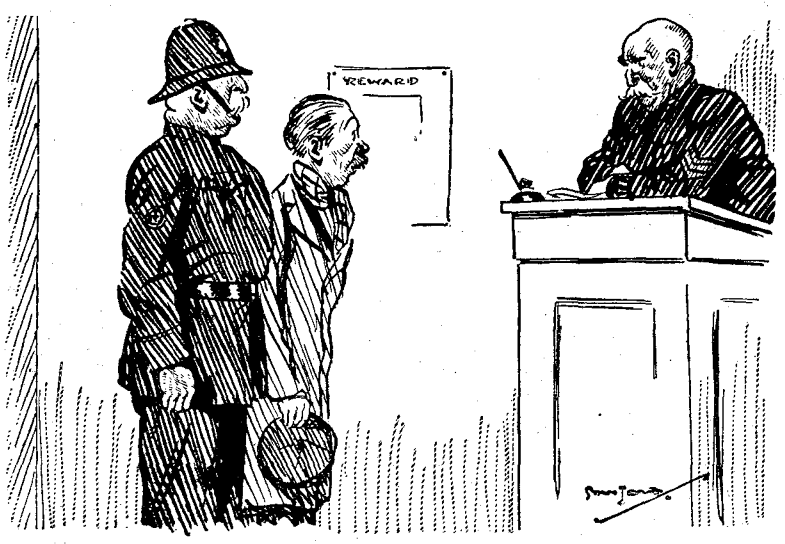
Those still living are among our leading pessimists now.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Modern Nursery Lore.—Dorothy—"I've looked all through this Mother Goose book, but I can't find that poem about 'Little Bo-Peep Has Lost Her Sheik.'"—*Life.*

That Careless Printer.—Mrs. W. W. Potts of Fourth Avenue, College Hill, will entertain the members of the College Hill Boob Club in her home this evening.—*Beaver Falls (Pa.) Tribune.*

The Roadhouse on the Hill.—

Jack and Jill went up the hill—
Not for a drink of water—
And that is why they both fell down—
They drank what they hadn't orter.
—*Jacksonville Florida Times-Union.*



Station Sergeant: "What! back again?"
Habitué: "Yes, sir. Any letters?"
—Terry in *The Passing Show* (London).

Useful Knowledge.—"Dolly, what did you learn in school to-day?"

"I learned the name of the boy who moved next door, mama."—*Detroit News.*

A Seasonable Hint.—Family Paper—"If not convenient to move household furniture outdoors to clean, place a damp cloth over the piece of furniture and then beat it."

We tried this and the wife made us come back.—*Boston Transcript.*

Filial Devotion.—The picnickers were obliged to cross a railroad track in reaching the place where they were to have lunch and little Bobby, going ahead, saw a train approaching.

Eagerly he shouted to his father, who was still on the track, "Hurry, Daddy, or else give me the lunch."—*Progressive Grocer.*

She Must Have Been Moving.—Lost—Lady's pocketbook, containing hairpins, wrist-watch, nail-file, powder-puff, hatpins, mirror, check-book, beads, earrings, toilette razor, perfume, dish-cloth, curling-iron, railway ticket, copy of "Jurgen," 32 x 4 casing, rubber reducing-garment, three pounds of steak and a potato masher. Reward for return to Miss Ada Noidz, care of *The Blade.*—*Adv. in Concordia (Kan.) Blade-Empire.*

Words, Idle Words.—"Did you have words with your wife?"

"Yes, I had words, but no opportunity for using them."—*London Mail.*

A Sporting Question.—She—"You drive awfully fast, don't you?"

He—"Yes, I hit seventy yesterday."

She—"Did you kill any of them?"—*Bison.*

Too Confining.—Carl—"Still, in spite of what you say, I think marriage is a pretty good institution."

Carlotta—"Yes, but who wants to live in an institution?"—*Princeton Tiger.*

She Didn't Want Much.—Little Girl (watching painter in Art Museum copying a masterpiece)—"Will you please give me the old one when your new one is finished?"—*Boston Transcript.*

Disease Better Than the Cure.—"Does your wife sing to the baby when he cries?"

"Not now. The people in the next flat notified us that they preferred to hear the baby cry."—*Boston Transcript.*

Mutual Courtesies.—BEAUTIFUL large room for refined gentleman; strictly private, elaborately furnished; reasonable to permanent party, references exchanged, also hot baths.—*Advertisement in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

A Habit Forks Have.—One morning four-year-old Bess had pancakes and sirup for breakfast. After she had eaten the cakes there was some sirup left on her plate and she said: "Mama, please give me a spoon; my fork leaks."—*Chicago Daily News.*

No Need for Alarm.—Maid—"M'm, I just accidently let the baby's blanket drop out of the window."

Mother—"Awfully clumsy of you; now baby will catch cold."

Maid—"Oh, no, m'm, he won't. He was inside of it."—*The Woman's Viewpoint.*

A Moral Rebuke.—Maid—"The new neighbors would like to cut their grass, mum, an' they want to know if you will lend them our lawn-mower."

Mistress (highly shocked)—"Cut their lawn on the Sabbath? Certainly not. Tell them we haven't one."—*Chicago Tribune.*

A Thrifty Lover.—"Why do you want your love letters returned?" asked the girl who had broken the engagement. "Are you afraid that I'll sue you in court?"

"No," sighed the young man, "but I paid quite a bit to have those letters written by an expert, and I may use them again some day."—*American Legion Weekly.*